

5-11-16

Late one afternoon, I saw the Green Room. It was a typical horror film about 6 teenagers who play in a punk band and get trapped in a Neo-Nazi Skinhead venue. They play an utter bad rendition of "Nazi Punks Fuck Off" and the skinhead cult locks them, without apparent reason in the "green room." As with all teen drama horror films, drama assures, blood and gore stays traditional, and everyone dies but the nice guy and his hot newly met girlfriend.

I really didn't know what this movie was really about. In fact, I was told by my goofy brother that this movie was about Jean-Lu Piccard and his group of skinheads fighting a group of punkers. This obviously sounds like a comedy action film. Worse, my brother brought his so-called punker friend to watch the film too. No one was in theater. It was just like the time I saw the melancholy film, Hemingway in Cuba, an indie film just like this one.

I have to say, by all true standards, I could not find anything "indie" about the green room. It is another pulp horror film. The only conculsion I have thought of is the fact the film has assciations with punk music. Is that the true spirits of indie films? Stuff White People Like? I think so. Even if it is another horror film, supposedly the difference is that it is a horror film with punk music and culture in it. The punk theme has nothing sp[ecial to offer in the film. It's really about these evil skinheads.

You see, these group of young hedonistic teenagers could of avoided all of this, if they havent booked a show at this skinhead venue. And worse, telling them to fuck off. The skinheads are the real victims of this movie, not the innoncent anti-racist punks.

It is the oriental nature of the skinheads to kill people they don't like. They shave their heads and wear boots like a cult. And they listen to god awful evil, racist music. The head hanchu is some bald kind that passes as Breaking Bad, and is nothing like William L. Pierce or Ben Klassen (It's Patrick

Steward). He tells his minions to go and torture these poor punk kids and eventually kill them if they escape. He is like an inhuman monster. A natural cliché to irrational nature of horror films. I don't think Dr. Pierce was ever like Dr. No. Resistance Records was an experiment for him to convert the working-class American skinheads onto his side. He was really acting like a liberal and telling the barbarians they are good (this is what every post-enlightenment professor does nowadays). For this bald, badly Pierce knock-off, he is totally evil. Evil.

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There were some aspects of the mission-scene I like in the film. In fact, the film was based too much around dialog and horror shocks. I love seeing the classic "anti-racism is a codeword for anti-white" stickers everywhere. As if, The Alternative Right has really struck a nerve with this liberal director and the "tsk-tsk" shaming is in full effect. A statement could never be so true.

And, that one part where Patrick Steward gives the one second in command skinhead his red braces. Obviously, everyone knows you get red braces when you killed someone for his race (best cliché). Other than pitbulls and the music, the director's knowledge in skinhead culture was lacking. It was just the same old Hollywood Nazi skinhead, the 14-88 scene, things saw in the movies. This is not a ring-wing film, but a left-wing one.

My brother only liked the film because of the skinhead aesthetic. But, this is not the authentic kind. It is liberal shaming. How can an actual skinhead or Alt-righter really enjoy a film that paints the movement in bad light? It's just not possible. The Peeping Tom apperciation won't do. Having swastikas in a film won't get our ideas across.

Now, the film starts with these left-wing teenagers saleeping in their roadie bus in a cornfield. The green haired teen needs gasoline to start the car. The free boy and girl finds a car and hijacks the gasoline with a pipe and steals

some gas. How cool of a lifestyle is that?
 Later, they get an awesome college radio
 interview, answering, "which band would
 you want
 to have listening on a desert
 island?" (Unfortunately, none of them said
 Korn or Limp Bizkit). This is unfortunately,
 the ultimate theme to the film, I
 will get to that later. After playing a gig at a
 "normal" venue, there poser mohawk punk
 agent books them for a gig at the skinhead
 place, telling them "to play thier earlier
 stuff" and they are "ultra-right." This was
 the only part in the film that had mention a
 left-wing / right-wing dictomony
 in the whole film (honestly, this is ultimatley
 anvoidable to any cultural group of white
 people. this something anyone must answer
 in order to
 mature). Well, they walk in the racist club
 out in the middle of nowhere, and realize the
 stench of racism in the air. They decide to
 bravely play a cool and edgy cover of The
 Dead Kennedy's Nazi Punks Fuck Off. This
 was a sign of their high minded morality, as
 all the skins booed them off. Moreever, this

was probably the reasons why the nazi cult locks them up in the green room in the first happens.

And that's just what happens.

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The plot gets really confusing afterwards. Some dead skin girl is on the floor too. Did the other skinhead guy killed her? Whatever happened, it's another high-mindedness why skinheads are so evil, they kill each other!

Now they are locked in the a room, and the 6 teenagers just want to go home. I believe one of them, the red haired girl, says she's jewish. How overpowering. One skin has a gun, and is ready to shoot them all without reasoning.

Skipping ahead, they get into a fight. Lights go out. The dumb kid falls for Patrick Stewards trust, and his arm is slashed in half by some red lace thugs. One punk chokes the fat skin, and the misunderstood girl slices his stomach open. They all try to go

out, the stupid green haired kid gets mauled by a cute pitbull. They back in the room, only to go out again, and the jewess gets shot in the leg, and mauled by the cute doggy again. Some shootouts later, the half-arm punk and skin girl fall for each other. Obviously, tow heads are better than one, and they work together to get out of this hellhole. Eventually, they get to Patrick Steward, trying to cover up the whole thing (becasue, you know, Nazies are evil). Some Western style shootup happens and is the most anti-climatic scne in the entire film. The half-arm and skin girl, wait for the policed, called in by the second in command skinhead because he realized everythin he is doing is wrong.

This is where the movie is bad. The half-arm punk realizes "I know what band I want to play on a desert island." Only then for his girlfriend to tell him to shut-up. Credits roll.

When I was 17, my favorite bands were Skrewdriver, No Remorse, Brutal Attack, pretty much everything offered on Micetrap Records. I was in love with this stuff

because I wanted to know more about the subject. No once did I become apart of Patrick Stewards army of cultist. The music was not hypnotising at all. It was made up of disgruntled thugs who cxared deeply about the people they loved. I mean, aside from the drugs and lower-class culture, Neo-Nazi punk music is a scene to be truley to be alive in. And somehow, If I was on a desert island, listening to No Remorse's Nigger Lover, I would become a violent cultist?

By the way, Patrick Stward said nigga in the film, it was pretty funny, just wish he would of said nigger instead.

The film is flawed because it turns out to be both Stuff White People Like (punk music/ culture) and preachy shaming, within the context of a mainstream

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horro film. Seriously, this film should not be called "indie." If I wasn't indie, I want all black people to go see this movie and a filled theater. That is something I would

prefer. But the reason why it really is indie is because white liberals in their gated communities, come out to their lower-class movie theater and see the film. At the end, when credits roll, clapping like golfers. Well, no one was there because the truth is, no liberal lives out in bumfucksville.

At the end of the film, I always talk how I felt about the whole experience. As usual, with a party of 3, someone is not in-group and tension occurs. My brother liked the film only for the skinhead aesthetic (boring). His dopey friend, I remember him saying "Well finally I can see a movie for our demographics. A horror movie for punks." And the cringe-worthy, "The Nazis are my enemy so I kind of like the idea this horror film." Mind that my brother's friend is actually retarded. It seems like what everyone wants is a film about themselves. They might as well produce "indie" films about animated punk family cartoons, and punk romance comedies, and punk dramas, and more punk horrors while there at it.

Everything relates to identity politics. Whites have divided themselves through materialistic culture and can't seem to go over and realize everything is about themselves. It's why no blacks would ever show up to an indie film, because the word "indie" and the theme is implicitly white, and therefore racist. The fellow black person just wants an ethnostate.

I want an ethnostate too. But I can't stand an ethnostate with whites glorifying a materialistic culture with no meaning today. They are hanging onto their race, not the music. Green Room is only implicitly white on the fact of punk culture and music, but refuses to acknowledge the turn of Nazi punk. It's like World War 2 all over again. This is the reoccurring theme with liberal movies. A bunch of West-Coast White Nationalism, and nothing much to offer but running away from the real problems ahead.

I'm getting sick of these "indie" movies. It might be the only way for liberal whites to express themselves, but the Nazi cliché has to

go. Another special snowflake film in the IFC Channel gutter box.

The only band I want to listen on a desert island is KMFDM. They might claimed to be left-wing, but their music is innovative and charming. Same with Depeche Mode, the best of our chartersitics is hidden behind the text.

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There is a duality between the public and private life. The aritst is caught between the two. However, both tend to be bourgeois to begin with. An artist can publish his art for the masses and have an agenda behind it. The artist is well known of this. The artist may also, write private, mediatative thoughts to himself to. An arist may create his art for his own amusement and try to find a personal path of maturity and growth. Either the public or private tend to benefeit both the arist. They are both bourgeois because the aritst confirms personal bliefs and opions through art. There is not much of

a struggle to create art. This is one concept that is hard to persuade the audience.

In the private life, I tend to think of Mark Hollis of Talk Talk and for writing, J.D. Salinger, Robinson Jeffers, and Martin Heidegger. The private life is about improving oneself. Both Jeffers and Heidegger built a cabin out in the woods to experience life and "being." Salinger was more of a schizophrenic and eccentric. His art was a perverted hobby of his. Mark Hollis wrote a song back in the 80's called, "It's My Life." A pop song about living the life he wants to live. Little did anyone know, Hollis was mad at the record label and his band for the boring profession and had to live through. Hollis wanted to live his own life. Eventually, Talk Talk's sound became more repressed and quiet. The breakthrough album, *Spirit of Eden*, was a disaster. The pop audience didn't get it. The album had 6 tracks. The sound was almost nothing. Hollis refused to release a single for the album, but the label soon tried to make a video for one song. Hollis

was embraced. Talk Talk, by record contract, released one more album after Edén, and then disappeared into obscurity. Hollis has not released material in over 20 years. He would rather publish his music privately and shared among his friends. Oddly enough, Talk Talk has gained a cult following among music aficionados. Hollis rather proved to be "resisting" against the music establishment. Talk Talk's sound would later influence the ideology of Radiohead and U2. The slow, depressing guitars, and experimental synths become staple to the indie-electronic music of the 00's. This whole scene of music, is admired by Hollis's need for privacy. In recent time, electronic musician Aphex Twin released over 100 basement demos over onto the streaming website SoundCloud for free and eventually, taken down. Music lovers have an appreciation for the private lifestyle. Aphex Twin never had intentions to release his demos publicly. As if, privacy is better, because the artist gets into his own world and creates his art authentically than

ironically, such for a public record label. The obsession with privacy has become a new

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obsession among critics and the audience.

However, public art is just as powerful as the private. Possibly greater than the influence of private art would ever be. Why such a double standard then? Public art for writers, would be on the lines like New York Times best sellers, and for music, typical are rock or mainstream music. Mainstream books, like *The Bell Curve* or *The Kite Runner*, have a great amount of influence over politics and culture. Often public books are dismissed as becoming apart of the current zeitgeist and have no lasting influence as "literature." (literature itself is an elitist club, every genre has its own literature. the real "literature" has something to do with invention, innovation, history, or civilization). Public books are predictions of the future. They engage in a conversation with each other. *The End Of History* by Francis Fukuyama was popular in the 90's

because it hyped up the endgame of an egalitarian neo-liberal globalism the naive and upper-class whites so gladly wanted to hear about and promote. This never really came true. At the same time, a book called *The Holocaust Industry* by Norman G. Finklestein argued that Jewish culture relied heavily on the holocaust narrative and the justification of the state of Israel. Jews were made at Finklestein and called him self-hating and anti-semitic. A few years later, the terrorist attacks of September 11th happened. All because the radical Islamic terrorist hated our association with Israel. Finklestein predicted more violence in the future because of Jewish association. Fukuyama's work is now nothing. He was wrong because he denied the conflict of Jews and Muslims. This something also brings to mind of Samuel Huntington's *The Clash of Civilizations*, where all civilizations will clash for an endgame globalism. Or, is life an eternal struggle between nations and there is no unity. Only whites tend to feel the nature of equality.

As for music, music can bring people together more rapidly for political causes. Electronic DJ's bring in more people than screaming girls for The Beatles. Everyone comes together for a sense of belonging. And hedonism. Private art attracts so-called intellectuals, while public art attracts the masses. In the end, public art proves to be more influential. A massive message is more important than a special, individualized, intellectual one.

The problem occurs among the public in the private. The public tends to "water-down" or "mainstream" private art. Elitists get mad at lifestyles and cultures. The elitist wants to be understood on a one-on-one discussion. As soon as a third person enters the discussion, it becomes an

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invasion of privacy. The bridge between two people is broken. Four and five people create a group. The elitist becomes isolated. Art becomes public. The elitist has always wished that the public could become just

like him. He always wanted the masses to live by the mind and be equality. Everything to him is a game made up by talking out problems, by strange equations, odd Western concepts, like "reason," "logic," and a "thesis." Non-whites are overwhelmed by this language. The elitist wishes that there could be a Shakespeare on every block, a Milton on every corner, and a Plato in every coffee house. It is unfortunate to him, because the public life will never become the private.

The public life is about the ordinary. Everyone is an animal on this planet. What makes humans really that different? Every human being, like every animal, wants to procreate, survive, eat food, bask in the sun, and get high off the feelings his body is hardwired to become. Our k9's, are front teeth, are no longer used for eating animals. Through evolution, they quickly disappeared. Why is it that our back teeth must be taken out so soon? Without surgery, we would just have to live with it, like all other animals do. Ordinary people want to live ordinary lives.

Intelligence is meaningless. It is against the natural order of the world. Most will revolt against this. Western man wants to live a perfect life, from the mind, and have a will. He cannot realize, everyone dies. He is outside his thinking.

Private art is exclusively loved by elites. Public art is loved by the masses. When we create art, we express ourselves. There is no danger in this. Often, the elitist will praise private artist for expressing themselves publically. This is expressed as a sign of courage, bravery, and confidence. This is what the intelligentsia likes. Art against the public. This in return, is damaging, because it is against the ordinary, the good life, the animal life, us as human beings. Public art will always triumph because it is a message for everyone else. There is nothing wrong with private art or public art. Public art could be dangerous on the effect that the artist is a narcissist. To know that public can read your art, changes your perception as an artist. To constantly know someone could read your public/private thoughts, is both

wonderful and dangerous. Wonderful, that the artist provides wisdom. Dangerous, that is art could be "deconstructed" or criticized as insane. Public artist will always be paranoid what they create. Private artists are confined in ultimate expression. However, all art can fall under the public.

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The Left-wing / Right-wing dictomny.

It's hard to imagine the history of European people. The most significant turn for our people, was in the year 1789. This was the start of The French Revolution. Soon after, which follows is various periods. The Romantic period, The Victorian period, Modernist period, Postmodernist period, and now, something of a Post-Postmodernism is happening. It's been 200 years. As a people, we are at civil war with one another. The problem with us keeps getting worse as technology keeps getting better. One sense of the ordinary is improved, then discarded for another "ordinary." Whatever happens to

our natural lives? As peasants? As hunters? As animals? Not as intellectual beings. We are now referees to a game we don't want to play. Every possible thought comes across our thought, and we embrace it. Life now is our own responsibility, so everyone can be like us.

The Left-Wing / Right-wing dichotomy is the most important concept in our lives. As a race and as a culture. It is a game we made up. The French Revolution did open up Pandora's Box. It all started with the overthrow of the king. Two separate parties we made. Those for the people's interest were on the left, and those who wanted to retain order were on the right. The French language is complicated. Culturally, it was the "left" that disguised itself from "us" and "them." The Right never embraced itself. The Ultra-loyalist went along with it, as it was a safe code. Once you give in and play their game, you surrender. That's what has slowly happened to the so-called "right." or, should it be called, "ordinary life."

There is no balanced system. The left and right is not a balanced. It is not ying or yang. First came the interest of the "left," and then that school of thought argued against the "right" (ordinary life) as the enemy, and the left the good guys. The right only embraces itself to fight against the left.

Everything after has been a word game. Words like "racist," "sexist" "cisgender" "political-correctness," is all but talk of the left. The left rules our consciousness spiritually and culturally as a people. If explained to an ordinary person, you would be outed as a conspiracy theorist. "the left," translate to a group of people, like "the jews." The left is so natural, it is like breathing. One cannot think about breathing. Breathing is just is.

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An Axiom: "The left," is nothing more than an emotion as European people. "The left" is our passions, emotions, and dreams, coming

into reality. "The left," is the desires and manifestations of white people. "The right," was made up my "the left," to belittle ordinary life. Those who are on the far- right were once on the far-right. To be a Neo-Nazi is to go against the whole histroical narrative as a people. The far-right is only countering the dogmas of the left. They are the reactionary party. A world where The French Revoulution has been an ultiamte disease for European people.

What is the difference between the two? The Left, is about the mind. Everything takes place in the mind. the left belives that the mind can become a reality. Whatever one thinks, can become tht form. It is a sense of freedom of the imagination. Freedom from "opression."

the left belives in egalatarism. If one cane think, one can be do the ssame. Equality is strived as the most important issues is because the left want's everyone to be happy. The left want's everyone to have the same power as the free person has. There is no system of opression or rules of law. The left

seeks to make European man free from nature. Everythin is there for him to eat.

The left also belives in hedonism. Life, to the left, is about achieving satisfication. The greater good wants nothing but ice cream. The left imagines a world where every feeling can be achieved. They want to experience constant emotions of joy and suffering. But, suffering is traded in for joy. Happiness is ultimae for the left. The left would like life to become a happy narrative, full of confidence, sex, food, and adventure. Everyone can attain their own social narrative. There is no conflict, because everyone is happy. The left wants freedom from nature and enternal hedonism.

The right, however, defined by the left, are the exact opposite. Natrually, the so-called "right" is the ordinary life. Ordinary life knows that there are limits as human beings. We are born, we live, and we die. There is nothing of materalistic achivement. Life is about procreation, survival,

and the enjoyment of "being." (Martin Heidegger). We are animals. Our body chemistry is hardwired to do natural things against our own will. We are hungry, we are horny, we have to shit. The left is ultimately appalled at this reality.

Furthermore, the right is inegalitarian by nature. The ordinary life embraces hierarchy, natural order, the weak and the strong, the survival of

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the fittest. There is no higher language or intelligence. Concepts like "reasoning" "logic" "a thesis" is language by bourgeois European man. None of this talk is useful to survive in the jungle. Animals kill one another. It's not good or evil. It's the way life is. Inequality is the most important value of ordinary life. Ordinary life is naive and ignorant of this concept. That's how powerful natural life is. The left wants to reform all of this. The left is the "enlightened" and the right are made up of "barbarians." It is the job for any liberal, to

educate a group of barbarians and reform their lives into an intellect, or become enlightened. (indoctrination).

Contrast to the left, the right is all about survival than of hedonism. Enjoyment is from living an ordinary life, not the pursuit of materialistic, advance, concepts of "philosophy." It is the reason, why all major religions, outside Christianity and Judaism, is a form of the "right." To talk to a liberal, to say Buddhism is apart of the "right," is as well appalling.

the liberal seeks to enlighten everyone from "bad" to good. To become a PhD, to study other subjects, and to label things as "right" or "left" is the language of our people. We are ultimately playing the game of the left, and of The French Revolution. It's why, they will on one second, protest for "free-speech," and then protest against "hate-speech." They like to say, "Free speech is not hate speech." It is because, "free speech" is nothing more than liberal speech. French Revolution rethoric. Or, leftist rethoric (controversly).

Is it possible, for someone on the so-called right, or reactionary position against the French Revolution, to go beyond this way of thinking? It's like, we as Europeans are stuck in our own ways of thinking. A dog must see other animals as dogs. We as white people see the world also as pan-European people. It is the most hardest philosophy conundrum to get over. We are sinful because we ate from the tree of God. If only we lived a natural life... Just like Africans, Chinese, Japanese, Indians, and everyone else. Our intellect is our burden. Yet, it gives up the powerful to become artist. No one else on this planet made the internet, cars, spaceships, medicine, books... we made it up! This is what we should take pride in. We do, but keep it a secret. We would rather use the language of the left we have made up. European people like to feel good from being "above-it-all." We feel good when we feel like intellectuals or doing something morally good (something out of Christianity). This is a problem. Our own emotions advocate our own demise. Mass

civilization and globalism is not helping.
The future will be

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a further discussion of thinking about the
left and its consequences.

Is it ever possible to reach nirvana with our
thoughts? Our, is it the dooming influence of
the left? The left wants to reform everyone
into utopia. The right is just is. The left
wants to pick on everyone who doesn't fit
their agenda. It is all about reforming. Our
greatest problems have

been about communism and ideology. A
leftist treats other subjects as barbarians. A
constant struggle to win trust with other
leftist how pure they really are. It's why
there is no safe ground with leftist. They
hate themselves equally how they hate
ordinary life. They want a revolution
against nature.

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Super Mario 64 is a strange game. I remember the game when I was young. I think it was back in Christmas of 1996 or 7. Once Mike bought us a Nintendo 64. The game that came with it was Super Mario 64. I remember the day, Mom told Dad to install the N64 into the giant brown TV. It was in the basement. I was just staring at Dad as he played with the wires. The N64 was on. It was a matter of finding the right TV channel. Luckily, he pressed video, and the game was on the menu select screen. Obviously, Kevin must of press the start button the controller, passing the intro screen. I just remember the TV screen pass to the side, and things were all around the place. All his chaos just to install an easy video game system. Mom probably told him to do it. We patch his pain. This probably was after Christmas, somewhere in January.

I don't have much memory Super Mario 64 after that moment. Just Kevin playing the game anyway. The next memory would

be in 1st grade. Maybe 1998. I was getting off the bus. I think Kevin was there, not sure. Colin and some other kid was there too. I was a cartoon character back then. I really thought I was something like an animated comedian. I said "I have some good news and some bad news. Good news is, I know where the 7th star in Bomb-omb battlefield is. Bad news, It's guarded by a big black Chain Comp!" This would sound funny to 7 year old kid. I remember having a similar joke. "What do you call dinosaurs ontop of someone's head? Dino-head!" The pun was logical, not funny.

I remember trying to play the game when I was young. I remember being outside the castle, trying to move the controls. I remember we had three stars on level 1, 2 stars on the snow level, another three stars on Womp's fortress, and 1 star on the pirate ship level. Even getting enough stars, the basement was a challenge. One star in Hazy Maze Cave, two stars in Big Boo's Mansion, two more at the pyramid level... Everything really relied on the secret stars. Getting

upstairs was the biggest challenge. The levels were almost mere impossible.

I have another fond memory being home with Grandma Delrous. Mom and Dad had to drive Grandma Janis back home to Massachusettes. This would take about a day. The other grandma was babysitting me. I remember getting into her white car, driving to the beer store, buying a Budwiser 6 pack, and then, I would be playing Super Mario, at Wet Wet World, while she was drinking awhile watching. I just discovered how to get underground the water

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fortress. It was impossible. Mario has to do a trick jump on a raft to reach a far highted platform where a pink bomb-om is. She would open the cannon nessecary to go in the underwater fortress. Mom called the house, Grandma answered, but preferred me to talk into it. Mom asked, "are you ok? is everything fine?" I just said yes to everything. I didn't care about

trivial things. It's a habit of mom to ask repetitive nonsense. Like it's a mental disorder. Dad constantly yells at her like an animal. Mom is like an animal. It's a best kept secret thought. Dad feels he is alone, and his own wife doesn't understand anything. His children are mere objects. Probably not the only baby-boomer father who thinks like this (high suicide rate among white males in the 1960s is true).

I remember the annoying kid up the street, Tony, telling me that "Yoshi is in the game if you get all 120 stars." I didn't believe him. I would never get far in the game. Not until later, till I was 13. 70 stars is enough to visit Bowser, kill him, and rescue Peach. The game ends with an infinite "Thank you for playing screen." Getting 120 stars and visiting Yoshi is an extra. The reward is 99 lives. Meaningless. Since Life was spent obtaining 120 stars. The game is a big children's playroom. That is the ultimate meaning behind Super Mario 64.

I remember in High School, in 10th grade, my best friend Joey was interested in Super

Mario 64. He never played it. I let him borrow for a month. I found no purpose in video games at that point. Joey was able to obtain 120 stars in about 4 weeks. I was driving him to my house. I told him "Well once you get 120 stars you get to meet Yoshi on top of the tower." "What?" he replied back. He didn't know such a thing existed. Joey has asperbers. It was his goal to obtain 120 years before he ever fought Bowser at 70 stars. Unfrotuently, the game is meaningless without 120. The game really ends at 70. Everythin is unlocked. It is even possble to glitch jump at the top of the tower to meet Yoshi sooner. The game is a big treasure hunt for stars.

I think it was about a year ago, in 2015, that I tried Super Mario 64 again. This time, I wanted to be a supreme master at the game. I wanted to read the novel text to text. I wanted to remeber every single line and piece of information the game had to offer. In doing so, the journey ended up becoming two speedrun sessions to 70 stars and

beating bowser. The first time it took me about 2 and a half hours. I started at 5PM, and ended at 7:43PM. The next day or so, I tried another speedrun, and got 2 hours. It was at 6PM, ended at 8:06PM. My average therfor is about 2 hours. Wow. With

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enough mastery, the game can be accomplished in two hours. Two hours! If the game file had a time, the time committed as a child till teenager would of been something like 50+ hours.

I have now mastered Super Mario 64 and know the maze. The treasure hunt for stars is fun. There has been no other game like it. Super Mario Sunshine tried to emulated it. It was more advance are based around grahpics. Too hard. Super Mario 64 was the first of it's kind. Low-tech. An embrassing windows 95 game. Something caught in the 90's zeitgesit.

I have learn to reapperaite the game with Depehce Mode. Two albums I listen to,

Songs of Faith and Devotion (1993) and Ultra (1997). Imagine, some young teenager out there must have either the two albums, and in 1996, played Super Mario 64 for the first time. The sound of both those albums are lost in thought. When I hear "Rush" I think of Wet Wet World or longjumping in the pirate cove. As with "It's No Good" or "Useless," jumping into those painting worlds, or being lost in a desert. There is a charm to 90's Depehce Mode. The music and the culture. Wrapped up around Super Mario 64. New games can't be old. They have standards to fit in with the current trends. I can see, maybe in the future, hip vide-game designners finding old computers, and remaking Super Mario 64 clones. There would be a whole genre for it. A nostalgic genre. Problem is, it's never comign back. Art is apperiated for it's ordinary self. The ironic is shamed.

What do I do when I'm bored? I go back and play Super Mario 64. Even though I beated, it has grown on to me. Like Bridge or Electronic Simon. A silly children's game

that won't go away. It's an advance one too. The retirement center with old people will cry over the memories they had with Super Mario 64 and Nintendo 64. A strange life experience.

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I remember coming across Songs of Faith and Devotion online. It was on Myspace music I first listen to "I feel you." I knew right away the song had guitars in it. It was definally a rock n roll song. I read somewhere before, in an interview with Gary Numan, what album did he prefer, Violator or Songs? Numan liked both albums and dised those who prefered analog over digital. This sound like a confusing conversation. He was also refering to both Depeche Mode albums. At that time, I only knew Violator. I loved Violtor. I remember being 19 and listeing to Violator on the New Jersey beach.. It was such a beautiful album, I cried. It had such a powerful infulence over me. Somethings were turbulent in my

life back then. I cherished Violator as a close album of mine. It was until last year, late 2015, did I listen to Songs. I was amazed again!

I remember going on Youtube and just listening through the album all the way through while trying to do homework. "I Feel You," felt like a scene from Banjo-Tootie. I guess I was watching longplays of the game. Trying to be nostalgic again. The album had a strange feel to it. I was feeling something of Violator again. An emotion I can't describe. I think I heard "Walking in my Shoes" did I have to stop the album and do something else. Returning back to album, somehow, Walking in my shoes caught on. It is the most meloncolny song I have ever heard. It's like I heard it on the radio before. I have a vision of somekind of bad family animated film in mid 90's. I think it was, "Princess and the Swan," "The Quest for Camelot," "Fern Gully," really bad and forgotten movies only kids in the 90's would remember. It was like being a bottom feeding cat-fish. This is the kind of movies

you have to watch if you can't watch the main Disney movies.

Somehow, Walking in my shows leaves that impression on me. A song in a trailer for a bad animated film. I don't think about this all the time, but it was the first taste, smell, sight when I heard Walking. I since saw the video, and loved it even more. The esoteric imagery, the occultist birds,

the ugly people, the dark tower behind Gahan. Such a sad song. It has to ressonant with me too. The pain I have to spend my money and go to get a fraud degree. Youth wasted. Try walking in my shoes...

"Condenation" is very catchy. A song about refelection. Reminds me of The Wind Rises. I saw that movie three times in 2014.

Something about Condemnation is memorable. An industrial ballet? A song about forgiveness? It's a guttural song. It comes from the soul. I noticed right away Gahan is

the singer. Something I never heard before. Originally, Gore was suppose to sing the song. But Gahan butted. It is really a song about him. I have other feelings too. Like I'm a space marine, walking down a long dark corridor to amny fatal fate. A slow song heading for the hills. A good song.

"Mercy In You" is a classic. I always sing this song while I'm driving. I'm not so sure why the song was not called "The Mercy In You." I guess it sounds cooler. Don't know why it wasn't a single either. Condenmation is a good song, I just don't think it should be a single. I always see Captain Syrup from Wario Land with this song. Scene from Wario Shake It! too. Strange. An action-esque song. I have to do something. I absoulety love the bridge to the chorus. The song feels like a clash between so many things. Gore was going for a pop single. Gahan wanted a blues songs. Guitars were added in because of an arguemment. The Mercy In You is quinesstinal Depehce Mode. The backwards synth is so memorable and the chanting. Chanting has

alot to do with this album. In fact, everything on this album is a song. A song about faith and devotion. The Blues infulence lurks in.

I didn't know what to make of Judas at first. Such a sad song. The first ballet. track 5. I know why the song is hear. It's the last track on side A. It's a perfect ending for one side of 20 mins of music. Ironically, It was the last song recorded for the album. Daniel Miller, producer, argued making songs on this album was touture. It was a hellish experince. Nobody ever wanted to back to the Spain studio to make another album. It was the end of Depeche Mode. Something about the members were heated against each other. In a way, this would be the ture and original final song on the album. Gore ahas such a beautiful song. Every DM album has at least two Gore tracks. I wish to hear more. It's a shame his voice is not used more often. Judas is a rewinding song about devotion. Judas, the kiss of death onto Jesus. If you want my love. He says. Such instrumental in the last mintue of the song. A hypnotic daze

begins. The wind is always so powerful. Judas became a favorite of mine later, not instantly. I love it.

"In Your Room" has the best emotion on the album. It's hard to explain the song in words. The first buzzing synth is well-known. The rest afterwards is hard to explain. But the voice, "In Your Room... Time stand stills." Gahan has a blasting voice. A perfect blend of wind and synth FX. It's the part, where the strong synth hit comes in. Some new state of consciousness happens. I went back thinking of Super Mario 64, Wet Wet World. The drums come in.

So powerful. I never shed a tear on this song, but it has the power to do

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so. In Your Room is meant to be experienced, not listen to. The 5th time I listen to the song, my emotion disappeared. I lost the impact I originally felt. It was like some kind of epic ending to a video game I never played. The secret ending to Super Mario

64. The original song to played during credits. I can imagine, zooming in first person with Mario, looking at random objects. As a third person camera looks at the entire map. Objects dancing. All the goombas, the koopas, some weird mannequin dancings. All ahrd to explain. It is one of the best songs on the album. If you never heard this song before, go take a listen in a very dark room.

"Get Right With Me," is intresting. It's another variant of Condemnation. Gahan and Soulsavers "Shine" is very similar to this sound. Nice use of turntable scraching. Never will hear it again in a DM song. Very Trip-Hop oriented. A song about reflection. I like it a lot. I feel like Crash Bandicoot when ever I hear it played. Kind of like a virtual segull flying across. I can see it. Maybe in a desert. Driving in a car too. I can see the sand dunes and the gassy horizon. When the sun sets, the skys goes back and forth. I think I like the guitar alot. The rift after the chrous is good. It is rather a good relxing song. I should do nothing but hang in the

sun and listen to this song. A rock song. They should of, stopped the song after the break and into the bizarre interlude. Intresting part. If it was a music video, strange things would happen. I like the interlude alot. Amazing use of noise and feeling.

I love "Rush." I am always listening to it. It never gets old! In Your Room loses it's emotion after sometimes. Rush never gets old. Why was this never a single? It is the only synth-rock song ever by DM. It's so strange to listen to "Just Can't get Enough" and then Rush. Rush is so powerful. I love the synth. That is the best part. "Bada-bump Bump-bump-bump, Bump-bump" repeat. And the break down. the reggae drum going off. Gahan on the floor. Loose like a maniac. So much emotional. That errier guitar too. It's like a Palacebo guitar. Very grundge or emo noise. Darkwave. Very much apart of the 90's. I never heard it ever replicated ever again. It's a special kind of guitar. And finally, the best part, the last part of the song. The mosh guitar. It reminds me of Final

Fantasy. FF OVA from the 90's. Some really dead serious evill sinister thing going on. I just want to dance to that loop over and over again. Too bad the songs jsut ends with it. Such emotion Rush has.

"One Careless" is special. The second Gore song. The use of a classical

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orchestra is great. The only unique DM song that does this. So much emotional. Once again, the bad animated movies come about. Maybe, "Anatasia," "Hunchback of Notre Dame," some kind of broadway animated film. 1993 is a strange year indeed. One Caress is powerful. I love Gore. I sing this song a lot. I just can never get down the long parts. I like to think about every teenage girl that listen to this song. How many of them fell in love with Gore? What did it mean to them? Something about the "bless" part gets me. Ballroom dancing. Some of the best emotion.

"Higher Love" is controversial. A strange ending song to choose. It's long. Cool synth FX. But really can't say more. I love when Gahan is in pain when he sings. He really shows it in this song. "Quest for Camelot" with that stupid blue two-headed dragon appears in my mind. I have no idea. 1993? The chorus is catchy. Just not friendly. I think the bridge and the intro really stands out more. The song is however, a great opener, along with Rush. Seeing DM live, with Higher Love leaves a powerful emotion. It's like Higher Love, was suppose to be a single. Not a good single I will say. Some blues chorus is in it. I like it. It is an interesting alternative to Clean. Clean however is much more evil. Higher Love has an angel sound to it. No matter, Higher Love does end the album perfectly. Slow, slow, slow, until nothing. The repetitive synth loops are great. I just imagine what it like

to record this song with Depeche Mode in the studio. Was it hard? Was it impossible? What was the original purpose of the song?

Was it suppose to be better and because of deadlines, they ended making it a happy song? What if Gore took over it and made it a dance single? It's hard to imagine if this song had more of a Violator feel to it.

I always like to think Songs as a spiritual sequel to Violator. That what it always is. What sounds on the album are similar? Is 1989 and 1993 that differnt in sound? Songs improved Violator so much. I have been sining the album since August of 2015. Now May 2016, It's has difined my last year at Rosemont. The hard times I went through, I listend to Songs. Amazing. Will leave a bookmark on the part of my life.

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5-15-16

I am trying to remember when I first came across Patalliro. It might of been when I was 21. I was learning Japanese. I often surfed YouTube Japan for Japanese media. I would favorite certain media I would find cultrually alienating. At

the time, I really loved Aim for the Ace! I saw the animated movie when I was 20. The 1970's animated series is wonderful too. Still one of my favorite animes. I think I was really into Tatsunoko Productions at the time. I was searching openings and endings to old animes. I get in my own world. I am always looking for the next big thing. I came across the ending for Patalliro. The sad song with Mariarch and Bacoran. I thought she was a girl at first. I like the whole "goth" aesthetic to the ending. Orange and black have such a contrasting color. I had to find more of this stylish anime. Turns out, after doing a copy and past with the title, I found the first episode. Japanese only. The opening title was misleading. It was about a boy. Who are the two ending figures? I did some research somewhere, through Wikipedia and Google, and found the first episode in english subtitles. It was confusing at first. A boy that did goofy things. I could not believe this was the premise of the show and not the vampire man and orange hair princess. Watching futher, the first episode was called

"Bishonen Killer." This would lead more to the male character. As I watched the first episode, many confusing concepts rose about. The first girl introduce, Jada, is actually a guy! Played by a voice actress! In this future, guys cross-dress as girls. Jack Bacoran, the bishonen killer, can seduce any underage boy he wants. Patalliro, the goofy prince, is attracted to Bacaoran! Already, there is a certain pedophile theme to the whole anime. I'm not sure how to make up of everything. And then, Patalliro's henchmen, the Tagami (gralic people). Supposedly a group of handsome young men, enslaved by Patalliro, and mouth and eyes and hair covered, to hide their beauty. And that red thing that comes up with Patalliro is smacked, when he does certain things. It hides in the paintings and is Patalliro's consciousness. And finally, Supercat! The greatest indoor joke of it all. A flying cat that come across the sky and out of nowhere.

It is a joke spotted by the audience. This is a meta breaking concept. All in the first episode these things can be seen.

The episode ends with a cliffhanger. On to the next I suppose. I think I became hooked after that.

I think the main attraction to keep on watching was also the background and setting. The art direction is superb. I noticed the gothic style buildings and the old victorian skylines. When the characters look, they are Egyptian

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wall paintings, and up front, 3D. Also, just watching the Stardust Project movie, references to David Bowie and Kiss is made. This is apart of the 1970's. A prelude to Arena Rock and Prince. Patalliro is full of Japanese- exculsive comedy. English viewing has a hard time understanding the humor. Japanese celebrities I have never heard of. This similar in the style of Kuragehime. An anime about a group of homeless and socially akward girls. Humor is relied on Japanese pop-culture. Pop-culture is not universal. In the end, Westerns find it more intresting to study than finding it

funny. Patalliro has the strange goofy humor with constant puns. Afterwords, it switches back to gay, romantic love scenes. And the confusing plot with the diamond syndicate and demons. There is something lost in translation.

At that time, 14 episodes have been fan translated. There are notw 17 english sub epsidoes. For what I researched, there is 50-60 more episodes needing a translation. Why has the West never picked this up? From my own research, Patalliro has had it's own English fan-fictions in 1980's and 90's American anime zeens. Amazing. This was known when some anime was being translated after the Akira boom. And, an artist by the name of Colleen, author of the Stan Lee biogrpahy, saw anime in the lens of Patalliro. Jaw- dropping. This is where I became obsess with the creation. The writer and aritsit is Mineo Maya. Also I have found out he was a cross-dresser, a balarina and onnegata. He is married with three daughters, and his youngest son looks like Patalliro. His art is infulenced from Audrey

Bearsly, Harry Clarke, Gustave Flint, and traiditonal Japanese shojo, like Rose of Versallies. Patalliro is full of controversy, that the only dedicated audience it has been targeted for is girls. Patalliro is found under the "hana to yume" label. An all girls romance label. Intresting. Even the anime was targeted for both young boys and girls. We would consider on the lines of an "adult" genre.

When I was in New York City, May 3rd 2016, I had a sweat once I came across new issues of Patalliro. I bought them all for the store for \$50. Vols 82- 92. I used my Japanese to find it and it worked. I plan on going back to that Japanese book store again. The Inoue Vegabond memorial made me cry. I couldn't sehad a tear, but I felt overwhelmed. This was heaven. I was in Japan.

The volumes are sitting on my brown table. I open them and try to read the Japanese. New characthers introduced. Maya has changed to a digital style. Old Patalliro is

hand drawned. I would like to find a Japanese anthology of

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classic Patalliro. Maya's art amazes me. In addition to the new Patalliro mangas I bought, I also have a Mineo Maya commentary book. It is about his love for Salvador Dali. At the end, he has a Patalliro comic featuring Dali meeting him. Strange. I wish to translate the book too. I had \$200, I would like to buy the \$200 Mineo Maya Tarot cards. So esoteric. That is something I would play tarot with. Also, I have a famicom game called Elysium. The art, and front over, was done by Mineo Maya. Strange baby-like creatures fighting a skeleton and some sword pertruding out. I must collect's Maya's art wherever it appears. His art fascinates me.

I have since signed up with ArinFantasy Yaoi forum and have contacted the original translator of Patalliro. His name is Emreyl. A gay cross-dresser who majored in Japanese in 2008. He currently lives in

California. I suggest the series to be fully translated. My influence might work. They are considered starting a funding campaign. These fringe nerds have an interest in Maya what fascinates me too.

The story in Patalliro is one of the most shocking things to explain. I'm not sure If I fully understand it either. It's hard to even tell it to a normal person. So much is going on. Every concept is amoral. I found the ultimate art form. Patalliro is truly a Japanese experience. I have never read something more fascinating than Yukio Mishima. This manga has to be studied.

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Journal May-June 2016.

5-12-16

I woke up at 10:45. I dreamt about driving the wrong way and some pissed off guy on a bike gave me the finger. I almost ran over a fat kid. I thought I could of gone to jail.

The place looked alot like the valley forge shopping center, wenter trader joes and the big Staples.

The dream was a mash of feelings. It's not coming back to me. Too tired. Want to masturbate again, but have nothing to do it to or have nor purpose. I just like to admire my penis.

5-11-16

Midnight journal! Right before I go to bed! Hope this works out too.

Tired, but can't fall asleep. I jear trains crashing to slow down. Can't really see anything with my glasses on. I will wtiye anyway. Got my back hunched on the chair looking over the glowing screen. The crickets are nice to hear.

Today, I wrote some thoughts and wrote / printed out a table of word count and publishing type. I'm crurious. I want to create a daily writing habit this summer until late August. Mu Shakespeare class got cancelled. Will have to do it in the fall, worse of it,

independent study. Oh please everything is ok.
 My internship would then happen in the
 spring. Maybe all of it can happen at once. I
 just want to be done Rosemont. It's not my
 fault that I can't find the right classes
 offering. Everyone is jerking off in the
 summer. I would rather not think of my
 scarring experience at Rosemont, but my mind
 keeps lingering back to it. I don't know what
 it means anymore.

The keys are really nice on this machine.
 Almost like plastic. This really helps with
 my ADHD.

I Can't Think. Will go to bed until I get back
 up. DVORAK or COLEMAK should be on
 this keyboard. I would like to try it. .

Gotta get a USB stick tomorrow.

...If my mind is not echoing, there is nothing
 to write about it. This is my skinner-box.
 Press it on, to satisfy my desire to record. A
 habit I am

trying to grow. 5-12-16. Dreams.

First dream, I was at this big EDM club. Everyone was dancing in an outside stadium. A lot of energy and strange faces. This girl group came out. A beautiful ganguro Japanese girl came out (dark skin, blonde hair). She wore a skirt and a spralke sliver dress. Singing of some sort, she climb this very high diving board. She then did some jumps, and dived into the swimming pool. As she dove, her skirt was shown, you could see her naked butt. Diving in the pool, with a big splash, she stood with her back against everyone, turn her hedehead, and crossed her fingers, as "peace." A signal of her invitivting sexaulity.

Soon after, so fake documentary came on. My voice was apperiating her beauty. Japanese that speaks good English. She was talking something about gamebooks. Old symbols in past, from Egytian times, had similar symbols about turning the page and life stats. Her argument showed pictures and new versions aside. It was strange. But I was

more focused on her beauty than what she had to say.

Second Dream. I was back at Green Valley Academy again. Private high school. I was driving my car, and tried to park between cars. I got anxious. So I drove out, and tried it again. This trucker guy was very patient with me. Somehow, this would be my first semester at Green Valley again. I know the whole school system is like jail (worse part, I'm paying for it). I wanted to get out of there. The first class began. It was a class about "Japanese/Asian Studies in Postmodern America." The old lady teacher showed a YouTube video. The video summed up that there is a music genre called vaporwave, American video games try to act too much like the Japanese, and Donald Trump, is the neofascist, "Big Brother," then is entering our lives because he was such a friendly face in the 80's. I liked the video so much, I had to start a discussion starter. I began with the sentence, "In the Post-West environment, It began with this Gen-X celebration about love and conformity, and

now, there is some confusion with Millinials about existing in society..." As I was to continue, Lucy-Rose, Puppy, showed up. She was biting me. Wanting to obviously play in a session where I had school. At the same time, I had phlem in my throat (which I still do now as I write. A little sick?). I escorted puppy out of the room and dismissed my question. I went back into the room. Tried to restate my

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question, phlem in the throat again. I could help not but to chuckle. The fact is, this is a dream, and no one in the dream world, will understand what I will have to say. It's just like my experince at Rosemont.

I also remember this strange kid, that wears football armor. Red and blue. Brown hair. Senesitive. He showed the video, I think. It had some couple of shojo mangas. One I knew about and told him aloud. I'm not sure what he symbolizes. Possibly some kind of idenity politics. Some arrognat pride through Asian Studies. This is the pushy student that

supposedly wants to be the center of attention. The teachers pet? There has been too many of them today. They never learn that no one is actually listening. They are rather confirming personal beliefs and opinions through the class they spend money on. Life becomes utterly meaningless after when they are done. No sense of belonging out in the market place. Only their mom and dad's money to spend.

Foggy dream. A little sick. Dust got on the machine fast. Have to swosh or put a blanket over it.

-Need a mini lamp over my keyboard at night. Still need USB stick.

-Right now before midnight, just found a blank USB stick I can use for Freewrite files. Excellent. Also, Patrick of Astrohaus just sent me a message saying they will make future update for screensavers. New authors! Maybe the three function choose-an-author for a screensaver will come true. My influence works.

-How many words to we speak a day? -How many words do we write a day? 0-? 5-14-16

Always boggy in hte morning. Woke up at 10. Masturbated to black girlfriend porn twice in the hour. Didn't feel like writing down my dream. I was in some school again. I was in a workshop for "Ernst Hemingway and Social Justice." Later, I was in some class about race. As usual, the black kid cries agaisnt the naive white kid. I tried to say something at least PC and witty, something to do with ordinary life. No one was listening. And this was a dream! It wasn't worht writing down, but I had to.

Got up, had an apple, looked outside. Thinking of Cause & Effect - Shakespeares Garden. Good song. Wish I had a album in that style, with electronic covers. Digital computer sound. No one is in the house at the moment. Was going to try and call Montco for refund. I want \$500 in my

account so I can but tickets for me and Alice, beach day. 2. Buy \$200 worth of Magic cards I made. 3. Buy a PS4 and Doom 4 (could not even play it on Friday the 13th, the day it came out!). And buy a mini-lamp at night so I can see what I'm writing when I can't see the keys. The thing is, it has to be a soft lamp ,so It won't hurt my eyes.

I am trying to start the Freewrite habit. If I am a writer, I must write everyday. I must find my comfort zone and find my own voice. Writing will also improve how I think about sentence structures and speaking. What is being done when I touch the keys?

I must ask myself the following two questions: 1. How many words do we speak a day? 2. How many words do we write a day?

I will add these estimates to my Google sheets. This is something I should of know in school. Will do it now.

How many words do we read a day? Mind Speak Listen Read Write, 5-15-16

Last night, I was thinking about the structure of language. My brain is speaking but I want to go to bed. I have to analyze that behavior next time. Good monks know how to shut up and go to sleep. Think of nothing. Nothing even blank.

The language structure goes like this: 1. Mind 2. Speak 3. Listen 4. Read 5. Write.

First, language is understood by the mind. The mind! Everything is in the mind, Leftist would argue. Chomsky argues for "universal grammar." We see an elephant, and know, the elephant is dangerous to begin with. Or do we know it is a friendly grey thing? The mind translates things through pictures. It is the mind that helps create language, the self, and intelligence. The mind is the greatest thing that makes man a super being from his animal counter-part.

It is then, do we communicate through speaking. We speak to others using our vocal chords. We translate our environment and abstractions through sound. Language is

differnt through out the world. Speaking as well infulences the ego. Are we speaking to ourselves? We never even know it? We mean to speak to the other human that knows how to speak too. Like the Zulu, or any other

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African tribe, there is no need for a dictionary. A dictionary is an invention by Western man. All Zulu know there langauge. If you knew the word, you would remember it. Like Chinese to Japanese to Korean, all came from Chinese, and then variants were created through enviornment and proximity. Technology plays a part in this. We speak most of our lviing life. We speak about 15,000 words a day.

We also try to listen to the other side. As we listen, we learn new words. We learn about sound. Emotion translates the signals. It is sound that is so important to our own reality. Speaking creates a sound. Some who don't write, only learn through speaking. Students are better of listining to a lecture than speaking. There is nothing good to speak

because there is nothing to learn but other's speak. An older person with wisdom has the better speak. Casual speak will go nowhere. Those with wisdom and experience end up teaching. Everyone could teach. Some wisdom is better than others. Sound could influence us through movies, music, and lectures.

More important than sound, is reading. Reading and writing advance concepts. To read, one has to understand written language. And to write, one has to understand to read. Reading is an alternative to speaking. Prior to the Gutenberg press, everything was told oral. Preist after Presit would share the history of the world with each other. No everyone could read, even write! It is hard to imagine in the past 200 years of the Western history, reading and writing was only available to the elite and upper- classes. It is greatful that I can even write my thoughts everyday like this. Only a group of elites knew how to read and write. Reading is important because it is language on print. The written word started

originally started as a string of nonsense from a session of speaking. The Egyptians capture this through pictures. The Chinese were smart with their calligraphy. We would further create the sentence, the topic, the thesis, and ultimate structure. Written words serve a purpose to write down history, thoughts, infinitely forever. Words are ultimate. Like all religious doctrines, words are wisdom. To read further improves speaking. We learn new words and are mindful how we speak. Even to the fact we can as well learn a new language. Once we have mastered reading, we can finally write. Some have known to write without reading. Old Japanese is known to create scribbles, as a way to accommodate sound. Like a soundwave. This has a foundation in speaking. Writing clarifies all language through a science. It is not ultimate, but serves as a guideline to clear language. I am grateful to think, speak, hear, read and write. It is hard to comprehend

another foreign language like Japanese. It takes dedication. Like creating a new "Operating System" in brain.

This branch of language structure can be used to understand how people learn. How we communicate, and how we create art. In an age of extreme egotism, isolation, and autism, to learn this branch is important for critical thinking. It will help accomplish the goals I want to achieve.

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5-15-16

People are naturally weak. Unlike their ancestors, who hunted animals and fought over food, people "survive" with 9 to 5 jobs, trapped in their cubicles. The check pays enough for electricity and materialistic things. Unnecessary. Real-life adventures include "getting into college" and "having sex." These are considered life-changing, once in a lifetime, amazing experiences.

How low people have become.

Oddly enough, I'm not sure I should use the Astrohaus Freewrite forum for my own use. If there's nothing to write about, I might as well type it out. It's all about the post count in the end. That's a good user! So, I went ahead and wrote a topic, "New Screensavers?" It's obvious that Astrohaus will update the screen savers with new authors. Right now, there is only Asimov, Christie, and Poe.

Now, some idiot cat-lady by the name "aura pixies" (something escapist) budge in and wrote about how there needs to be more non-white authors and how great of a "queer" writer she is.

Weak people in effect.

First, Asimov is a Jew. Christie is a woman, and I'm not so sure what Poe did on the cat lady's birthday party. Has she ever read about Poe's philosophy? Well, with weak people, everything takes place in the "mind." Weak people follow other sheep. They take all the current institutions as a good.

Ironically, they wish the institutions to be more good to them. The institution is nothing more than a globalist, capitalist system. All they care is for a mindless consumer, and it's a tricky seller (who was once a deluded consumer, now a deluded salesman!). It's a big jerk circle.

Second, she is a "queer" who needs a "voice." This really sounds like Ethno-nationalism.

If so, I would like a voice for White Nationalism (if I go ahead and play the game). But of course, her cause is different because she is not the majority. That makes her reasoning special. Another irony, is that, she relies on White men to make sure she had her own little state. We get to pay for it, and she can do what she wants. It's like a spoiled brat and her atomized dad. A receipt for disaster. If there was no white men, there would be no queer state. Yet, she wants no white men to begin with. She wants

"women of color." It's why I replied back, "...Savitri Devi?" A woman of color, and a Neo-Nazi. Isn't that queer enough? Nope. That's "racist." That gets to the whole point that this Ethno-Nationalism is Leninist self-determination. Or in other words, "Cultural Marxism," or something sinister made by the Left intelligensia.

I don't think I have to state a third reason. Made be, naturally, every single cat lady is passive-aggressive. A disease the all white liberals tend to have. But I know other passive-aggressive types: Suburban moms, Graduate students, Bumfuck nurses, Teachers, pretty much those who feel "entitled" or who are liberal. The only people who do feel passive-aggressive are my own people. I'm so sure what the evolutionary strategy was intended to do. I only know my own kind likes to think everyone is white like us. Including the cat lady who can't write on her Freewrite because a Jewish science-fiction writer offends her "mojo" to write about how bad The White Patriarchy is. I don't blame cat

ladies, I blame weakness. She is a naturally weak person looking to cower under something.

It's so easy for white girls to cower as well. It's easier for them to be "feminist" because they can be victims to. This weak society is mentally retard. It rewards the victim, the inner weakness, than the strong. Other than that, maybe it's something deep with in our consciousness as a people and we are falling prey to alien forces, as Jared Taylor would say.

To win today, to climb the ladder, is to admit to somekind of weakness in one's self. Imagine, a fat black girl calls a white girl racist and sexist. White girl replies, "you don't know what it's like to be trans and lesblian." Passive-agressive is produced by weak people. Someone is enablling the masses to be weak. I assume the verdict is the New Left

school of thought (not Conservatism, they failed to them). Well, Frankenstein is alive and will bite them in the ass. It really is

rather a reflection of the privatized, atomized, individualized, upper-class con man. His original intention was just to have a safe, white gated community with tons of materialistic stuff. In return, his weakness and cowardice made everyone a pushy "queer" to climb the professional queer ladder. That's of course how you get a job. I do believe a majority of people are faking it. I can be gay too. I act like it and become it. I just never put my dick in a man's ass. Showing the intention is much easier than becoming it. Another sign of weakness.

Everything is in "the mind" with the weak. The mind won't help you find

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animals to kill or women to fuck. It's natural for anyone to act weak.

I expect to bump into more cat ladies in the future.

A meditation in advance:

Cat ladies are normal people. They are not eccentrics or real queers, they are normal people. That's what this Leftist society wants.

Cat ladies are incoherent. Their mind is based upon their own ego. Selfishness. The desire to consume than to buy. Everything around them is a toy in their playroom. "If it existed to offend me, it should not exist."

Cat ladies are boring. Their written language is about how "oppressed" they are and why they are different. "I am a black queer and this is what I have to say." Nothing logical. No proof of evidence. Things are "racist" because "I saw it." A language game (I just read Sam Delany's *Racism in Science-Fiction*. He did not mention on incident of so called racism. He claim he sees it).

And finally, Cat ladies are agitators. They are not in it for the greater good. They want to tear everything down because they are weak. They don't have what the powerful has. Cat ladies are jealous. They are offended to the thought that they are not in

the discourse. They refuse to listen to certain information because they don't get it. They listen to their Deconstruction fathers and go upon burying things to the ground. There is no moral, revolutionary reason for "Black Lives Matter." They are Nationalist doing what they do best. Naturally segregating in a diverse area (Diversity is source of conflict). Hopefully, history will not be written that way. Maybe history will finally favor the White Nationalist.

"I was wrong and you were right!" They all say. Everyone wants to say. The weak like it when we talk like this.

Nothing much happened after when Aura Pixie wrote her comment. Some other person posted some author of "color."

The Freewrite, the very tool I am typing on. Is the ultimate bourgeois tool. I write how I feel. I confirm personal beliefs and opinions. I am you and you are me. I am Isaac Asimov and Poe. I am famous writer no one is reading. I am watching myself like a YouTube celebrity. Writing, ironically, is

obsolete. Why write anyway? Writing confirms an old tradition loved by the turn of the century baby-boomers. Writing is a pretentious habit with nothing to offer in the market. It is a secret

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language held by those who can read it. The written book will not last forever. It is already no longer.

Long live Snapchat! Long live the new media other than the written word.

This is not satire. Stop trying to deconstruct what you just read. I am watching you and you are watching me. This has no political agenda that will suit your lifestyle.

I hope you get an A+ in your survey English class.

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5-16-16

OCD is pretty bad to have.

Really, it is. Imagine if you had to put everything in the correct order. You would get offended if things didn't go your way.

Is it bad to have? Yes.

I'm surprised. Is this disorder rather a form of autism? Hence, retarded? I think it should be. OCD is mental retardation.

OCD is also practical. Scientist, Historians, Mathematician, *cough cough, Computers, work with patterns. Constant patterns. If one pattern is not right, everything is wrong. It's not an excuse to make mistakes, and for that matter, be human.

Imagine being at a bar. You put your beer to the left side. Someone with OCD is sitting to the left of you, with beer on their right side. "Excuse me, I prefer to have beer right here. Your invading my privacy." Really a nerd that doesn't have social skills (not getting sex either).

There's more to it!

Spelling. Out of all the things in the world, spelling seems to be the top priority with most OCD nerds. How can you examine your own language? How do you even "spell-check" speaking? Someone goes ahead and says "naysaw" when the OCD idiot corrects and says "N.A.S.A." Some have called this person the "Grammer Nazi."

The Grammer Nazi fails to understand the most basic principle of life. Human language is a language, not a science. I have never heard of a Japanese spell-checking their peers, or a Zulu checking his peers, or a Hindi checking his, and everything but the English language cares less about "spell-checking." Spell-checking is an assault on language. It pretends it's helping, but rather pretrudes. I know what "good" teacher and "bad" teacher means.

Let me digress hear.

It is good to have the correct spelling when publishing any written work. Not to be "professional" or "smart." No. OCD people miss the point. It's because other people will

cite the work. The written word is interpered in many ways. The Bible could say "all men are created equal." But others will denonce and says the written word really means is that Jews were created

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equal. The text is open because it is in print. Any printed word could mean anything. It's just symbols after all.

You, the reader, have understood that is a diary entry. You know words are spelt wrong. Does that mean I, the writer, is ignorant how to spell to word, or, am I typing really fast and care less what the keys I punch have to say?

Use some social skill dude. You fucking Grammer Nazi.

If you were good at all, you would correct everything for my own benefit. I know I want my written words to be cleary understood.

I really did publish the word as "papple" not "apple." You should use your social skills and realize I typed it the wrong way. But my intention should be "apple." Please help me and re-correct the word in your own draft.

But this is an original manuscript! How dare you mess with my original text!? I didn't mean "papple" as apple, I meant to say Papple the 4th, great philosopher on some bumfuck internet forum.

This is where things get annoying.

Is it possible to avoid someone with OCD? Yes. Call it out on them. The art of writing is not some grand art to wordsmith as you go. No. Dumbfucks believe in that shit. Like if writing is like being some kind of innocent piano prodigy. I feel sorry for anyone who thinks like this.

C'mon dude, you watched that TV. Everything you know is made up from some fictional role model. You have no freedom.

OCD is for mentally retarded people. Some people, who are not know as mentally retarded, have OCD.

Like a majority of American women.

Always but in, think they know best for their diaper chaning son. "Kiss me goodbye."
 "Watch you manners." "Don't use foul langauge." Stupid nonsense shit. She thinks she is doing it for your good, when most of the time, she is not your mother. She dosen't have a fucking clue how words are written.

I should be greatful that I have a digital typewriter like this. I can write without distraction and write whatever I feel like. The "gobble-dee gook" my brother calls it. But my "gooble-dee gook" is my own word.

Imagine If I died the next died and you hacked into my files.

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Well looks like you have to read all of my written words. Who's gonna fucking spell-check now?

It must mean I'm some kind mentally retarded, illiterate, fool myself. Stop reading now, if you can't another typo.

I really do believe the artist is above everyone else. Some really "get- it," others dance in their own shit and pass it as "art."

One day, they will make a machine that can physically write down words, like I had a pencil, while I type everything out. That way, you can look at the text as art, better yet, language! Speaking has no words. Stop fucking spell-checking.

Has it came to you that the fact all written journals, prior to 1960, were hand written? Now, in the context of today, all journals and diaries and written with a keyboard. This is no movement of the hand. Things have gotten more scientific. More OCD advocates.

I write my journal with the Freewrite. Everyfinger dances in rythmn against each key. I playing a video game. And the controls to this game is the English Alphabet. I am only pressing the words that

can cread words, and then make setences. I am writing while playing a game. I am using my own langague. This Freewrite makes things easier.

Have you ever tried to write something? Or did you have to wordsmith each word you wrote down. You fucking retard.

I really hate people with OCD. I have to deal with them. And have to tell them the same philosphy about writing over and over again. They just don't go it. I'm not sure if you "get-it" either (only true artist due).

If this is not your thing, stoip reading. You can find wisdom somewhere else. Those who "get-it" see the wisdom already.

Just so you know, I know one stupid bitch in my English class who does to me daily. She's going nowhere in life, I know that.

Less OCD People, more artist. That all I ask. ...do you "get-it?"

5-17-16

So I had a rough day today.

I woke up in the morning, put on a blue collar shirt, went to mom to Bob Evans for the first time in forever. I ordered eggs, sausage, potatoes, pancakes, the usual from the picture.

Mom went on about her own experiences with uncle John and grandma at a place called Howard Johnsons. Hojos? I looked it up on my phone. I read the wikipedia page about to mom as we waited for our order.

The place started to go down hill when a black panther sniped three police officers and when a singer was raped at a Howard Johnsons. Too bad. They tried to down sized, but consumers criticized their new direction. Eventually, there are only two in existence. Mom loved the story. I found it interesting too, that the first "product placement" took place in Space Odyssey 2001. Hojos would be in the far future. Supply the space astronauts.

After that, mom had to stop at Lowes for something mundane. I had to text monica last night. I knew she was at Wegmans with her lowlife boyfriend. I text, "your clone was hear" She texted back "NO WAY." Soon in turned into a three hour conversation. She was watching My Little Pony and WWE on Monday night. She claims to be a brony, though she never watches the show or dresses up. She still hangs with her bumfuck friends and plays gay board games. ...And I wasn't invited? She teachers Mon-Tues, doing i-dont-know- what. Friday she has the Therapist, of course. She can't go to board game night because of work, or maybe she is jsut retarded. She never did make me the Cthlulu stick monster she promised. She did, however, make a Giraffe for "Mike's" wedding. Bumfuck, who cares. Cute animal though. She has no spirit animal. Her life is a guess.

I remember just reading about Akira Toriyama's life on Wikipedia. I didn't know Blue Dragon was for Xbox 360. I beated Dragon Quest 1-6 starting this Janauary, I

have to experience Toriyamas work everywhere.

Then I eased drop. Kevin was stuck in the middle of the highway in Downingtown. I had to go pick him up with mom. Dad was mad. I ran like a dog around in circles. I rushed in the car and left my mom behind. I didn't want my phone. Too lazy to get it and go get it. It was going to be a boring ride in the car. I get to do exactly nothing but watch. Kevin called my phone a couple of times. He said "why didn't you pick up your phone? use the GPS on your phone!" He translates this as if I was abandoning him. He is

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a sensitive person. I used mom's phone the whole time.

We found Kevin next to some red building. Mom greeted him. Kevin put all his stuff in the van. I gave him the front seat. He sounded sad, a low voice. Sniffles from time

to time. This is how he cries. Mom called dad a fat fuck after he called while mom was trying to turn right to get Kevin.

It was funny. We drove home together and left Kevin's car there. It was a grey, boring, bumfuck kind of rain. We were silent. Kevin wanted to drive the car so he can get his mind off of his car. He thought everything was his fault. Soon, Kevin started to cheer up once we got to King of Prussia. I said something about sneakerheads and he laughed. Gavin McInnes says, "Why protest and go on strike if you make \$70,000 a year?" Funny. Stupid Verizon people on strike. They tired to be like princes. They want to step up as kings. Oh well.

Mom made the chewy steak Kevin hates. I love mom's chewy steak. We got home. Kevin got his package from Poland. It was a low, DPI \$60 large sweater of Figi Vaporwave cigarettes. Kevin said "stupid fucking pollocks get out of my country! one star review!" I might wear it later this year if it doesn't want it. Fuck school. I wore his Hentai tshirt, I can wear that.

The steak was mad. Kevin was tardy. I got this feeling I was target as the worthless person. I do abosulety nothing and everything is blamed on me. What could I have done to help? It's his fault things are not in my infulence. I left early at 5 to "go see Alice."

Rainy. Bad traffic like always. Libertarian friend Mike Ceranic calls me. Wants to hang at bar in Ambler. Told him going to see gf. He understands. Texted while driving.

Got to see Alice early. I ate some of her General Tsos chicken she just got. Awesome. We hugged, kissed, and did sex stuff. Some autsicc girl talked anout 93/94 format. I was happy someone cared about it. I really want to print out my proxie cards soon from Artscow.

Me and Alice did moe sex stuff in game room. We played a game of Splendor. After that game, two more kids entered the room. They wanted to join in for a 4 player game. Alice was stubborn and said lets play this game of Splendor first. Even though, could

of stopped it and let them in. We played an awkward game as they watched. I was really quick about it. I won, Alice lost. The two kids joined in. A good 4 player game. Will Smith: 16. Alice: 16, Me: 14. Will Smith won by less lands. Alice had to go after. She was

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looking for her cucumber lunch pack thing. I told her, by impulse, I threw it away. She was shocked and offended. We went to the trash and looked for the thing right away. I got my hands dirty. Not in there. She looked in

car. Not in there. Went back in game room. Some idiot autistic kid put her lunch thing next to the games. Great. She got it and I walked her outside to her car. We did more sex stuff. She looked up my nipple. Claims I have girl boobs. Also claims my nose is big and therefor I must have a big penis. Happy. Kissed her goodbye and went back in gameroom. Saw the two nerd kids again. We played Love Letter a couple of times, talked

about Cosmic Encounter. Then we switched to an odd game of Codewords. "Wrestler 1" I picked "suit." I was correct. But he was looking for the "undertaker" which was also correct. I abandon the scene once it got confusing. I drove home.

Home feels kind of ok. I just feel weird today. Had a bad dream last night the Iccarino girls moved into the house and I was mad. Upset. Noone would kick them out. They are in a clique and I am the nerd. So selfish. It's not real. But I did cry early morning. It could be real. Other than that, the rain. Not a wonderful rain. A gay fucking rain. Dirty and stupid.

I can't stand the Iccarinos. I want to stop typing now. My mind is lingering towards them. She thinks she is so cool that she pretends to think exactly like me.

White girls. Stupid idiots. Snobby retards. See if I care. Pretends to be higher in intellect. She dosen't even know there are 1000 other bumfuck brats like her. What

makes her so differnt? Escapist. Retard.
Meaningless.

Hear I go again.

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5-18-16

Tiger Lily. Tim Biskup's daugther, yes?

Trying to listen to Exciter again. Red headed step child of an album. What is there to love? Dream on? Most controversial Depeche Mode single of all time. The single that dosen't sound like Depeche Mode. I like the guitar. The glitch drums are intresting. Aucostic rock is not powerful enough. Compare it to "I Feel You." (1993) and "Barrel of a Gun." (1997) Dream On fails with it's vigor. It sounds like an intro to a long and boring anime. Gungrave? Some fantasy anime? Not sure. I think some Japanese like Depeche Mode in 2001. The Exciter sound is so bland. A ripoff of indietronic Radiohead stuff. Not DM. I guess thats when they went to Playing the

Angel. I never heard Dream On played after 2005. Funny.

What else is there? I like Shine. Shine is like a bastard variant of The Love Thiefs.

Intresting intro. Nice hook. Calm song about reflection. The machinedrum hits are catchy.

And the "hoo-hoos." Kind of embrassing with the "learning to fly" and "mystery ride."

In there in the song without reason. The chorus is great. I heard DM in that. It feels

like Shine could of been so much better if the producer was not Mark Bell. LFO is

great band. Bell can't hold the

responsibilities for the band. 1999-2000 was just a bad year to make music. Sometimes I

wished DM would quit at that point. That

would also mean, no Playing The Angel,

Sounds of the univerese, or Delta Machine.

Just a period without Alan Wilder.

"The Sweetest Condition", "I Feel Loved"

and "Freelove" sound very similar to The

Sweetest Perfection, I Feel You, and

Strangelove. Concidence? Or regurated

material? This might be another reason why

the album was hated. I personally dislike I

Feel Loved. I like the Danny Tenaglia mix. That reminds me of Super Monkey Ball. The original is god-awful. DM looking to be hip and EDM like. The Sweetest Condition reminds me of being lazy. A nice sound, not big enough. It feels like any other song on the album. Freelove is a good song the first time anyone listens to it. The album version is too redundant. I prefer the Flood mix. Nice and danceable. Freelove, the album-cut, needs no guitar. It would sound so much out there. Well, that's going on too much. The album is already retarded. The biggest problem of the album is the tracklist. I think I would appreciate the album much more if it was shorter. The mix style is odd. Why The Sweetest Condition to When the Body Speaks? Or Body Speaks to The Dead of Night? So ugly! There was no plan to track this album at all. A good thing about When

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The Body Speaks, it reminds me of Super Mario 64. Off topic.

Comotose is the best song on the album. A MARTin Gore song. It's fantastic. This is only thing the experimental style did produce. It feels best suited for Gore. Exciter songs are either scattered drum machines or FX synths. No assemble at all. Bad minimal techno. An anti-Ultra sound. I love Breathe too. Another Gore lazy track. That was the whole album, being lazy. Plan was to act like Radiohead. Intresting. Just not like DM. Was that the result of grunge rock? Indietronic? DM therefor jumps from grude rock into tronic? No way.

"Goodnight Lovers" is a biazarre single. Nothing is going on. Almost listening to nothing. The Dead of Night would of been a better single. That song dosen't deserve to be on Exciter. The only "rock" song on the album. Goodnight Lovers is only known for that ending synth. That's about it.

Another complaint. The album can be fitted ona single slab of vinyl. The 2X really ruins the album.

I can't say much more. Just getting through
20 mins of the album I have to turn it off.
And this is right before bed!

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Journal May-June 2016.

5-12-16

I woke up at 10:45. I dreamt about driving the wrong way
and some pissed off guy on a bike gave me the finger. I
almost ran over a fat kid. I thought I could of gone to jail.

The place looked a lot like the valley forge shopping center,
trader joes and the big Staples.

The dream was a mash of feelings. It's not coming back to
me. Too tired. Want to masturbate again, but have nothing
to do it to or have nor purpose. I just like to admire my
penis.

5-11-16

Midnight journal! Right before I go to bed! Hope this works out too.

Tired, but can't fall asleep. I hear trains crashing to slow down. Can't really see anything with my glasses on. I will write anyway. Got my back hunched on the chair looking over the glowing screen. The crickets are nice to hear.

Today, I wrote some thoughts and wrote / printed out a table of word count and publishing type. I'm curious. I want to create a daily writing habit this summer until late August. My Shakespeare class got cancelled. Will have to do it in the fall, worse of it, independent study. Oh well, everything is ok. My internship would then happen in the spring. Maybe all of it can happen at once. I just want to be done Rosemont. It's not my fault that I can't find the right classes offering. Everyone is jerking off in the summer. I would rather not think of my scaring experience at Rosemont, but my mind keeps lingering back to it. I don't know what it means anymore.

The keys are really nice on this machine. Almost like plastic. This really helps with my ADHD.

I Can't Think. Will go to bed until I get back up. DVORAK or COLEMAK should be on this keyboard. I would like to try it. .

Gotta get a USB stick tomorrow.

...If my mind is not echoing, there is nothing to write about it. This is my skinner-box. Press it on, to satisfy my desire to record. A habit I am trying to grow.

5-12-16.

Dreams.

First dream, I was at this big EDM club. Everyone was dancing in an outside stadium. A lot of energy and strange faces. This girl group came out. A beautiful ganguro Japanese girl came out (dark skin, blonde hair). She wore a skirt and a sparkle sliver dress. Singing of some sort, she climb this very high diving board. She then did some jumps, and dived into the swimming pool. As she dove, her skirt was shown, you could see her naked butt. Diving in the pool, with a big splash, she stood with her back against everyone, turn her head, and crossed her fingers, as "peace." A signal of her inviting sexuality.

Soon after, so fake documentary came on. My voice was appreciating her beauty. Japanese that speaks good English. She was talking something about gamebooks. Old symbols

in past, from Egyptian times, had similar symbols about turning the page and life stats. Her argument showed pictures and new versions aside. It was strange. But I was more focused on her beauty than what she had to say.

Second Dream. I was back at Green Valley Academy again. Private high school. I was driving my car, and tried to park between cars. I got anxious. So I drove out, and tried it again. This trucker guy was very patient with me. Somehow, this would be my first semester at Green Valley again. I know the whole school system is like jail (worse part, I'm paying for it). I wanted to get out of there. The first class began. It was a class about "Japanese/Asian Studies in Postmodern America." The old lady teacher showed a YouTube video. The video summed up that there is a music genre called vaporwave, American video games try to act too much like the Japanese, and Donald Trump, is the a fasist, "Big Brother," then is entering our lifes because he was such a friendly face in the 80's. I liked the video so much, I had to start a discussion starter. I began with the sentence, "In the Post-West environment, It began with this Gen-X celebration about love and conformity, and now, there is some confusion with Millennial about existing in society..." As I was to continue, Lucy-Rose, Puppy, showed up. She was biting me. Wanting to obviously play in a session where I had school. At the same time, I had phlegm in my throat (which I still do now as I write. A little sick?). I escorted puppy out of the room and dismissed my question. I went back into the room. Tried to restate my question, phlegm in the throat again. I could help not but to chuckle. The fact is, this is a dream, and no one in the

dream world, will understand what I will have to say. It's just like my experience at Rosemont.

I also remember this strange kid, that wears football armor. Red and blue. Brown hair. Sensitive. He showed the video, I think. It had some couple of shojo mangas. One I knew about and told him aloud. I'm not sure what he symbolizes. Possibly some kind of identity politics. Some arrogant pride through Asian Studies. This is the pushy student that supposedly wants to be the center of attention. The teachers pet? There has been too many of them today. They never learn that no one is actually listening. They are rather confirming personal beliefs and opinions through the class they spend money on. Life becomes utterly meaningless after when they are done. No sense of belonging out in the market place. Only their mom and dad's money to spend.

Foggy dream. A little sick. Dust got on the machine fast. Have to swoosh or put a blanket over it.

-Need a mini lamp over my keyboard at night. Still need USB stick.

-Right now before midnight, just found a blank USB stick I can use for Freewrite files. Excellent. Also, Patrick of Astrohaus just sent me a message saying they will make future update for screensavers. New authors! Maybe the three function choose-an-author for a screensaver will come true. My infulence works.

-How many words to we speak a day?

-How many words do we write a day? 0-?

5-14-16

Always boggy in the morning. Woke up at 10. Masturbated to black girlfriend porn twice in the hour. Didn't feel like writing down my dream. I was in some school again. I was in a workshop for "Ernst Hemingway and Social Justice." Later, I was in some class about race. As usual, the black kid cries agaisnt the naive white kid. I tried to say something at least PC and witty, something to do with ordinary life. No one was listening. And this was a dream! It wasn't worht writing down, but I had to.

Got up, had an apple, looked outside. Thinking of Cause & Effect - Shakespeares Garden. Good song. Wish I had a album in that style, with electronic covers. Digital computer sound. No one is in the house at the moment. Was going to try and call Montco for refund. I want \$500 in my account so I can but tickets for me and Alice, beach day. 2. Buy \$200 worth of Magic cards I made. 3. Buy a PS4 and Doom 4 (could not even play it on Friday the 13th, the day it came out!). And buy a mini-lamp at night so I can see what I'm writing when I can't see the keys. The thing is, it has to be a soft lamp ,so It won't hurt my eyes.

I am trying to start the Freewrite habit. If I am a writer, I must write everyday. I must find my comfort zone and find my own voice. Writing will also improve how I think about sentence structures and speaking. What is being done when I touch the keys?

I must ask myself the following two questions:

1. How many words do we speak a day?
2. How many words do we write a day?

I will add these estimates to my Google sheets. This is something I should of know in school. Will do it now.

How many words do we read a day?

Mind Speak Listen Read Write,

5-15-16

Last night, I was thinking about the structure of language. My brain is speaking but I want to go to bed. I have to analyze that behavior next time. Good monks know how to shut up and go to sleep. Think of nothing. Noth even blank.

The language structure goes like this: 1. Mind 2. Speak 3. Listen 4. Read 5. Write.

First, language is understood by the mind. The mind! Everything is in the mind, Leftist would argue. Chomsky argues for "universal grammar." We see an elephant, and know, the elephant is dangerous to begin with. Or do we know it is a friendly grey thing? The mind translates things through pictures. It is the mind that helps create language, the self, and intelligence. The mind is the greatest thing that makes man a super being from his animal counter-part.

It is then, do we communicate through speaking. We speak to others using our vocal chords. We translate our environment and abstractions through sound. Language is different through out the world. Speaking as well influences the ego. Are we speaking to ourselves? We never even know it? We mean to speak to the other human that knows how to speak too. Like the Zulu, or any other African tribe, there is no need for a dictionary. A dictionary is an invention by Western man. All Zulu know their language. If you knew the word, you would remember it. Like Chinese to Japanese to Korean, all came from Chinese, and then variants were created through environment and proximity. Technology plays a part in this. We speak most of our living life. We speak about 15,000 words a day.

We also try to listen to the other side. As we listen, we learn new words. We learn about sound. Emotion translates the

signals. It is sound that is so important to our own reality. Speaking creates a sound. Some who don't write, only learn through speaking. Students are better of listening to a lecture than speaking. There is nothing good to speak because there is nothing to learn but other's speak. An older person with wisdom has the better speak. Casual speak will go nowhere. Those with wisdom and experience end up teaching. Everyone could teach. Some wisdom is better than others. Sound could influence us through movies, music, and lectures.

More important than sound, is reading. Reading and writing are advance concepts. To read, one has to understand written language. And to write, one has to understand to read. Reading is an alternative to speaking. Prior to the Gutenberg press, everything was told oral. Preist after Preist would share the history of the world with each other. No everyone could read, even write! It is hard to imagine in the past 200 years of the Western history, reading and writing was only available to the elite and upper-classes. It is grateful that I can even write my thoughts everyday like this. Only a group of elites knew how to read and write. Reading is important because it is language on print. The written word started originally started as a string of nonsense from a session of speaking. The Egyptians capture this through pictures. The Chinese were smart with their calligraphy. We would further create the sentence, the topic, the thesis, and ultimate structure. Written words serve a purpose to write down history, thoughts, infinitely forever. Words are ultimate. Like all religious doctrines, words are wisdom. To read further improves speaking. We learn new words and are mindful how we speak. Even to the fact we can as well learn a new language. Once we have mastered reading, we can finally write. Some have know to

write without reading. Old Japanese is know to create scribbles, as a way to accomodate sound. Like a soundwave. This has a foundation in speaking. Writing clarifies all langauge through a science. It is not ultiamte, but serves a a guideline to clear langague. I am greatful to think, speak, hear, read and write. It is hard to coprehend another forigen langauge like Japanese. It takes dedication. Like creating a new "Operating System" in brain.

This branch of lanague struture can be used to understand how people learn. How we communication, and how we create art. In an age of extreme egotism, isolation, and autism, to learn this branch is important for critical thinking. It will help accomplish the goals I want to achieve.

5-16-16

I had a strange dream last night, in a board game store. It was a strange game store. Things that were discontinued were on sale. Some Lincoln Logs here, some colorful candy orbs there... But then I saw "Killer Bunnies Fluxx edition, Purple Booster #3." Along with "Killer Bunnies Fluxx Limozeen expansion" (The limo moves everywhere and kills things on a 16x16 square) "Killer Bunnies Fluxx Orange exansion #5" and "Killer Bunnies Fluxx Green expansion #6." The Limozeen expansion was \$34.95. Both Green and Purple expansions were \$14.95. I didn't have the money in the store, obviously. If I did buy them, I would be in dept with my credit card. If I would buy them, I would

sell them on ebay for twice as much in the store. I think the dream symbolizes laster summer, in 2015, when I found all the boosters for Killer Bunnies and resold them for four times the amount online. This was late May. I remember around June, in Wildwood, I bought Killer Bunnies Conquest on my phone too. It was for \$50. I used the Killer Bunnies money to buy it. It was a nice three days in Wildwood. June 14-17.

5-18-16

Buy list:

- Blue Dragon guide
- Mineo Maya comics on Japanese New York bookstore website
- Tickets to go on the beach with Alice.
- Old School Magic Proxie cards
- PS4 with Doom 4, Dragon Quest Heroes, KOF 14.

...maybe borrow money from Mom if can't get money in time.

Blog plan! should it be all white with black text? Or should it be pictures in the background with text? I don't know.

Oh yeah, \$10.50 for blogspot app. That could come in handy. Better than loggin in online, typing in user and pass, and pressing the post button and everything. Annoying.

To many thoughts racing in my mind.

5-20-16

Go to internships.com. Look for stupid jobs. Check Baker email once in a while.

—

5-19-16

I have to write now. Walking outside in the sun and speaking a loud without writing. (That's why writing is important).

I was talking about white people in cartoons again. Watched the new episode of PowerPuff girls without the sound on. That's how you watch a cartoon nowadays. Sound off, look at the images.

There is no need to spot the implicit Whiteness in PPG. It's already obvious. PPG is the progenitor of all low-brow cartoons that would come after.

Cartoons that white people do watch: -

Steven Universe

-Star Vs. The Forces of Evil

-The Loud Family

-Phenius and Ferb -Adventure Time

I can't think much more, but these cartoons are implicitly white. Unlike PPG which was explicitly white. Cartoons have shift from the universal to the more obvious. Whites that make these cartoons refuse to take the wisdom that their own cartoons was made

for their own people. That could cost them their job, thier character, and their life. I would like to write something of each of these cartoons and write a book or something about it.

I think afterwards, I checked my phone online for college phone number. Need a refund. Has some kind of protestor with "equality" written on it. Turns out to be a Japanese. A "black nationalist" japanese. How in the world, can one be for "equality" and fight for nationalism? White people are deluded. Kochiyama is doing what she naturally does. Ethnonationalism for everybody.

Losing my mind right now. Just called the college office now. On hold. I can hold for 10 mins and punch with one finger. My mind wandering to one subject to another.

Well, I am kind of hungry this morning. I want an apple but there isn't any. Also want to know if I can send TXT. file to computer instead of PDF. I don't want to copy and

paste the file into my blog. Other ways to get around.

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I might need a loan from mom this morning. I need to buy the beach tickets for me and Alice. Always worried tickets will run out.

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5-21-16

Always have been having bad dreams this week. Last night was the first I dreamt of nothing. Every dream has been about school drama or some kind of fear speaking my mind. The place and situation I am in is unfair.

Now the anxiety of finding an "internship" is setting in. Successful internships and jobs happen with "connections" and "networking." Like a mom or dad that hands down a job to their undeserving child. Things are exactly like the feudal era. America is a place about whoring and less about destiny. We have failed the white ethno-state.

Collin did call me yesterday. Wanted to hang-out, probably pick up the new True Steel pack. Yes, I am his chofer. He is

24 too and dosen't know how to drive a car. I mean, he is autistic. He fails to pick up social cues.

...And Natalie is a dick-girl. Great. I hugged and kissed her. Must mean I am a closet gay.

Found out about Patalliro fan clubs over Tumblr. I can't even find that through a Google search (almost like the darkweb to find Patalliro news). Jokingly, I will start a blog-spot called "Mineo Maya Fanclub." Not really, but I have proud enough to consider myself a Maya afficando. I wish there was translations or I knew Japanese.

Kevin is coming over in about 10 minutes. I am bringing my sntheisizer over and play along over at Quigly's house. It's better than babysitting Collin.

Haven't wrote in two dayas. I guess that's natural, considering Saturday and Sundays are usual off days in a working week. However, I don't want to lose the habit of writing. I must always write! I swear! All the promsied hobbies in the past, where I look towards daily disciplene, all but fail in the end.

This time, I want to accomplish something. Even if it means writing about nonsense. Writing about anything is important. I jsut have to learn how to type faster, think

faster, and catch thoughts were they come through the time. I am a reporter trying to tackle the life that I live. It's that simple. Most people can't do it. It's a shame.

My goal is to write 1,300 words a day without stop, until late August, where I have to go back to you-know-where. At least it's my last semester, hopefully (I'm begging). As I type grease will get on each key. Typical? Yes. How do writers deal with that? A clean cloth? A wiper?

Writing is obsolete. Computers and robots can do it for you. Also, there is audio recording devices. They say it's better to explain things in logical words than to speak aloud. I believe that. Where would math and science be? But for writing? No. It's becoming more obsolete per day. The Freewrite will luckily be about recording the mind with buttons. That's the difference. My fingers will get sore. ...maybe learn DVORAK or COLEMAK?

There he is. Honking outside.

Back. 9:20PM. Did some things.

I filmed two films at Quigly's house. One I filmed this morning dove outside, the other, the vest-wearing yorkie. Quigly's drum machine music is hypnotic. His friend went snoring asleep on the couch. I too was tired, 4:35-6:10. I just read. Read something about National Review on The Right Stuff.biz. I also found Uncuck The Right's video for Amren (Amren was today). Funny! Shocking. The Alternative Right in once video! Every single writer I have read and admire in my life. Amazing. As if, I am not the only one that stumbled across these writers. I was one of many. Had to watch Jared blow sax in the bathroom. Getting away from the machine drum sounds.

We departed at 6:20. Quigly unfortunatley never press the record button on the mixer. I did, however, for the trap song. Kevin saw this. We didn't know if it was right to record over any the stuff that was on there. Oh well. Quigly said it was ok too. He his 2 mintues of a 4 hour jam session. He can publish the song on his own Soundcloud.

Kevin drove me to the mall. The original idea was Burger King. No. We headed for the Mexican restaurant in the court. No, too expensive. There was also Ruby's Diner. No to that, too crowded. I decided on Five Guys at the food court. We went in.

Tons of black people. Not going to lie. There goes the neighborhood...

Five Guys burgers were 7.19 per piece. Nope. We wanted to walk to the upstairs foodcourt. We found some doo-wop style restrutn. "Stardust" I think it was. Cheeseburger fry and drink combo only \$3.99. Attractive Chinese register. We both got our burgers and ate. Said some sily jokes about Dragon Quest 5 and "Stick Drama."

Headed out and too Fishbone Grill where the car is. Kevin wanted Ice Cream. Ok. I wanted Blue Bear smash. Blue ice cream with gummy bears in it. Good. Kevin had strawberry something. \$13.50.

We couldn't find the car outside. We got lost in the rain for a bit. Rain on my ice cream, no! Got in car. Ate ice cream and joked about being sick. Making funny wining noises. Drove home.

I had a brain storm at Quigly's house. Unfortunately, no Freewrite. I did write some notes on the memo app on my phone. It was losing power by then. 5%.

I just took a Milatonin before bed. Will go to sleep soon. My mood was must more jilty at 4:35. Now, I am writing out of duty. Kind of strange. At least I'm writing, yes?

Boring. Ughh...

It's for my own good.

If I was passionate right now, expect me to write 1,400 words about philosophy or problems. That I can do. I just can't do that on demand. It's really about writing how I feel or my life. I can do that. Once again, for my own good.

...need office lamp for typewriter at night. Ceiling light is busted. Will do that tomorrow.

Fuck, today was Amren. Another regret I wish I could have overcome. How the heck am I suppose to get to Tennessee?

5-28-16 by finalfantasyisfunny@gmail.com

5-28-16

I haven't written in a while. The "send" button was broken. Broke my daily exercise. Oh well.

Now where was I? Fantasy novel? Notes about internship? Nighttime philosophy? Do I have ADHD? Am I lazy?

I missed the white nationalist conferences in Manhattan today. Boo hoo. I had no one to go with. :(.

And! I had to see a dead relative on the hospital death bed. Very sad.

I have a TB-3. Got another one coming in the mail. Should make music with it.

Also made \$140. Sold The Invader Zim comics and Warhammer 40000K Conquest cards. The Dragon Quest games, 1-4, original famicom, goes next.

Should I focus on making music? Or continue to make write daily? Can't I do both? Or do I waste one area of energy and focus on one other subject. Hindu therapy.

Am I Doogie Howser for writing at night? I can't even see the keys in the dark, just the bright screen (E-Ink).

I took a melotoni 30 mins ago. Should I be asleep already?

Max Stirner is interesting. I don't know why the Alt-left is in love with him. I like him too.

Also I watched the first batched of Amren videos today, I love Jared Taylor. Such wisdom he has.

One day, I will have the courage to do what I want. Maybe.

Annnndddd... Thats only 250 words! And I am suppose to do 1300 word entries a day?

I did 600 words the other day. That was 20 mins.

I do have ADHD. Also, bored hermit material disease. Crazy. Whatever, tomorrow is another day. Another day wasted.

Fuck it, I will enjoy myself this summer!

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5-29-16 by finalfantasyisfunny@gmail.com

5-29-16

I had a bad dream last night.

I was in the black car with Kevin.
Supposedly, he wanted to show some
awesome driving tricks for me. There was a
railroad track heading out in the ocean.
Kevin thought he could just drive on the
track and do some kind of initial d trick.
Burn the tracks.

I was scared and wanted out. Guess what?
He failed and the car was soon falling into
the ocean.

He screamed at me "forgive me of my
skills!" I punched and tried to kill him in me
sleep before the car would soon fall into the
water.

A pain.

That's when I woke up. I need a new
matress. It felt like someone was punching
me in the back as I slept. I tried to open the
windows last night, put on some radio
(Amren) and the fan. Still, nothing works.

I am also trying to get back on the right
sleeping program. Last night, I took a
Milatonin at 11:30. In bed by 12:10. Not

sure when I went out. I woke up again prob at 4:00. I did hear the birds sing. I woke today at 10:10. Ok.

And then Kevin texted me wanting to go on a park walk before noon. Uggh. I hope my dream dosen't come true.

I went over his house. Groggy and aloof.

I have learn not to think about the sad things, like, (((finding an internship))) and having to go back to school this fall. It's like, I'm off this summer and no one can harm me. Yet, I feel the pain creeping towards me. Is it natural? Am I just in the wrong school?

I don't care now. Getting a job is more important than a you-know-what. And when I am done Dec 2016, hopefully done that extra (((independent study))) too, I am free to make my own path.

I am in limbo right now. So it's tough to see a happy future when there is guarantee pain in the future.

Me an Kevin went on the nature walk. I liked it alot. Talked about Depeche Mode and JoJo Bizarre Adventure for a bit. Some other things. Cute Asian

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5-29-16 by finalfantasyisfunny@gmail.com

Family having a sunday dinner by the creek... We jogged back to the car. Ouchie.

When he was driving, I still felt like he could make the wrong turn and crash into a truck. It's my car that he is driving too.

Do I even trust him?

Once we got home, both dogs greeted us. Lil Puppy has an experince of "extacy" when he sees me. All dogs do it in some way.

Kevin cooked bacon and buns on the grill. Both turned into a burnt black. The taste was crunchy and not-so-good.

The pool was quite warm today. Still bumming that I didn't get to go to The New York Forum in Manhatten. Gave Greg \$21 to show support. Wrote an excuse letter on

top of that. It would of been the third time in my life I traveled to Manhatten. The last time was the first of May at the Japanese book store. Will go back again.

The sun is really hot. It's like Summer now. ...at the end of May? I should be down in Oceancity or Wildwood for Memorial Day weekend. I made the money! Spend \$370 on two synthisizers. I have \$200 more plus \$300 in the bank account. If I had the courage, I could drive myself down and rent myself a motel by the beach for two nights. Yes. Anything down the beach. I feel young again! I remember being 20 down at the beach like a loner. I was looking for friends. No one. Just my family. Angry. If I was free down the beach, I would chase after girls. The heat pumps my sexuality. That's why I like the sun and the beach. I am finally living.

Well, I am not on the beach today.

I do like swimming. It's annoyin when Kevin has to put on some Indie Aira Acid

while I'm in. Not interest in music. I like the outdoor noises.

Intresting music. Made with two Tb-3s and a Tr-8. Intresting. But, not my kind of music.

Had to turn it down after an hour. It was relax music for Kevin. Not me.

I am starting to realize their is something wrong with media before bed (even while swimming in the pool). In nature, I want to embrace, nature! When I heard music with it, it ruins everything. I can't go to sleep beacue I put on white nationalist radio. My mind is thinking about those theroys,

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5-29-16 by finalfantasyisfunny@gmail.com

less about sleep.

Will "things I like" put me to sleep faster?

No. It's materialistic.

I should stop putting on the Ipad or computer on before sleep. I need to just listen to myself and outside.

My body goes crazy. Like it needs to ejaculate. It needs to have a voice to make it go to bed. I need mom to rock-a-bye me.

Everyone needs a girlfriends. Some are lucky. Most get married. Most don't have access 24/7.

Girlfriends and wives are not teddybears.

I have to learn to change my mind. I have to think differntly. I have to stop with the habitis that hurt me the most.

It's so hard to control habits. I need a coach. Honestly, I don't know my own good.

Media, like Youtube, Reading, and Sound, keeps people awake. To go to sleep with some philospher on is perverted. I need to get in tone with... sleep!

Everyone has a camera to take pictures of everything. It supercededes the diary (another post). Sometimes, It's not right to take out the camera, for the first time to have sex.

Ok, take the camera out when there is Bigfoot. That's important.

Most of the time, no. Some disconnect is going on. Something to do with our flawed error.

Kevin is in the shower right now. I should help puppy at the moment... No, puppy under the bed with Leroy's red ball.
...Now she's malfunctioning.

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5-31-16 by finalfantasyisfunny@gmail.com

5-31-16

I had another stange dream last night...

I slept over Kevin's last night. The mattress was hard as a rock. He didn't stop making music until 12. I was in bed by 11:15.

I made a bid on a Roland Tr-8 last night with 707 expansion. Lost an hour later.

Thought about Gina last night. She has an esty page. I might want to buy a \$30 art piece of her. I stalked her Facebook page. Glad she has a boyfriend. Relief.

In my dream, Donald Trump was to debate a public high school. I was there for some reason rushing towards the hall. the room was packed with about 200 people. Turns out, Trump is rather debating "the world." Trump is in the center, while an individual of each country debates him one-on-one. There was about 13 other "countries." The "protesters," or black girls, left the room in anger that they could not protest Trump. They thought there was no reason to fight agiasnt him. Eventually, 17 other people were left in the room. All laid on the ground watching Trump. Each smoking pot from their pipes. The room was dark. I remember going up to each of the blazed students and asking "who is in it for an orgy?" I want sex. So, it's not suprise I ask from students who already feel "liberated" from pot.

I saw this one girl smoking pot. I wanted to punch her in the face. Still mad at her.

Dexter, the tall black kid, was the only one intrested in an "orgy." He kept falling me, repeating, "orrrrgggyyyy." Disgusting. He probabley wants to fuck me in the ass.

Also I remember asking a favor for these two fat plumers. I could not go see Trump speak, unless I cleaned the floor. I saw both two dumpy janitors and asked them to clean the floor for a dollar. They cleaned the floor fast with a "detox" vacume.

I rushed to the Trump auditorium. No one was there yet, but the protesters getting I ready. I then rushed back to homeroom to see if the janitors were ok.

One of the janitors was dissapointed. He wanted his \$1 for some reasom. I gave it to him. The older one said, "No need to return! Life is full of

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dissappointments. You get what you get." The dissapointented janitor was sobbing. The other one patting him on the back. The cleaned the floor already. No use for them to do it for free.

Yesterday, I was in the car with the family. I was up front. Dad, about to go, asked,

"where's the money?" I said, "there it is!" in my usual retarded voice. It was a dollar bill, used for toll money. "No! That's not it you dick!" Dad always says.

Later, when the receipt came, Dad said "It would be funny if you said 'there is the money' right now. I need it for the tip."

This was not yesterday. It was two days ago at California Pizza Kitchen.

My dream ended with the orgy scene. I masturbated to Gina twice last night. The first one was looking up porn of "emo bbw" on xvideo. She looked sort of like Gina. Second time was just thinking about her.

...I know why Kevin pisses in water bottles. The toilet is broken. He is afraid to tell anyone. Or at least pay the landlord.

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6-2-16 by finalfantasyisfunny@gmail.com

6-2-16

Yesterday was the first.

I left the wifi button on and the battery drained anyway. Even if this is off! Make sure I switch to wifi off when the Freewrite is not in use.

I haave been depressed for the past two weeks. My writing habit slided a bit after the send button fiasco. I was suppose to go to the counter- currents New York meeting, it did not happen. Instead, we went to go see a dying grandma.

I hate my grandma.

I never had a connection with her. Her burden is a burden on the whole family. An asscioation I don't want to asscioate with.

Mom has been traveling everyday to the hospital since last Friday. It's like she could die anyday. I hopefully want her too. I don't know what is her meaning in life anymore.

She has depression. I know it. Mom is usually in denial or ignorant about things.

I just came back from a lonely walk in the park at Vally Forge. I saw Washington's

house. It was the place back in 1998 I would hang around with my brother and think about Super Smash Brothers. My mind was rather focus on video games at the time. I also have a good memory: Kevin playing smash bros in the basement. He just unlocked Jigglypuff by beating the game. He was playing with her at the Zelda castle stage in pratice. I had ketchup and chips, watching from the staircase. Kevin repeating the jigglypuff song.

My mind is foggy at the moment. I'm not sure if it's sadness or short attention span. Maybe boredom. I can't see either. I can see by squiting a bit at the screen and the keys. My back is hunched over.

Also turns out rain and thunder at Cape May, New Jersey this week. I was suppose to go on a beach daytrip with her. Mom said it might be best to call the place and ask to go instead on July 17th. I texted Alice about it. She said it's up to me. I might just have to call in and ask for a transfer.

I'm writing for the sake that I don't have much to write about. I want to write because I want to train my brain and fingers to get every possible thought down without pain or block. Writer's block is a myth. It is the action of getting on the keyboard and writing down every possible thought. I

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already feel accomplished that I started a blogspot a few weeks ago. I am happy to look over my thoughts I recorded days ago and reflect on it. Reflection is the important thing to have to develop. All painted art takes practice. Writing a language takes practice too.

I've been looking into the mirror later often than I should. I feel ugly that I wear glasses and have wavy, round hair. I know some white girls are into that... the "emo" type and all. But they're not my type anyway. I think I am not using the right shampoo. I need to comb it with some gel or cut the back side of my hair.

Kevin records his daily events with snapchat. I wanted to write about how the phone is changing the way we record language. Having snapchat is even better than punching keys. It's good so that stupid people can get off the typewriter and into performance art. Punching keys will come the passion of fuddy-duddie elites. It is best to start training now.

I am not sure if I will ever learn DVORAK or COLEMAK. The Freewrite keyboard is QWERTY by default. It's like i'm hitting keys without any mallet hitting one another, but there are not any. Akward. This is a make-believe machine. I write at a normal and consistent speed. Every orator speaks slow anyway. Some, like Jonatahn Bowden, just make it up on the spot, improvise and act. I guess that also makes good key punching too.

I forgot how much I like Baylee Lee. A dominican-American porn actress I liked since I was 15. I watching a clip she did for Pizza man porn. When the titfuck was about

to begin, she said "I hope you don't sweat on me."

"No I won't babe."

"I hate when it drips on me. Why are you going slow? Go faster, you dumbass!"

I laughed.

She is human after all. The best prostitutes are those with feelings of integrity. Perverts want docile Japanese teens or fat blonde cheerleaders. These girls have no spiritual worth. Baylee has power. She loves what she does. She knows how to fuck.

Complaining at her stud makes her powerful and real. The man will try to do his best to fuck her. Baylee has been with better guys than him. Good porn has an aesthetic. I wish I lived the exciting life of a prostitute... Travel, lovers, food, fame, adventure...

Some people claim to have an adventurous life. Some believe they live it

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and justify it (criminals). Some people say it is the hierarchy of life. Those who have adventure and those who don't.

Is it really "adventurous" to protest Donald Trump? Not really. It's a social narrative.

It's adventurous like the name implies. To kill, have sex, eat food, go to exotic places, show some confidential power, to fight, to be proud who you are.

Most adventurous people are ordinary. Baylee is an ordinary American woman doing what she loves as a profession. Adventure soon follows. It is the natural composition of nature and the struggle to survive.

Brown skin women are beautiful. I get high everytime thinking about one...

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6-4-16 by finalfantasyisfunny@gmail.com

6-4-16

Is the Left the lazy party?

You could argue, the what the political left wants, is complete liberation of all hierarchical order. "liberation" as in, the right of free will and freedom. Nature is no longer in control of us. When someone gets a hold of complete freedom, they become lazy. There is no goals in life. Everyday adventures include going to shopping malls and consuming things. Food, which was once used only for nutrient, is now ranked if it is "tasty" or not. If we had free will, we would choose our own lives. WE would chose the lovers we have, the schools we go to, the jobs we have, and the places we live. In America, we can have this complete freedom.

So as long if you have the money.

The "American Dream" is well known to be dead. However, Americans seem to what to resurrect the ideal. Concepts like, American Exceptionalism, appears. If John Smith makes 100,000 a year, so should Jack Smith who makes 70,000. Even though, both sums of money are good enough, yes?

Well, John gets to go to the Fiji islands and Jack can go to California beach or Jamaica. Why can't Jack be like John? This is the frivolous nature of American Exceptionalism. It's the Dream resurrected.

The Left wants absolute freedom. Can money afford it? Yes. That is why capitalism is enforced. Ironically, the left wants communism or some kind of democratic socialism instead. If only the money was distributed to everyone, and both Jack and John make an average of 80,000 year. Therefore, there

would be no complaints and everyone is a significant other.

The problem will come again, that one group of friends doesn't like the other. Each clique is unique just like an individual. Isn't that itself a hierarchy?

The left is always agitating. It can never obtain a society of freedom, even when the world has been won. Man wants to shape nature into himself. He wants to become god (she only wants to be a mother).

The left is always lazy and spoiled. Since there is no higher aim in life, but to agitate and "deconstruct" the existing world, the left can only enjoy leisure through being lazy.

Can a leftist still enjoy video games, TV, food, culture, language,

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6-4-16 by finalfantasyisfunny@gmail.com

exercise, sports, competition, without the need of agitation? Or is agitation apart of being an honest leftist?

Without agitation, the left will "deconstruct" itself. Criticize one another. "Pop Will Eat Itself."

If they did not agitate, the left would be full of prudish, suburban moms, who want a good neighbor community.

I think the left has achieved its goals. It's more like #2. #1 is about being bored.

The left hates being authentic. Constantly they will condemn the behavior of the barbarian. Insults against their opponents

inculde "racist" and "nerd who lives in their moms basement." The left is hostile towards nature and ordinary life.

Ironically, it might be true, that the left is itself bored with their own life. The left is living an inauthentic existment by advocating free will agaisnt human nature.

Maybe the left agitate is because it dosen't understnad their own existentence. It refuse toe acknlowede that life is like being a McDonalds burger flipper for 50 years out in Nebraska. The left thought they could "liberate" these patty flippers and turn them into gods.

Imagine. A Shakspeare on every block, a Milton on every corner, and a Joyce in every bar.

This is the folly of the left. All for "human equality" and... "love."

White people are naturally intelligent and pathological alturistic. Our own intelligent Inaguage and science stumbles our abstract thoughts. We think it's best that everyone in

the world lives like us. That way, there would be no war, poverty, famine, or conflict. We would all be like Klingons talking like Plato.

However, this is what we do naturally as a race. We tend to get "ethnocentric" and ignore other races.

Being ethnocentric is natural. All animals do this.

But the left sees "eurocentricism" as a hinder towards the cause of freedom. Nationalist, like myself, see this as a good thing.

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6-4-16 by finalfantasyisfunny@gmail.com

If only we lived a life where everyone race could have their own country each with a hegemonic population like themselves. This is self- determination and freedom of assciation. Life is a struggle.

As technology progresses, the higher race will try and coperate with the less significant

racess. The higher race will enforce an ideology. All for "the greater good."

I beleive the good life is living like animals. I am a firm believer in Buddahsim and Asian religion. Humawn beings are deeply religious. To live a good life means to live the oridinary life. Languge is a burden to our minds.

...Yet lanague has created spaceships, books, cars, computers... things that improve our own lifes.

We must be careful with technology. Slowly, technology is consuming us. Not consuming it.

The left has nothing to fight for. It has won the cultural war. There is no good reason to self-identifly with the left. It was merely a term invented during the french revoulution by them. The right, on the other hand, is the natural world. The left catergorized them as evil. The left brought the right into the world.

Since then, the right has become aware of itself. It's mandatory to do this.

So as long there is a "left-wing, right-wing" divide, the left will always win. They made up this game. They are the good guys. And the right, the bad guys. There is no equal spectrum between the two. There is only categorizations by normal people. Self-identifications with these labels only increases the left's agitation.

Sometimes, it's best to go out in the wild and proudly consider oneself a "white nationalist." Just like the Christian, they won their religion over judaism.

This is about living a normal and fulfilling life.

The left wants a life based upon feeling. They sit down on the couch and become lazy everyday.

They are miserable because they are free.

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6-6-16 by finalfantasyisfunny@gmail.com

6-6-16

Why start a revoutlion if people are happy with what they got?

There is'nyt any proper reason to complain. Everyone has their own private world and no one cares about the bigger picture.

In fact, it is a liberal ethic to become more "aware" or "wiser."

Also, why start a revoultion if nepotism is the center of the American economey?

The American Dream is dead not because of an unfair ruling system, but because it denies a certain reality of nature.

Your profession is determined by how many friends you have.

It's dosen't take a rocket sceince to know this.

Tell anyone this truth and they go berserk.

Why would the American system lie to anyone that it is only connections that makes a good life?

That means, public and higher education was a waste of time. Working a dayjob is a waste of time. Consuming other products has not benefit. And creating art and investing in hobbies in the most ultimate waste of time.

We been lied to.

Why would they lie? Because our elites have a foundation in liberalism and the post-enlightenment.

"Education," comes before nepotism. Even though, it is nepotism that is the basis of the Left trinity.

Friends, Family, Freedom.

Freinds. Everyone has them. Some frineds are serial killers, moive directors, and prositutes. Expect to be like them.

Family justifies your existence. The family created the law the connection of strangers. Family is stable to a healthy, happy life. It is the family that gives us meaning.

Freedom, is what we all dream of. If only we did not have to hunt and kill for food. If only we did not have to struggle to woo over a lover. If only we did not have to physically fight to get a point across. Freedom means to

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do what we desire. Everyone has a different meaning of freedom. But all freedom can agree upon that is it law and the rules that stops freedom. Freedom allows people to become gods.

...ironically, some freedom harms other people's freedom (some animals are more equal than others).

America is based upon a private, liberal, free life. But freedom cannot be consumed alone. People need Friends and Family. It is family that gives people friends and freedom. It is friends that make family and freedom. Desire is the ultimate rule.

It turns out, only winners can obtain friends, family, freedom. The lower classes, give

them their own friends, family, and freedom. Everyone is in their own bubble minding their own buisness. That's American life.

My life if therefor justified. Accordingly, I don't have to do anything else! I already have the family to back me up, some useless friends that have their own perversion, and the freedom of consuming. This is American life. I'm sure my friend Nate, his family all graduated from Ivy league schools, Nate's friends are jewish liberals, and the freedom he/she has is being a dickgirl. This trinity can only be afforded by the higher classes. I have to do what's best and aim for middle-class things.

Life is utterly boring.

Revoulution is needed because this life is not natural. Animals are free everyday. We have to "work" for our freedoms. But the truth is, no one really works to get anything. Everyone fucks their friends and find their faith. We are more animal than we deny to be.

Revoultion is needed beacuse we are not honest. We lfie to get ahead. We get caught up in our own intellectual lanagauge and confuse the normal human. Liberals corrupt humans into liberals. If we were honest, we would have a system that caters to our own family's interest. Strangers run the system.

And revoultion is needed because there is too many people, too much mass-production, too much technology, and destruction of the earth. The Western World is consuming the earth until it has lived each 90 years life completly. No one gives a damn after death. The religion is hedonist nihilism. No one cares anymore.

There is also a wrong type or Revoultion. I am not a leftist or liberal. A "revoultion" is often fantaized by the left. They want to "liberate"

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barbarians into liberals. They want everyone speak their own rtheroic. This life is boring

and inhumane. They are buddahist trying to break out of the wheel of reincarnation. A revoultion can not have agitation. A revoultion is natural, jsut like the four seasons. A revoultion is religious.

The left is the true poison of humanity. It infected the WEst and now the rest.

When will the left realize their agenda is nothing more than the intellectual interest of Pan-european people world wide?

There needs to a nationalist reveoutlion. A natural revoeultion from the so-called "right." This is not a proper term. Otherwise, the left must recreate itself and learn of it's error.

I propose an "alt-left."

A left that denies The french revoultion, Communism, and The Frankfort school and after.

It will be based on a better obtainment of friends, family and freedom. It will be a

racially aware left. No equality or
univeraslism!

And no nepotism! Everyone is your friend
according to your family! See the left/right
broken logic there? Blasphemous.
Good fences make good nieghbors.
No strangers will try and dicate my life.

I am an ordinary person that fears god. I
want to live like an animal. No liberals will
put me in a zoo. They are denying the jungle
they belong too.

That will start a revoultion. And the end to
private and perverted America life.

Fuck High School and the religon it has
created!

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6-7-16 by finalfantasyisfunny@gmail.com

6-7-16

Doing absouletly nothing is productive.

I woke up today at 9:30. I am unemployed.
There is not need to get ready in 30 minutes
and drive a car. I am no longer a slave to

work. I could of masturbated, but I wanted the energy.

I thought my drum machine was coming in today. I check the shipping code, nope. It's expected tommorrow. Already, today is another day wasted.

I went downstairs and laid on the couch. I went with my mom to go see half- dead grandma at the retirment home. I went home after I saw grandma's butt. No. I am killed sexually. Is there any innocence in beauty in a corspe butt? No.

I went upstairs I listen to some nationalist radio. Two programs in a row. One on Right On, the other about Jews. I took a nap. I went back down stairs. I walked both the dogs with mom. Mom wanted chinese food. She drove off while it rained. Dad got a special package. Two nosepickers for me and him. Good. Mom came back. No eggrolls with the meals. She went off yet again to go see dead grandma. I sat alone on the dead in the dark. I got up and walked puppy around the block. I had some

thoughts to myself. Got back, now on the typewriter.

Today was about doing absolutely nothing.

I am thinking about swimming. The pool is tantalizing. Yet, I could be on the computer, watching Milo's new speech, or looking up dumb new products. I already stop going on Fantasy Flight Games. I am done with board game culture. It is pathetic. I will still go to Netrunner club time to time for the heck of it. Nothing much to do.

I could of had a summer class this summer. Even an internship. Nope. Still looking for a internship. I sent another resume in today for some dating service. Oh well. I wish it was about porn. That would be interesting.

All this. And still, I feel like I have accomplished nothing. I am drifting while every day, my skin eats away. I am asleep in this life.

When will I ever feel alive?

Is writing a jail sentence? Since nothing is accomplished and only time and space is recorded.

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I felt alived at the beach two days ago on Sunday. The weatherman said thunder and rain. No way. It was the opposite. Sunny and sexy.

I made out with Alice on the beach a couple of times. I just wanted to take off her clothes and have sex on the beach. If only...

Yeah, the beach is amazing. I wish I spent the whole time this week on Cape May. I would feel accomplished that I would be relaxing every day. With a purpose. No. It's impossible to relax in King of Prussia. Old people mainline. Boring. Nothing to do. Too much trees. No beach or excitment. No young people...

Where are the young people? Whored away by their families? Young people are like jews. All in positions of power. Older

society cries over young bodies. Feed them to Morloch.

I am glad I found Alice. Next up, I want to find that job and the income with it. Enough to support myself and her. ...And 3 kids.

Doing nothing is form of productivity. The monks... the monks of something, would think of nothing. They would eat oranges everyday. Nothing at all. These monks wanted to be one with death. Maybe I am becoming a monk and don't even know it. Both leroy and puppy are better monks than I. I can't tell if both of them are sad or meditating. Humans can't possibly do something every day.

I see science-fiction books I bought on my table. I could pick up one and read it.

What's even the benefit? The text is outdated. Is it relevant? Or do I look at it like art?

I see books of my shelf I haven't read before. It upset me a bit. All I have to do, is

pick a book out, and commit 40 mins reading half the first chapter.

Is it any good? Most people just throw away books after they are "read." Not even after chapter 1. Most people don't even finish books. People just survey text.

I am happy when I read sciene-fiction though. I feel like I am going to get lost in the text and never come back. Pulpes are that powerful. Only a few hobbieist can train themselves to dive into a pulp.

The text helps me understand how I write too. I can learn how other people

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write. Intresting. I might as well steal some concepts from them.

Sitting on my bed, alone in my bedroom. The sun finally came out. Getting bored mediatin and writing. Stream of consiousness dosen't work. It goes nowhere. It goes back to being bored and doing

nothing. Not everything should be written down.

I think I have been scarred by school. One day, the thoughts would go away and I can overcome. I am going back on the battlefield again. I should prepare myself to verbally fight again. I should be confident in myself.

900? I should stop there.

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6-9-16 by finalfantasyisfunny@gmail.com

6-9-16

White women are the problem.

Is that sexist? No. It's not. This is a criticism.

The cliché is that straight, religious, white men are the problem. No. They got it all wrong.

White women are the problem is because they are failing to reproduce with their significant other. This is a deliberate action.

Ironically, it was thier white men that gave them the power to doubt them.

All out of pursuit of "Intellectual beauty." I blame Percy shelley, John Stuart Mill, and Huge Heffer for these crimes.

Dosen't that mean then white men are actually the problem? No. Not nessicary. It's a point a view.

White women are not strong enough to see through the lies of their husbands. White women are natural cowards for power. I see it run through my own family.

Other white families know what I am talking about.

I think the selfishnis h really began around 1900 and is at it's climax today. So we have one hundred years of egotism and individualism.

When we ask non-whites to be individuals, we are really asking them to be white.

Individuals as in, individualism. As in, white peopleism.

In no way do I mean the word "white" as in "facist." Your jewish professor would want you to think that way.

I mean "white" as in, Pan-european people. The American people. Us. I, speaking a Pan-European person.

(Digression: Andrew Fraser, author of The WASP Question, wrote about how the Alt-right and the rising tide of new white nationalism, is really about self-identifying with being "White, Anglo-Saxon, Proteston." However, this is not a true identity. Irish-American, German-American, French-American,

are true identities. A mish-mash identity, like WASP, is a rootless and confused foundation. the Alt-right and White Nationalism must address and established a concrete identity. Otherwise, the WASP issue is a new form of

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egalatarisim. There must be French, German, Irish as a creed).

There is something about white identity that makes as prone to 1. pathological altruism, 2. sympathy 3. emotion 4.intellectualism 5. arrogance 6. individualism, and a slew of other things poorly defined.

These vaules all collide together and create the school of thought we know today.

I really believe Marxism was something prone to white people. Something about it makes it so white. The idea that we can live a life based upon the "mind" and not by nature. We always wanted full control of our own lifves.

But it is, this school, called "femnism" which is really perverted. It started out as women becoming good mothers. This is healthy, yes? Somehow, it became a religion to become Marxist. I really don't how it came to that conculsion, but what I can tell, that is a sign of cowardice.

Feminism is not the problem, no. The problem is the people who make it happen. The drivers in the car. White women.

Don't I sound like some kind of righteous leftist?

White women need to know how to be good women.

This is advice. Not, "mansplaining."
(It is so easy for anyone to become a victim and the opponent, a oppressor).

The reason that the white population is falling is because white women are not reaching out enough for white men. Some are, I agree. The most normal white women will. That is a good thing.

But is this innate characteristic of white women that fall short against the average white man.

White women, like to believe they are princesses. They are looking for a prince charming in their life to take them away, and pay them everything. A prince will buy them a house, a trip around the world, new clothes, and new friends to meet.

And then the divorce papers come. The man is left alone sad. The woman starts it all over again.

We think we "grown up." Brain Aldiss once said that we are nothing more than kids dying each day. Adults are the dead corpses of children. To live

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everyday, thinking it is a progressive ladder till the top. In reality, we just learned how to speak, what not to do in society, and how to control our behavior. We became victims of society. We should be like animals!

White women don't like lower white men to approach them. They find it offensive that there are "creeps" and nerds.

How the hell am I suppose to be myself around a woman that will respect me? It's just not possible.

The Manosphere is the answer against white women. The Manosphere is feminism for men. Strange.

The Manosphere believes in something called "GAME." It is a philosophy and logic for dating other white women. White women, they like X, Y and Z. They prefer their man to be A, B, C.

Dating, something which is so natural among animals, has become an intellectual "thinking about thinking" to earn sex and eventual wife.

It is a warzone.

Greg Johnson claims corrupts men. I agree too. White men should not follow GAME. If they really want white women, however, I would advocate GAME.

Who wants white women anyway? When white men can have all the non-white girls they want!

Non-white girls are naturally intone with nature. They are like animals, ready to revieve a mating call by a confident man.

White women call this behavior "sexist."
Losers.

White women are jealous of white men that date non-whites. They celebrate diversity and multicultrualism, but when they see their man dating alien... it must be "racist."

Pathetic.

The duty of white nationalism is to reproduce with other whites. How will this be possible, if white women are so prude agaisnt white men?

It was the white man's fault for creating a creature that fits his liberal desires. However, the blame agaisnt ourselves is not right. Most white men are white nationalist by heart. They just don't want to admit it.

To earn a white girl, means to dress up in a suit and tie, work in a cublic

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job, watch sports, don a dick-head haircut, talk deeps, and look like a stupid fuck white male jsut like everyone else.

White nationalism dosen't need the suburban football coach or the dumbass track and field jock.

Unfortunaley, when looking for supporters, I guess these consumers would do. Well, I don't want to be assicated with other white men who are normies.

Back to Andrew Fraser, he's right! I am Irish-French-Polish-QuterJew American! That is my idenity!

If I had a choice, I am Irish American. The genes I have made that right. I can't argue agaisnt that. Talking abd writing is from my French side, playing board games and being lazy is the polish side, and me being a crazy, deconstruction culture-destroying self is my jewish side. Can those things all work out?

I tried white women, they are just fucking boring and hateful. I mean, they want sex all the time. Sex is OK. But I don't get love. I get this pushy, "I want to be a suburban mom but I want to act like a princess" behavior instead.

Women are not the problem. White women are. It's that simple.

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6-11-16 by finalfantasyisfunny@gmail.com

6-11-16

Innovation, Character, Originality, and the red carpet.

There is a problem with our art. I'm talking about Western art. White people art.

Look at Yale art school. No, look at who gets into Ivy League "art" schools.

Black lesbians who hate their parents and can speak fluent Japanese.

"So original. So different. So unique. What an interesting life!"

Something went wrong with this.

What happened to the artist that can draw a human body perfect? Is that a good artist?

Nope. It has to be a human body covered in SHIT. That's more original! Give an art teacher a blank piece of paper.

"Excellant work! You have shown, and deconstructed, the capitalist culture of the artist market. So expressive!"

What is even art anymore?

If I just write a bunch of words on a piece of paper, that's fucking art too.

No use of grammer, no spell checking. They will say it's soooo raw. So authetnic.

Are artist even smart people?

What the fuck is L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E poetry? Embarasing. I know the guy who made that anyway. Cough, Collin's dad. Does he even know what that means? He didn't even graduate college back in 1970.

Yet he has the audacity to go teach at PennU?

What is even the meaning behind it all? The only thing that backs him up is all his French philosophy. Those french philosophers don't even know what they are doing anyway.

These people are reserved for a culture that is alienating the working- class. The elite class is in fact, decadent. They can't even explain their own logic.

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Give a black man Foucault. Nope. Doesn't make sense. Will not make sense. Everything is boring.

What the hell is "intersectionalism?" Sounds like an original idea to be trademarked and copyrighted in academia. "Dr. Betty Smith, thank you for creating the intersectionality theory! We are grateful towards your genius!"

Genius? No. No no no no.

It's confusion. Some one is up to know good. (((I think I know who is behind it.)))

Well, for art, art has been highjacked too. "good" art, is art that can be sold. Damien Hirst knows how to do it. Splatter skulls with rainbow. Some 70 year old hippy is bond to buy it.

But why should Hirst be our favorite? I am surprised I am not hearing the anti-white police coming. "Look at that white, straight, cisgender, male creating art. His art is facist aned racist!"

Maybe (((Hirst))) is a you-know-what.

I don't know. To get into any school, black, cross-dressing, japanese speaking retards are allowed in. It's a queer fest.

"I am queerer than you! No! I am!"

Boring. What about talent? What about big tit girls? What about strong, jacked men? What about a man with a beard and a family of four? Can't he draw dead children too?

It seems like art is reserved for "individual" or "virtue-by-existence" types. They don't know how to write or even put words together. But, they can see things and put them on paper like what little children do.

That's why I am not an "artist." No. That's not art. Whoring away with paint on canvas? What happened to self-improvement? What about lifting weights? What about healthy eating and fucking girls? That's an art too!

Art is feminine. No guys are interested in art class anymore.

I think about the artist I like. Yukio Mishima, Issei Sagawa, Mineo Maya, Peter Sotos... Yeah, they are Japanese queers and one sadomasochistic pedophile guy... Does that make me an "artist?" Or just a normal guy interested in human behavior? I have to watch what I like. I too feel I got

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a hold of the queer bug.

Just because you converted to judaism and declare yourself be gay dosen't make you an artist.

Fucking pricks.

Even the term, "white nationalism" has a queer chime to it. Everyone equally hates being white nand nationalist.

I am trying to just being normal. I am riding the tiger of chaos and putting down with it's own napalm. Yes, that means getting infulenced by the queer bug. But there is something wrong with this.

I like the Japanese because they are normal. Normal, ordinary, healthy people. Open about race, sex, and family. Every animal on this planet knows this. I am tired of the prude white liberal projecting the world to his advantage.

Martin Heidegggar is god. Why can't we be normal people without all this intellectual nonsense? Fuck Cultural Marxism. Fuck learning. We are not intellects. We are just

passionate about nothing. We are living inauthentic lives.

Or someone is abusing our white people interest for no good. Everyone is nowadays...

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6-11-16SECOND by finalfantasyisfunny@gmail.com

6-11-16SECOND

There is something wrong with The Alternative Right and White Nationalism in 2016.

I dedicated my senior project for the Alt-right, so I should at least care about where it is going in the next five years.

I'm afraid to write this, but, The Alt-right is becoming the new cultural Marxism.

It's hard to believe this. It's true.

The first right-wing metapolitic was American "Conservatism." That's William F. Buckley Jr. and his National Review publication. Conservatism was the 1950s. It

worked well for about ten years. About 40 years later, we get cultural Marxism, which would be an innate Marxist and left-wing morality. The reason why this is failing, is because CM, and political-correctness, is the system. Americans are tired of playing a game they don't want to be referees for. It is why The Alternative Right, something that is so opposite and radical (a deep breath of fresh air) will replace it.

However, ideology is like the seasons. Oswald Spengler explained it seasons. Life is seperated in four quaters and seasons. We are learning during the spring, the summer we have fun, autamn we start society, and winter we reflect. Marxism is reaching the dead of winter. Marxism had it's bright start, it's communist society, it's run of academia, and now it's end. Marxism is grandpa on the front porch, watching cars go by.

The Alternative Right is in the summer. It is sexually awakened looking for a lover. Soon, when it finds the lover, it will settle down. Even Preisident Obama, at Rutgers University, said that Rutgers will not be

stopped by PC mayhem. As if, every American knows CM is a noose around their neck. Obama want's something to be done.

When The Alt-Right grows up, they will all have the responbilitie to take of their children. The golden age, which is now, is a dance.

I feel like I don't belong on the dance floor.

Our rewards for being "Alt-Right" is acting normal. Normal? I never was "normal." An interest in Nazism is not normal. It's intellectual.

Are early-twenty millinials that interested in nationalism? Or, is it like being a juggalo? A costume for your favoirte rock group.

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This is how the new left won. It stormed the universites until marxism became morality. The Alt-right is storming popular culture, until everyone is an apologetic white nationalist.

The Alt-right is like a pop-up ad. Should we click on it and accept the offer? Isn't there a way to cancel the upper-right hand corner and exit out?

Media is like this too. Some much innocent people falling into guilt. When was a choice ever authentic?

The Alt-right plan is to prozeltise people. That's it.

On The Stark Truth, Alex Von Goldstein argued that Pepe the frog was the Alt-right meme. Pepe is anti-establishment. Normies will try and like Pepe. But Pepe will become Donald Trump. Pepe is a vechical that corrupts normies. Everyone will be normal and racist at the same time.

I liked the Alt-right because I had an interest in the political right. I am fascianted with Mussolini's fascism and the movements it has spawned. Today, everyone is interested in facism because our system condemns it. Back in the 90's, no one could talk about the far-right.

The first thing that will happen if the Alt-right wins the culture war, is that white women will be wooed over. Women are sign of victory. Men start the movement, women follow.

I'm afraid I am going to meet a white girl my age who pretends to be on the Alt-right and has intrested in Jared Taylor, Richard Spencer, and every Alt-right fad on Youtube. She is going to act pretencious and condemn those who disagree with her (the politically-correct, ironically).

What makes this girl differnt from all the other white girls we have to face today?

The Alt-right would woo over Third-wave Femnism into Alt-right Femnism. Nothing is accomplished. Just the culture has been won over.

I liked the Alt-right because it sought to change the ethics of our soicety. To change ethics, according to the Alt-right now, is to replace the culture with theirs.

I always wished for the big tit, blonde, dutch german girl serving me beer one night. You could talk to her about anything, and the only thing shes wants in the world is to have kids and be a good mother. Perfect.

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Nope. The alt-right are a bunch of pretentious college millennials who strive for "intellectual beauty." The same mistakes that Percy Shelley, John Stuart Mill, and Marx made. A pathetic D-cup girl, that talks like a spinster library, and hates a majority of men but the men "who get her."

I feel sorry for anyone who jerks off to that that every night before bed. This is why most white guys become gay. Not because "they were born that way," but because they hate white girls.

I always wanted white Americans to become like the Chinese, the Japanese, and the Koreans. Not like them, no. No. I'm not talking about their anime either. If only we

were an organic people that had a 90% white country, and catered politics and interest to ourselves. Less violence. More security. high trust.

The Alt-right dreams of this. But in return, they can't make this happen. So they dance in the post-modern shithole and agree with everything. The Alt- right wants tatoo sleeved girls and their hardcore punk. Pathetic.

I always thought of myself as an Asian Studies student. Asian society has the best wisdom the West can learn from. We are lost in our own sin and constantly see the world through our own perverted lens. Asian studies helps clean the mind and realize there is a better world to live outside European consciousness.

Nothing wrong with "european consciousness." But at this state of affairs, we need help from our brothers from the other side of the world.

I am slowly drifting away from the alt-right because it is ironic and pretentious. Anyone

can be apart of "the movement." Therefor, the real far- right movement has been dying all along.

Slavjo Zizek was once an anti-communist. Then, he became a communist. Most say that this is a joke. That in reality, Zizek is not a communist, but is putting on joke. The only true communist is someone who pretends he is a communist.

The Alt-right say they are "nazies" But really, there are no such thing as nazies anymroe and they would like to cahnge the conception of ta nazi by taking the name.

But the poltical left and the right, are both dying. What is left, is remains of the utpoians systems, and both thoughts are fighting agiasnt each other. Ideology has forgoteen that it belongs to one people.

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White people made this. The left and right are the same thing.

This is a petty conflict between what is just. At the moment, the left runs the institution and the right is the underground. The left has failed because it has nothing to offer and the right has failed because it mimics the left. This makes sense because, after all, the left made up the term the right and the right became aware of itself!

I don't want to be apart of a pretentious "youth" scene. Even the word "youth" as a totalitarian twang to it. There is nothing natural about being ideological. "natural" as in ordinary.

I am looking for religion and self-improvement. I don't want to be the black fish trying to eat the tail of the white fish.

The alt-right is trying hard to become a normie party. The alt-right parties I have attended, everyone is at least scarred and damaged in a certain way.

The Alt-right will fail once it becomes popular.

Greg Johson wanted one thing with the Alt-right. "Everyone can do what they want, so as long white extinction is off the menu." I agree. However, "everyone can do what they want," as in, decadent culture?

The 14/88 crowd is mad at the Alt-right for good reasons.

A healthy race is also a healthy society. Is it even possible for us, as a white race, to promote the conservation of our race, and do all this crazy stuff we want too?

The current system is hurting a weak knee in us. Something is acting against us. Our own desire is working against us. We can't eat our cake and have it too.

I have lost hope in the Alt-right because it is decadent. We are here. We need to be more innocent than guilty. We can't act like the enemy to win him.

White people can be themselves without popular culture, ideology, or materialism.

We need religion.

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6-12-16 by finalfantasyisfunny@gmail.com

6-12-16

I was thinking about Athletic people this morning.

And then the TV said 50 people died in the most horrific terrorist attack the United States has ever seen.

A Muslim walks in and shoots 100+ gay people. Really funny stuff. I was laughing when I first saw the headline.

An instant win for Donald Trump. Yes!

Now, the strange part is about a Muslim killing gays. Could this mean that Twinks for Trump will become a thing? Will there be right-wing gays for the first time in forever?

I waited with Dad for Barack Obama's speech at 1:30. He didn't show. So he came on at 2. Meanwhile, I was trying to make a

drum and bass beat on the Roland TR-8 (808 kit too).

Gorka, "Defating ISIS" journalist, said Obongo would not talk about the real issues and would only dodge. He was right.

Obongo said something about their being too much guns, and victimization of gays.

The death list came later. Turns out, the list is full of hedonist Puerto Ricans. Nope, no Freds from Scoody-Doo. THAT is your gay audeince!

"Well, it JUST SO HAPPENS these "gays" are Puerto Ricans! Anything can be gay!"

I think Chuck Pulhnick said it perfectly about his own career. "Journalist only care where I putted my dick in last."

Soon after, National Socialist queers came on the TV. They waved militant flags of rainbow and their joyful queer (and white) advocates slammed their stump speech. I took a picture behind the queer, of a waving Israel flag!

((((guess who is behind all this?)))

This is going to be an interesting year. I hope another massacre happens soon. It's becoming meaningful. White society thought that Columbine was the worse thing that could ever happen to their post-modern, liberal society. And then one after another, their system is getting worse and worse.

If only this Omar kid was white! Yes. This would be such a meaningful day

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in history. Racist fascists are real! And they want to tear down our communist society! All the French postmodernist and Jewish Frankfurt Schoolers were right! All this leads to the gates of Auschwitz! Oh vey!

He wasn't. He never will be. Dylan Roof was expectation. He did it with at least a thought out manifesto. Something I could agree upon (meta fourth wall breaking trigger deconstruction trigger warning!).

What will this mean about this pathetic fraud of "gay identity?" My uncle considers himself "gay," even though he married later. It's like, being gay is like taking pride in being plutonic, bourgeois, and passive-aggressive. It's a materialsitic form of white nationalism. Sad really. I always knew the "gay identity" thing was a fraud. No such thing. It's the bourgeois runnign amuck. "Gay identity" didn't appear until the 1960's. And it was thought of being soooooo cool. When will Americans realize this is a defect in our own way of thinking? When will someone call out gays for faking it all?

Life is a parody. Weatherman fake being "gay" to get the job. It's an easy way of somethign they are on the left.

Yeah, thanks left! You really change American life in 50 years! You were all able to get into positions of power and somehow change science into philosophy and work into lesiure. As if, your life plan was to destroy nature and life live to it's fullest.

I can't believe what Obongo said during his speech. "They were only living their lives."

"Lives?" Please. Puerto Rican hedonist preying upon the innocent? The possibly of whites too? Disgusting.

No one wants to self improve anymore. The easy way out is decadent.

It's not fun to be decadent anymore is because everyone is being decadent! I thought being "decadent" was going to a beach, fucking girls, and having hobbies. Not living life in lower class bumfuck Florida, picking up weak people, listening to shitty music, and having no future plans. "Decadent" to me sounds like only the billionaires could do it, not weak man.

Weak man will never become like rich man. It's just is.

Americans have been repressed of their nationalism. No one is allowed to be a nazi anymore. Nationalism is a healthy way of living life. All animals

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are nationalist. We were once nationalsit based on race. Now us white have to be nationalist for hobbies and usless things!

I remember when it was LGBQ. Lesibian, Gay, Bisexual, Queer, stick-up-the- ass kind. Now its LGBT. Transgender! When did they get in? I know for a fact some gays really hate Transgengers like thier favorite conservative white male. How are Transgender gay? It's egalatarism is too equal.

Diversity and Multicultralsim causes tension and conflicit! -Jared Taylor.

Rosie O'Donnel and Whoopi Goldberg will hate each other forever. "I am a lesblian! You can't say that!" "I am black! You can't say that either!"

And "interrectionalism" is suppose to cure this? It sounds like a monopolization of buisnesses. Just like how capitalism works!

Did any of these morons read Gramsci, or Adorno, or Foucault, or Derrida, or Lacan, or any European idiot?

Sound too me these so-called "intellectuals" I just mentioned are rather bourgeois. They claim to be on the left, but they did it out of upper-class security. Just so they won't have any opponents.

This is what ruined the left. The left died. It thought it would be resurrected itself through culture. It did. Mission accomplished? No. No one wants to be called a true leftist. The left lost its way in the forest.

I am slowly crawling to a position what would be called an "alt-left" position. The alt-right is good, but the left cannot be forever defeated. It needs a re-institutionalization. The left is apart of the right as the right is apart of the left. The left needs medical attention. I am writing something what would be called an alt-left declaration or manifesto. I thought long and hard about the real benefits of the left.

Imagine a left without jews, equality, theroy, philosophy, or liberals! Yes! It's a dream come true! It would be like Zen Buddahism for white people!

In the middle of writing that...

I should look out for the TR-606 epansion coming out next week. June 17th. Also should get those beach tickets. I really need the money. I sold Big O volumes 1 and 2 for \$71.

Also, should write about Atheletes as Barbarian-liberals. That thoght raced through my mind after Dragon Quest 8 on PS2 session. In the basement. 10-12.

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No lights on too.

I had pickles, pinapples, and frozen chicken for lunch.

No much more I can say. Dave is annoying. Please stop calling. I don't want to go see

your crazy liberal dad or play CCGS with you.

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6-15-16 by finalfantasyisfunny@gmail.com

6-15-16

Yes! I got a job! An internship! For IM Consultants! I am so excited and happy! I will start work this Monday the 20th. I don't know what to do by then. I wanted to go in on Wednesday. I just couldn't contain my excitement! That is the only regret I have. I mean, it's only three days I am not working. And I should be prepared for it by Monday.

The TR-606 expansion comes out Friday. I am eager for that. Also, I have to go to Collin's on Thursday. Not sure about that. I really don't like him and his family. I will go in just to be kind.

I slept over Kevin's house last night. Woke up at 7, drove home, and took a shower. Mom is feeling OK. She had some flu yesterday. I thought it was food poisoning from Subway. I didn't get it, so no. I had a

Toasted veggie delite. Mom got BMT, or Biggest, Meatyest, Tastiest. Meat got her poisoned.

I thought about getting my first paycheck. I think I would just put it in the bank and keep it.

Also just remembered, I also have to pay the Discover bill for the other food and other stuff I bought this month. I have to send it to Monica.

I could make music today, I could play Dragon Quest 8 downstairs in the dark basement. Today is comic book day too. I am trying to occupy my time until I have to work 9 to 5.

Will I still be able to type? After 5, it's seems like I would be tired. I dod get money in return. And my good deeds and occupation will be "written" for me. I can still go to the Freewrite anytime I want before bed. Will I have even the energy to go and type on it?

I had the time off. My habit is the same thing. Every other day I write about 2000

words. This is usually a Freewrite doc that is 1100 words and interent comments that are 800. It's an average of 2000 words.

Does my room need a clean? I am looking at Blue Moon Legends. I really don't know why I have that. I neever played it in over 15 months.

I love colletible card games. I recently sold my Warhammer Conquest and Doomntown collection. I miss them already. Even though, I don't play the games anymore. I like to have to collection as if they are like pieces of art. I want to show my friends (if there are any) my card collections. Cards are like pieces of art.

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Same with pulps. I want to show my... friends... my pulp collection. Pulps are just like cards. Small, little pieces of art. Artwith minimal efficaincy. I like it that way.

I have opened all my Patalliro mangas since I bought them on May 1st. Tooky me some

time to apperiate each on before I opened in that time. And before that, I got more Mineo Maya books in the mail from China! Fascinating art. I have to look through each one too.

Snow Crash is sitting on my shelf. Mom bought it four days ago for 80 cents. I like it. Will I ever have time to read it? Not sure. The books look at me as I look at the books. I feel I can look at any time I want and be amazed at it. Books never end. It's a journey of the imagination takes me.

I think I should go eat breakfast right about now.

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6-15-16Second by finalfantasyisfunny@gmail.com

6-15-16Second

So, I was reading Brett Stevens again. Kevin foundf out about him. He has a new book about Nihilishism coming out shortly. I read Amerkia.org once in a while.

(I don't have my glasses on. I can't see the keyboard or type letters I am punching in. It is a finger-typing experience. That way, I am writing based on feeling, not logic. I am like Wynham Lewis when he went blind... Should I learn Dvorak or Colemak when I am away? Or might be better for the blind type writer. Right now, I am finally hitting on imaginary mallets. It's quite fun!)

I just read a Stevens article titled "You are a product." This really felt good. It is something I would write about, but Stevens said it in a better word choice. Stevens argues that bloggers are not meaningful, but products in a narrow sense.

No one has meaning anymore. Stevens suggests that we should abandon the internet and start writing privately again. This is the only authentic voice we can have. I really feel the Salinger in Talk Talk in Stevens. This is something I want to do too.

I tried to upload my first Freewrite writings online on Mineo Maya fanclub. No one reading by the way. It is

private. So no one will find it. I was going to upload some writings onto it... but who cares? Why should my writing be public? that hurts everyone.

My goal is this. Take the Freewrite writings of May, June July and August and compile a personal lulu book of my writings and call it "Joe's fiery summer 2016." This would be the right thing to do. Oh don't care about spelling and or grammar. That comes later... when I find my glasses. Writing is raw without editing. So I will continue to do that.

Hey. Maybe I should write more often with my glasses off. I need to discipline myself not to look at the keyboard or the screen itself. I should only know that I have written a paragraph and end a sentence. Maybe look straight ahead and think about things with punch the keys. I want to speak into an audio recorder and then the audio is translated into text. Yes. I need to teach my fingers how to do that. Without stop or pause.

Pausing kills writing. I need to be very unapolgetic.

Stevens also argues taht the world needs more editors, not writers. We live

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in the information age and already have enough writers to begin with. It is a matter of getting the text and editing to make sense of it.

A four year old could yell a silly and dumb tyale of "aze cop" only then that his older brother willl edit the story to make it sound like Shakespere. The world needs more ditors!

Writing is mostly nonsense. The edited thoguht is what counts (kill the niggers kill the jews race war now gas the kikes 18/44)

I feel for poor Lewis when he was blind. He had a clipboard and a penicl, would write the papers and they would fall on the floor. His wife would pick them up anf edit them

later. Hlad this machine can justtype and send into a single file.

So thats the goals. I will keep writing private thoughts until the end of August and when the job internship is over.

I am still happy I got the job. Still regreting not going into today. Maybe it was the right choice to take 3 days off. Who knows? What If i am hypinv things up too much?

I have to tell Baker I got the internship too. This is my Red Book. Nothing else matters.

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6-17-16

The TR-606 expansion for the Roland TR-8 finally came out! I made a song with it.

The half-blind black girl obsessed with Ash Crimson and Patalliro favorite me on my soundcloud and she likes "go fuck yourself." She commented on it twice.

I should buy the beach tickets tonight. Alice might be availbe next week. I should buy 2, and if she dosen't show, I will return the other ticket.

I am starting work this monday and meeting my mentor, Shawn, tommorrow. He said he wants to give me stuff so I can catch up early before monday. Hopefully its not written homework. I am thinking it is just reading stuff. Good to know.

I listen to Guy again last night. letsago YTMND site about “heffer’s mom” is always funny. He played a Guy song. I know Teddy Reily is in Guy. So I heard the first two tracks on the album. I want it on LP now...

“Teddy’s Jam” is classic. Very nostalgic and quirky Fairlight Computing going on. That song has been stuck in my head all day. A good thing. I hear it in the morning. I hear it walking the dog, hear it eating dinner (Panera Bread. I had Steak and Cheese Panini thing) and hear it right now. A good tune. Will forget in a few days. Maybe.

So I was thinking about the whole Brett Stevens thing. About how “blogging” and the interent does not lead to self-improvement, but arrogant egotism and hedonist nihilism. Bad things. The “Mineo Maya Fanclub” was launched. And I haven’t posted a new article in a week. Even though, I could get any daily piece I written and share it with the public. No. I feel like it’s an invasion of privacy. I really do now. The perspection of writing changes when you realize someone else is reading your work. Sallinger is right. I should stop thinkg about that.

I feel like a much better person writing my thoughts in privacy. However, at the end of August, and the beginning of September, I need to compile all of my Freewrite pieces and create a single Lulu book.

“Joe Nally. May-August 2016. Age 24.” Something like that. I like that title.

Purchased two copies. Keep one on my bookshelf, the other hidden away in my closet. It’s like I written it with pen and paper in a journal. No need to re-edit or anything. The written word is true.

If I wanted to get better at writing, I chose an already existing piece, re-write it, and publishes it as an updated, better thing. No of my previous thoughts change. Only language.

I want to write about anything. It will be a private, limited to two copies, Samizdat. It’s like the whole Talk Talk, Aphex Twin, Salinger privacy thing. That seems to be really authentic. I can already feel a self-improvement within myself. Knowing that my own writing is improving that I know I have made the correct edits and word choice. ...And typing speed! Knowing how much my Word Per Minute (WPM) thing is going. And word count. Everything is word count! Not page count. Idiot teachers saying it’s worth “pages.” Idiotic. Word Count! Word count is everything!!

Also, I have been playing with Softube Modular. Fun Eurorack Reason Synth. I hope they add

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more to it. If only I had a mac processor and a touch screen to go with it (or borrow a copy). That reminds me, need to download Heartbeat demo and try out those modules too.

What am I going to buy with my first paycheck? A suit and tie? Sounds about right. And finally that PS4? Yes. Don't start spending so fast. Need to spend it wisely.

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6-18-16 by finalfantasyisfunny@gmail.com

6-18-16

Low pulse rate. 4AM. Three hour nap. Woke up. My head is sore from new pillow. Doesn't work. I really think I need to spend 100 on the super kind. The truth is, that would work.

I wrote too much when I was gone from this. I wrote walking, then I wrote in the pool, and a gain before bed 4 hours ago. I read Aaron Cleary again. I am afraid to pick up books because of the wisdom I will take

from it and think about in a whole week. Yet, I do feel a kind of birvanna when the text agrees with my own solupist point of view. As if, I really don't need to write in the first place, when current day test is there to back me on it. I feel relived. I am not the only one with thoughts like I have. Now, why dosen't everyone else think like me too? A quest i countinue.

Also, was bumming about my unfinished gamebook I started back in mid April. Two months later, I did write a bit in section B on this freewrite. I can copy and past the content into the gamebook program. Only on winds, only if I press certain buttons on the start up on my mac, and the program cost m e \$ 60 for the year! Really re-considering. Could of bought a norm al chose your own adventure book. I bought it really for the web based building blocks and then the number generator. Thats what I need. Otherise, copy the numbers 2-399 on a text file, randonly select a number, delete it, and add it to the next entry. This is after when all the paths of have been written.

I'm a genius. \$60 saved. I should export the text and save it for later. Good idea. I will go back to once in a while. Hellfire Temple. I just got an idea about a teasing monkey section. It's going to be really intresting once Alice reads my story. 2 hours max or less? Very small. I could write two adventures and put them in one book. Or three.

A day without writing is such a waste. Why can't I just go up to the typewriter, turn it on, and start writing?

Also, why in the world do I need a \$1000 computer right now? And with the whole music making process with the TR-8 and two TB-3s? That's successful.

I never picked up Dragon Quest 8 for the playsation after I traded in the pink DS with DQ9. Something about 9 is not right.

Am I lazy? A parasite? A attention-deficent disordeite? Spoiled and careless? Escaping? Or is the internet way too powerful as a souce of media?

And also, maybe these hobbies are a reflection, a surrogate, if i stayted a week, on say, a beautiful island, like Jamica, or bny the Jersy Shore. MEaning my "time off" is not being properly enjoyed and I have way too much time off creating depression. It's why I pick up the sport of writing daily.

So I want go fucking crazy. At least I have made a healthy contribution to my self. I already feel a certain spirtual growth.

Now I all have to do is to shoot up a school and my writings would be shared nationwide. (sarcaism)

Elliot Rogers had a lot to say for a 23 year old. Some good wisdom and writing. Biggie and Tupac were both only 24 and 25. They can be labeled as "school shooters" too. I can't belive

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how young they all are.

And I am 24 turning on 25 soon. Have I improved? Have I made the right media to express myself and will it be remembered as my potential that age? I know I can strive to do more. I know I can accomplish more. Why can't I commit more of my time to do it? Even thought, I have all the time I can want in the summer!

Face it, I never went to military! I learned my military in 4 different retarded for-profit institutions. Any wisdom? No. I was exploited in the ass. They won, I lost. I was a political pawn in their game to create a better public relations. I still feel that shame.

Lifting weights always solves that problem. I feel better already. Strive towards greatness!

...I want to fuck Natalie (Nate) in the ass. Give me the date night, the condom, the night, I will cuddle him so hard and put it up there. I would try it anyway. I want to see him giggle and cry for me.

Only problem is he would never leave me. Uggghhh. Isn't it?

Birds are chirping outside. I hear one already. I should lay back down. I have to meet Shawn in the morning at 11 at Starbucks.

Great.

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Sent from my Freewrite

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Journal May-June 201 by finalfantasyisfunny@gmail.com

Journal May-June 2016.

5-12-16

I woke up at 10:45. I dreamt about driving the wrong way and some pissed off guy on a bike gave me the finger. I almost ran over a fat kid. I thought I could of gone to jail.

The place looked alot like the valley forge shopping center, wenter trader joes and the big Staples.

The dream was a mash of feelings. It's not coming back to me. Too tired. Want to masturbate again, but have nothing to do it to or have nor purpose. I just like to admire my penis.

5-11-16

Midnight journal! Right before I go to bed! Hope this works out too.

Tired, but can't fall asleep. I jear trains crashing to slow down. Can't really see anything with my glasses on. I will wtiye anyway. Got my back hunched on the

chair looking over the glowing screen. The crickets are nice to hear.

Today, I wrote some thoughts and wrote / printed out a table of word count and publishing type. I'm curious. I want to create a daily writing habit this summer until late August. My Shakespeare class got cancelled. Will have to do it in the fall, worse of it, independent study. Oh please everything is ok. My internship would then happen in the spring. Maybe all of it can happen at once. I just want to be done Rosemont. It's not my fault that I can't find the right classes offering. Everyone is jerking off in the summer. I would rather not think of my scary experience at Rosemont, but my mind keeps lingering back to it. I don't know what it means anymore.

The keys are really nice on this machine. Almost like plastic. This really helps with my ADHD.

I Can't Think. Will go to bed until I get back up. DVORAK or COLEMAK should be on this keyboard. I would like to try it. .

Gotta get a USB stick tomorrow.

...If my mind is not echoing, there is nothing to write about it. This is my skinner-box. Press it on, to satisfy my desire to record. A habit I am trying to grow.

5-12-16. Dreams.

First dream, I was at this big EDM club. Everyone was dancing in an outside stadium. A lot of energy and strange faces. This girl group came out. A beautiful ganguro Japanese girl came out (dark skin, blonde hair). She wore a skirt and a spralke sliver dress. Singing of some sort, she climb this very high diving board. She then did some jumps, and dived into the swimming pool. As she dove, her skirt was shown, you could see her naked butt. Diving in the pool, with a big splash, she stood with her back against everyone, turn her hedead, and crossed her fingers, as "peace." A signal of her invitiving sexaulity.

Soon after, so fake documentary came on. My voice was apperiating her beauty. Japanese that

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speaks good English. She was talking something about gamebooks. Old symbols in past, from Egytian times, had similar symbols about turning the page and life stats. Her argument showed pictures and new versions aside. It was strange. But I was more focused on her beauty than what she had to say.

Second Dream. I was back at Green Valley Academy again. Private high school. I was driving my car, and tried to park between cards. I got anxious. So I drove out, and tried it again. This trucker guy was very paient weith me. Somehow, this would be my first semester at Green Valley again. I know the whole school system is

like jail (worse part, I'm paying for it). I wanted to get out of there. The first class began. It was a class about "Japanese/Asian Studies in Postmodern America." The old lady teacher showed a YouTube video. The video summed up that there is a music genre called vaporwave, American video games try to act too much like the Japanese, and Donald Trump, is the ne facist, "Big Brother," then is entering our liufes because he was such a friendly face in the 80's. I liked the video so much, I had to start a discussion starter. I began with the sentence, "In the Post-West envioment, It began with this Gen-X celebration about love and conformity, and now, there is some confusion with Millinials about existing in society..." As I was to countinue, Lucy-Rose, Puppy, showed up. She was biting me. Wanting to obviously play in a session where I had school. At the same time, I had phlem in my throat (which I still do now as I write. A little sick?). I escorted puppy out of the room and dism issed m y question. I went back into the room . Tried to restate m y question, phlem in the throat again. I could help not but to chuckle. The fact is, this is a dream, and no one in the dream world, will understand what I will have to say. It's just like my experince at Rosemont.

I also remember this strange kid, that wears football armor. Red and blue. Brown hair. Senesitive. He showed the video, I think. It had some couple of shojo mangas. One I knew about and told him aloud. I'm not sure what he symbolizes. Possibly some kind of idenity politics. Some arrognat pride through Asian

Studies. This is the pushy student that supposedly wants to be the center of attention. The teachers pet? There has been too many of them today. They never learn that no one is actually listening. They are rather confirming personal beliefs and opinions through the class they spend money on. Life becomes utterly meaningless after when they are done. No sense of belonging out in the marketplace. Only their mom and dad's money to spend.

Foggy dream. A little sick. Dust got on the machine fast. Have to swosh or put a blanket over it.

-Need a mini lamp over my keyboard at night. Still need USB stick.

-Right now before midnight, just found a blank USB stick I can use for Freewrite files. Excellent. Also, Patrick of Astrohaus just sent me a message saying they will make future update for screensavers. New authors! Maybe the three function choose-an-author for a screensaver will come true. My influence works.

-How many words do we speak a day? -How many words do we write a day? 0-? 5-14-16

Always boggy in the morning. Woke up at 10. Masturbated to black girlfriend porn twice in the hour. Didn't feel like writing down my dream. I was in some school again. I was in a workshop

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for “Ernst Hemingway and Social Justice.” Later, I was in some class about race. As usual, the black kid cries against the naive white kid. I tried to say something at least PC and witty, something to do with ordinary life. No one was listening. And this was a dream! It wasn’t worth writing down, but I had to.

Got up, had an apple, looked outside. Thinking of Cause & Effect - Shakespeares Garden. Good song. Wish I had a album in that style, with electronic covers. Digital computer sound. No one is in the house at the moment. Was going to try and call Montco for refund. I want \$500 in my account so I can buy tickets for me and Alice, beach day. 2. Buy \$200 worth of Magic cards I made. 3. Buy a PS4 and Doom 4 (could not even play it on Friday the 13th, the day it came out!). And buy a mini-lamp at night so I can see what I’m writing when I can’t see the keys. The thing is, it has to be a soft lamp ,so It won’t hurt my eyes.

I am trying to start the Freewrite habit. If I am a writer, I must write everyday. I must find my comfort zone and find my own voice. Writing will also improve how I think about sentence structures and speaking. What is being done when I touch the keys?

I must ask myself the following two questions:

1. How many words do we speak a day? 2. How many words do we write a day?

I will add these estimates to my Google sheets. This is something I should of know in school. Will do it now.

How many words do we read a day? Mind Speak
Listen Read Write, 5-15-16

Last night, I was thinking about the structure of language. My brain is speaking but I want to go to bed. I have to analyze that behavior next time. Good monks know how to shut up and go to sleep. Think of nothing. Noth even blank.

The language structure goes like this: 1. Mind 2. Speak 3. Listen 4. Read 5. Write.

First, language is understood by the mind. The mind! Everything is in the mind, Leftist would argue. Chomsky argues for “universal grammar.” We see an elephant, and know, the elephant is dangerous to begin with. Or do we know it is a friendly grey thing? The mind translates things through pictures. It is the mind that helps create language, the self, and intelligencia. The mind is the greatest thing that man has, a super being from his animal counter-part.

It is then, do we communicate through speaking. We speak to others using our vocal chords. We translate our environment and abstractions through sound. Language is different through out the world. Speaking as well influences the ego. Are we speaking to ourselves? We never even know it? We mean to speak to the other human that knows how to speak too. Like the

Zulu, or any other African tribe, there is no need for a dictionary. A dictionary is an invention by Western man. All Zulu know their language. If you knew the word, you would remember it. Like Chinese to Japanese to Korean, all came from Chinese, and then variants were created through environment and proximity. Technology plays a part in this. We speak most of our living life. We speak about 15,000 words a day.

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Journal May-June 201 by finalfantasyisfunny@gmail.com

We also try to listen to the other side. As we listen, we learn new words. We learn about sound. Emotion translates the signals. It is sound that is so important to our own reality. Speaking creates a sound. Some who don't write, only learn through speaking. Students are better at listening to a lecture than speaking. There is nothing good to speak because there is nothing to learn but other's speak. An older person with wisdom has the better speak. Casual speak will go nowhere. Those with wisdom and experience end up teaching. Everyone could teach. Some wisdom is better than others. Sound could influence us through movies, music, and lectures.

More important than sound, is reading. Reading and writing advance concepts. To read, one has to understand written language. And to write, one has to understand to read. Reading is an alternative to

speaking. Prior to the Guttenburg press, everything was told oral. Preist after Presit would share the history of the world with each other. No everyone could read, even write! It is hard to imagine in the past 200 years of the Western histroy, reading and writing was only available to the elite and upper-classs. It is greatful that I can even write my thoughts everyday like this. Only a group of elites knew how to read and write. Reading is important because it is langague on print. The written word started originally started as a string of nonsense from a session of speaking. Th Egyptians capture this through pictures. The Chinese were smart with their caligrapy. We would further create the sentence, the topic, the thesis, and ultimate structure. Written words sere a purpose to write down histroy, thoughts, infinitely forever. Words are ultimate. Like all religous doctrines, words are wisdom. To read further improves speaking. We learn new words and are mindful how we speak. Even to the fact we can as well learn a new langague. Once we have mastered reading, we can finally write. Some have know to write without reading. Old Japanese is know to create scribbles, as a way to accomodate sound. Like a soundwave. This has a foundation in speaking. Writing clarifies all langauge through a science. It is not ultiamte, but serves a a guideline to clear langague. I am greatful to think, speak, hear, read and write. It is hard to coprehend another forigen langauge like Japanese. It takes dedication. Like creating a new “Operating System” in brain.

This branch of language structure can be used to understand how people learn. How we communicate, and how we create art. In an age of extreme egotism, isolation, and autism, to learn this branch is important for critical thinking. It will help accomplish the goals I want to achieve.

5-16-16

I had a strange dream last night, in a board game store. It was a strange game store. Things that were discontinued were on sale. Some Lincoln Logs here, some colorful candy orbs there... But then I saw “Killer Bunnies Fluxx edition, Purple Booster #3.” Along with “Killer Bunnies Fluxx Limozeen expansion” (The limo moves everywhere and kills things on a 16x16 square) “Killer Bunnies Fluxx Orange expansion #5” and “Killer Bunnies Fluxx Green expansion #6.” The Limozeen expansion was \$34.95. Both Green and Purple expansions were \$14.95. I didn’t have the money in the store, obviously. If I did buy them, I would be in debt with my credit card. If I would buy them, I would sell them on ebay for twice as much in the store. I think the dream symbolizes laster summer, in 2015, when I found all the boosters for Killer Bunnies and resold them for four times the amount online. This was late May. I remember around June, in Wildwood, I bought Killer Bunnies Conquest on my phone too. It was for \$50. I used the Killer Bunnies money to buy it. It was a nice three days in Wildwood. June 14-17.

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Journal May-June 201 by finalfantasyisfunny@gmail.com

5-18-16

Buy list:

- Blue Dragon guide
- Mineo Maya comics on Japanese New York bookstore website
- Tickets to go on the beach with Alice.
- Old School Magic Proxie cards
- PS4 with Doom 4, Dragon Quest Heroes, KOF 14.
- ... maybe borrow money from Mom if can't get money in time.

Blog plan! should it be all white with black text? Or should it be pictures in the background with text? I don't know.

Oh yeah, \$10.50 for blogspot app. That could come in handy. Better than login in online, typing in user and pass, and pressing the post button and everything. Annoying.

To many thoughts racing in my mind.

5-20-16

Go to internships.com. Look for stupid jobs. Check Baker email once in a while.

5-23-16

1. Look at internships from the note waitress gave you.
2. Money... spend on Patalliro? Or Magic Proxie? No PS4?
3. Anything else to sell on ebay?

5-25-16

The declaration for the insitute for the alternative left.

It is:

- Anti-eqalatarian
- Anti-semetic
- Anti-agitating
- Pro-barbarian

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Journal May-June 201 by finalfantasyisfunny@gmail.com

The French Revoultion was a misunderstood mistake. Communism was a regin of terror. The New Left made the left worse. The left created both itself and the right. There would be no “right” without a left. The Alt-left wants to start from year-zero and reintroduce what it means to be “left.” No violence or reveoultion.

The “left” is an aspect of European man that wants Friends, Family, and Freedom. To live by the mind and to size every oppurtunity in life without limitation. to become a god. However, must work to get there, no free rides. All humans have the potential to live by the mind (no egalatarism, just the same potetnial to get there). To live a great life is to be fufilled. To think outside the thought of oneself and control. To become “free.”

Also, write about “the perverted color of red” and send it to left politicall incoreect. They m

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Sent from my Freewrite

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7-1-16 by finalfantasyisfunny@gmail.com

7-1-16

I am really burtnt up, beat up, from my internship since the last two wee ks. Espicalluy a few hours ago. I have departed from my Freewrite to purs ue work. Om return, I am hurt. I am writing this possibly at 3 in the morn ing. I just masutrbated to the thoguht of the hot indian girl at work. Ame rican Indians who speak good english are amazing.

My mind is set to "on" and I must write how I see things. I can't go back to sleep unless I can caych each thought and write it to canvas I have re alize the art of wtiying is more imporatr than work, acuyllu. Becayse it is woirk.

LKet see. First, I am trying to learn COLEMAK as offour horus ago. I can ytu everuday and see where it fies frin there.

Second, I had this thought about masturbation addictyion and porn addition. Two differnt things. Can one exist without the other? no. Porn is great.

Long live our fascination with sexuality!

...Now I feel crippled writing with QWERTY. It's like I woke up in the ma trix or soemthing. I can see mu hands do a dabce one the keuvboard. My rig hjty hand hoes up and down and my lefy just tyoers the others words. Itis like, when I think of words, my mind writes in QWERRTY! I think I should practice the thing stomorrow morning.

...by the way, my glasses are on.. Thwe riin us dark and I cant see a key . Too tired to turbn on a light. Oh well. I can "inmagine" i am tying an d it works just as well.

Onlu and idioy would think I am an idiot writing. Idiots don't deserve to write.

I can write about the crazies I saw in Cedar, Thompson, and Ashton Townshi p. Westmoreland too. A day awat from the kleyvboard seems like a year. Ou ch.

I want to finish that 6000 word draft on how to write a gamebook. That deserves attention.

July 1st, 2016 Page 1 of 2

7-1-16 by finalfantasyisfunny@gmail.com deserves attention.

Last Saturday, I bought three packs of Arabian Nights and one Antiques.

Yeah, I had to write these things down the day it happened. Going to get some water and go back to sleep.

Also, have to go to Btown Market Police station tomorrow to drop off a ticket, I forgot to put on my light beams. And forgot to get driver's licenses.

Ok, goodnight.

--

Mondays Notes Taken by finalfantasyisfunny@gmail.com

Mondays Notes Taken: Crew you work with: Erica - Beach
Tevin - Gym

Crystal - Read

- - Pyrolifting

Bryan - Family to take care of

Connor - Mountain Bike

Mike (guy talking to you) - ultimate frisbee

You should memorize the packet you have.

Maybe write everything over 17 times again and again.

-Print it out so you can read it.

-Memorize!

-Focus on the important things!

S.E.E.

SMILE - Always Smile! Don't ever feel sad. Or else you will get fired for not smiling! EYE-CONTACT - Pay attention and have an interest in your client / customer. Be trustworthy! EUTHANISM. -Be passionate about what you do! You ARE the Verizon Company.

The way you re-act, the way the customer reacts!

Be the thermostat! Not the thermometer.

Complete strangers are like going out on the first date.

Develop courtship and it leads into observation.

Observe a customer's environment. Like his clean front-lawn or waving flag Flyers logo outside.

■

Start an initial conversation OTHER THAN WHAT YOU ARE SELLING. -Your pets

-Nice house

-Nice motorcycle

Pick up Verbal and non-verbal ques.

“How much does a polar bear weigh? Enough to break the ice.”

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Mondays Notes Taken by finalfantasyisfunny@gmail.com

F.O.R.D.S

FAMILY

OCCUPATION

RECREATION

DREAMS (GOALS)

SCHOOLING (SPORTS OR SHOWS)

Talk about current things. NO CONTROVERSIES.

LIKE TRUMP, HILARY, OR ORLANDO

SHOOTING. –

THE FOUR FACTORS OF IMPULSE. 1. THE JONES EFFECT.

- "Keeping up with the Jones."

- I need it mentality.

- Not the first or last bought.

- So and so bought it, I should have it. - Persuasion of the current fad.

1. INDIFFERENCE.

- Acting opposite of a sales person - Acting as the consultant

- How you are acting against the sale. - Looking for your self - Exploitative

1. FEAR OF LOSS.

- Act before you miss out! -Paranoia
- Black Friday as an example. -80% off, only today!

1. SENSE OF URGENCY. -Reward Factor

- Need to do it
- Do this now.
- Reep the benefit further!

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Mondays Notes Taken by finalfantasyisfunny@gmail.com

-ACT NOW! Get these benefits. All 4 facotrs are IMPULSIVE.

8 GREAT WORK HABITS.

Remember this quote:

“Hey Big Baby Wanna Wear Red Underpants Tonight?”

H - Have nad maintain a postivie attitude.

B - Be on time!

B - Be prepared, fresh outfit, more relaxed.

W - Work a FULL day! Without break!

W - Work your TERRITORY correctly.

R - RESPECT Yyour customer! and client!

U - Understand your opportunities. How to be effective at sales, how WILLING are you to do it?

T - Take Control! -MAKE A DECISION to do something!

—

LAWS OF AVERAGE.

If you knock on 70 doors, your WILL get money!

DAY 1: You talk to potential customers all day and finally get A SALE OR TWO AT THE END of the day.

DAY 2: Make good sales in the afternoon! However, don't slack off! KEEP WORKING! Day 3: You make sales all day. Must make good connections for this to happen.

Day 4: NO SALES! DON'T PANIC. A DAY 3 WILL COME SOON!

—

MEMORIZING AND EXPRESSING THE PITCH:
WRITE OUT THE PITCH WITH YOUR TRAINER: -
INTRODUCTION
-QUESTIONING

-PRESENTATION

-CLOSE

-REHASH

-Break the ice. Smile. EyeContact. Enthusiasm.

June 20th, 2016 Page 3 of 4

Mondays Notes Taken by finalfantasyisfunny@gmail.com

- Tell a short story. Builds the impulse. Reduce the skeptics!
- Sizzle the deal! Keep it simple Stupid!
- Be confident! Take control. Assume the sale!
- Suggest more options. Increase your profit.

Today is June 20th. You have 28 days to create a habit in your internship. July 18th will be the transformation day.

Create five goals to improve on that day.

1. Waking up early
2. Going to the gym
3. Eating healthy
4. Reading a book
5. Writing everyday on the Freewrite.

The Mastery.

-Master your profession! You are a professional! In order to grow professionally, you have to FEEL professionally.

- Work a full day.
 - Have a GREAT ATTITUDE.
 - And then anything is possible to make your living!
 - The process will happen right then and there.
- Study everything above. Tuesday at 11. Weds and schedule 12-7.

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Sent from my Freewrite

June 20th, 2016 Page 4 of 4

Speech Transcprt by finalfantasyisfunny@gmail.com

Speech Transcprt:

Hello, I'm Joe Hear on behalf of Virizon.

I just want to do a quick follow up on you and some of your nieghbors.

How are you today? Mr/mrs. ?

Good.

You are getting mail from us, right?

We now have the FIBER OPTIC LINES running through your nieghborhood and we offer phone, internet and television.

Who is your current provider? Comcast?

Great, just see if it would be a good fit for you...

Ok, so

How many TVs do you have set up right now?

-HD?

-OnDemand?

-DVR?

-Small Boxes?

Do you watch any of the premium channels? HBO, Showtime...?

And as far as other channels go what do you like to watch? Sports, Kids, the News?

(hand over the channel log and let them pick the channels they like to watch. this allows them to take part in picking the right package for themselves and for you to be more consultative.)

Now, how often do you use the internet? What do you use it for?

Devices?

Work?

-Downloading or uploading files?

Streaming or gaming?

Banking?

(remember to keep it short and simple. Only discuss two services. Also, try to relate the benefits for each individual customer).

Cool, like I said we now offer phone, internet, and television over the FIBER OPTIC LINES. Now, For Phone,

June 21st, 2016 Page 1 of 2

Speech Transcript by finalfantasyisfunny@gmail.com

The phone will pretty much stay the same. The cool thing is Verizon actually buys back your number for you, making it a smooth transition. It is unlimited local and long-distance calling with all of the same calling features.

For Internet,

Right now, you are on a shared loop system with Comcast. When they send a signal from their hub, it is also shared with your neighbors. You might notice there is a lag in the internet at 5 because everyone is at home and sharing the internet!

With Verizon, it gives you a dedicated internet system, FIBER OPTIC LINE. It is a lot more secured if you do any online banking or shopping using a card. It is also 5 to 10 times faster no matter what time of the day it is. Because you are no longer SHARING the internet with your neighbors.

Another cool thing is we will give you a free wireless modem/router box for your internet. I think Comcast charges you rent for that right? Ours is free for the line of service!

For Television,

Your Television will get a better overall picture quality. You probably spend a lot of money on your HD Tv right? Well, Comcast's copper wires only gives you 720p picture quality, which is low grade HD. With Verizon and the FIBER OPTIC LINES you will get the full potential out of your TV. You will get 1080p picture quality which is considered to be full HD quality! If you ever seen Blu-ray, your HD channels will now become Blue-ray quality!

Now, do you know how much you are paying with Comcast? \$140 to 180?

We have a promotion right now that will give you a \$300 prepaid Visa Gift card that can be used towards anything.

**TRANSITION RIGHT INTO YOUR CLOSING
STATEMENT WITH NO PAUSE.**

So this is obviously a great gift for you! What I can do is lock in these better prices and promotions for you and set up your free installation date. I will also be able to send a complete breakdown to your email.

What's the best email I can send that to?
**NO TALKING AT THIS POINT. WHOEVER TALKS
LOSES.**

**THEY WILL EITHER GIVE YOU THEIR EMAIL
OR GIVE YOU AN OBJECTION. OVER TURN
ANY OBJECTION AND MIGHT BACK INTO THE
INTRO OF THE CLOSE.**

--

Sent from my Freewrite

June 21st, 2016 Page 2 of 2

You fall onto the fl by finalfantasyisfunny@gmail.com

You fall onto the floor with a loud bump. "Who was that?", a voice from the other room cries? Someone is in that room. You hear footsteps coming your way. - Should you stay where you are? Or charge at the person?

The person walks towards you. It is a green reptile wearing a wizard's coat. "Who are you?" He says. You explain your story to him. The creature turns out to be friendly. "I am Gardu, keeper of this building. I have no idea what is inside Hellfire Temple. I am only doing research for my own experiments. If you plan on going on through the temple. Please, take this armor with you. It does not fit me. Hopefully you can put good use to it" You obtain the armor. Add +1 to all of your stats. You wish Gardu farewell, you exit his tower and head towards the stone runes.

-

You charge directly at the voice. You push him onto the ground. "Alakazam!" The creature screams! You get burnt by a fire spell. Lose 4 life points. The green looking crature goes back into his lab, steals some special amor thing, and cast onto his spell. He dissapears without a trace. Getting up, you walk into

his laboratory. Obviously, this is some kind of wizard's keep. Nothing special is useful. You almost had him too. Outside the window, you see the stone hedges. You take out your machete and prepare for anything worse to come. You walk down the stairs safely and get outside the building. Head towards the stone hedges.

—

You quietly walk over to the other room. You see a green-skinned wizard brewing a position in his caldron. Should you make noise? Or attack?

—

You are walking towards the right path. A torch on the wall is lit by. There will be light ahead. Blackness is straight ahead of you. Then, something is stopping you go ahead. It is a frog-like creature in front of you. It's eyes are close. You examine it's eyes. They open! Steeping back, the frog starts to speak. "Halt! Who goes there?"

"Go on, speak!"

You explain you are an adventure in search of the red ruby.

"You will not find the red ruby! It is buried deep in this temple. You have to be smart in order to find such a thing."

You ask if you know where it is.

“I don’t know. Are you willing to look for it? Then answer my riddle!” “What green, hops and makes a noise?”

Answer the following.

-A Frog

-A Dragon

-A Green Pepper

June 20th, 2016 Page 1 of 2

You fall onto the fl by finalfantasyisfunny@gmail.com

“Very good. But what you seek is too the right of you straight ahead.” The Frog man slides under the floor. You walk straight ahead.

“Intresting. Go to the left is you think that is the correct answer.” The Frog man slides under the floor. You walk straight ahead.

“Huh? My, you are creative. Walk striaght ahead and you will find what you are looking for.” The Frog man slides under the floor. You walk straight ahead.

Which way will you go? -Left

-Right

-Center?

In the center, something is appracohing. It is a dragon! It looks mad. Run away! Which way will go?

-Left

-Or right?

You head towards the left. In the darkness, you see green peppers in the room. A strange sign. You keep going down the path.

You head towards the right. The room is getting wet. You are now standing over a bridge! Under it, is a lake. Looking down, you see frogs. The path leads over around the bridge onto the surface near the lake. Head towards that way.

—

Walking down the path, you are close to the lake's shore. You hear the sound of tree frogs all over. The ribbit noise is hypnotic. The frogs are harmless. Some look poisonus. You watch not to step on any colorful frogs. Over ahead, you see a dark room. The only path is straight ahead. You walk towards the door.

--

Sent from my Freewrite

June 20th, 2016 Page 2 of 2

7-8-16 by finalfantasyisfunny@gmail.com

7-8-16

sssssss df

I turned off the black light now. Typing at 4 in the morning. Farting and cannot go back to sleep.

s

So, a lot has happened since then. I don't know where to begin. I..

I feel writing in QWERTY is terrible. I need to learn Colemak.

Too tired to write and I can't see a word. I don't want to turn on the light again...

Ok, it's on again. This time I can't see the keys! And if the screen is off, I can't see the screen! I am doomed either way.

That's why I wanted

a night light or just learn Colemak.Waiting on Colemak stickers too.

I didn't eat much yesterday. Pasta for breakfast at 2, lunch at 6, shit too. I should eat fruit this morning.

Collins wants me more over at his house at 12. Great. Not so sure if I do want to go.

I had a dream about a messy room. Piss everywhere and dirt. Mad and screaming. This is usually been happening in my sleep when I take a 10m Milla tonin.

I had to write because I thought about two things: 1. CCG definitions and 2 . The Ego Character and social narrative. I am coming very close to a new world view based around psychology. As for CCGs, I have to write down my board game / Netrunner career.

Also, I should print out files and put them on the usb stick. Just to be on the safe side.

Wow. I am finally touching your gut. I care if you mess up. Thanks Freewrite. Typing has become an athletic sport.

July 11th, 2016 Page 1 of 2

7-8-16 by finalfantasyisfunny@gmail.com

Freewrite. Typing has become an athletic sport.

Now to increase WCPM.

Too tired. Gave to go back to sleep. 00000

--

Sent from my Freewrite

July 11th, 2016 Page 2 of 2

7-11-16 by finalfantasyisfunny@gmail.com

7-11-16

Today is my Dad's birthday and Carl Schmitts. I remeber last year the sam e thing occured and when I realized both my Dad and Carl Schmitt were born

on July the 11th. I am 24 years old as I write this.

So... the itnernship. I did learn a lot. I can say that. And... So muc wh en on that, I lost my daily writing interest. I have to learn to get back

to it.

Also, I have been "unlearning" typing in QWERTY and noe trying to learn C OLEMAK. This is going really slow and actully distracting me. The more I learn Colemak, the less I write in QWERTY. Is this damaging to my writing

habits.

Let me turn on COLEMAK on the Freewrite

and see what I can write... today i write in colemak. my wordcount is slow.

So yeah. That single sentence written above took me at least tow mintues in colemak. I am going in snails paste. Somehow, I have to discline myse lf to learn colemak while at the same time, write a sentence or two in co lemak! THis is hard. Especially that I can just write things in QWERTY mus t faster and quicker.

But why swtichy to COLEMAK if QWERTY does a fine job to begin with?

First, after writing 6000 words about how to write a gamebook, I felt a st rain with my fingers or my wrist. I don't want this to countniue. I find i t quite akward too that the word "TYPEWRITER" is on the first line of the keyboard! As if, I am punching in keys I really shouldn't be learning to punch in the first place! I like looking down on the keys, yes, but, typin g should come so natural, that my fingers should not leave the home row an d be dsicpline to type like spider legs.

Anyway...

I just thought about my book plan. Early May to Late August, I should compile my first Freewrite files, gamebook doc, and omegle sex roleplay, and

July 11th, 2016 Page 1 of 4

7-11-16 by finalfantasyisfunny@gmail.com

ile my first Freewrite files, gamebook doc, and omegle sex roleplay, and compile it into a book. That would be the most perfect journal! That thought just occurred to me. Three weeks off the Freewrite and I feel like I have shot. How will I be able to work a full-time job and still have an hour in the night to write what I want? That must be accomplished. The Verizon job was terrible. It felt like abuse. No matter. Keep looking straight

ahead and let the past go (Joy Electric).

My QWERTY hands are strange. I can look at the screen and know what words I am writing. But, my hands have strange movement. I never learned to "touch type" under QWERTY. I don't want to start, because I would rather touch type using

COLEMAK. I still need to learn the words of Colemak...

Yes. I have \$1050 in the bank and waiting on an extra \$100 from this one guy. My brother keeps pushing me to buy some stupid musical instrument. I thought about it. I really don't want to now. It's better just to save the

money for later. I have power, but I like having that! Businesses don't care how people feel. In the end, they want my money to feel good about the money they saved. Businesses exploit people's desires and get high off

the money they make. The number 1 rule to any business, don't spend any money. Save it! And for the consumer, don't spend money! No transaction is ever "worth it." Only the electric and water bill, food, and housing is important. The rest makes life better. The best way to spend money is on the improvements of one natural and healthy life. Not consuming.

Everything is so topsy-turvy that people don't care. College is not even a safe transaction any more. Money spent is money lost.

My \$460 was worth it on this Freewrite. I really needed a typewriter. Bre aks everything from the millinial and computer establishment. I feel free

from the "psycho-socilaist" and "narrative" based life of the "similacrum ."

This keyboard might as well a similacrum too. However, I am making sure I suffer some kind of pain while I'm on this.

Let's see. I know what I have to do.

1. Clean downstairs corner. Get things off desk, move them upstairs in roo m.
2. Send Villanova email. I am not paying for a Villanova helath wavier.

(idiots did this a third time!)

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7-11-16 by finalfantasyisfunny@gmail.com

(idiots did this a third time!)

3. Clean my upstairs book shelf. Move the science fiction books on the ground and into the new books cubbies. Move outdated game boxes back into the

basement.

4. File unused netrunne rcards back into the folder. Move Mineo Maya books

off table and into book cubby.

5. Make sure nothing is on the ground in my room!

I have been son lazy because I quite enjoy the surroundings of the thigns on my table. But being clean gives a new surrouding.

Also, I have to get the printed out word discipline paper and move it upsta irs. I have to look at that again to get inspired.

I only have two arts and crafts over the summer. Writing on this Freewrit e, and making music with the TR-8 and two TB-3s. I have made a couple of tracks online at www.soundcloud.com/kingtrode.

Yet, when August comes, I will have to move the drum machine and synths back into the boxes in the closet of my room. I can see it. And eventually... sell them? Not sure. I like them a lot. But music really is a "rental" thing. I only buy things to rent them and give them away to other people in use of them. That sounds like a significant life for the machines.

I thought about buying a new computer. Not sure what I should do with it now. Make more music? Stupid. Play games? Maybe.

Everyday, I've been seeing King Of Fighters 14 clips and I am getting more excited to go out and play the game. If only I got to see Penn every week. Or some kind of fighting game community. Some kind of King of Fighters group. Arrrgghhh. New at least two friends... Kesley and Penn... to play the new Kof with. Come back! That scene at Montco was great! I miss it everyday! Fighting games as a hobby is amazing. I wish I just had weekly

access to it.

And then there is Netrunner. I took a break from it recently. I jsut bough t the last five packs of the Mumbad cycle. Glad it's complete. 12 more fu ture packs of Netrunner to go before it "cycles" out. That's when my Netrunner collection is complete. I might go see MAtt today and go play a game

. ...If anyone shows up. And I have to make two decks!
And then there is trips to the beach. I thank Hagey Bus tours. I feel so r elieved about it. Trips to the beach are amazing and refreshing. I'm not so sure the right words for that would be. But, I got money. So, a nice tr ip to the beach is fantastic.

...Hungry. Will eat. Having thoughts about driving to Shady Dog Records an d pciking up Radioheads new album on vinyl. No. Spenindg money. Need food at the momenet...

--

Sent from my Freewrite

July 11th, 2016 Page 4 of 4

7-12-16 by finalfantasyisfunny@gmail.com

7-12-16

...Did I ditch COLEMAK? Not sure. Just walked Leroy around the farm for 30 minutes and tried to start my weight lifting habit again. I can feel a d

ifference. Ever since I went to work, my expectations rose, and feel down tragically. I used 3/4 weeks of my life to try this internship. It just wasn't for me.

And it was inhumane too. Oh well. That's why there is protest against Verizon.

Yesterday, I was trying to watch Star vs. The Forces of Evil marathon. Kevin for the first time opened up the Magic cards I bought him for Christmas. I played too. The most balanced Magic I ever played. I tried to watch Star, but Kevin was ridiculing me yet again. I cried in my room later. I got to watch a few episodes. The problem was that the TV was switched on Spanish. Retarded Grandma. She has depression. I can feel it. Also, low IQ. "Dementia" doesn't count.

Slowly but surely, finally, my post traumatic stress disorder of late 2015 to early 2016 is a

going away. I have to unapolgetic and keep with my own g oals. It was unjust I went there. Just like the bad internship. I should l eave when I want. But I had the will, at the age of 24, to stay at a host ile campus. Not sure why. I am devoted to get that degree. I don't care a nymore. Lie-cheat-steal-kill-rape for it.

I bought a midi controller today with \$160 of the Magic money. I have 1005 dollars left. Amazing. Three packs of Arabian Nights and a pack of Antiq

ues. I am lucky. That would of been my internship paycheck by the way.

I am thinking about buying Reason 9 for \$400. And then \$150 more for the a dd-ons (Tb-303, 909/808). The 808 is not that good. It's ok. Not sure if I

want to go \$40 on that.

Yes. I want to write that My Life As A Teenage robot and Star Vs. The For ces of Evil comparison soon. I have to watch more episodes of Star. I fee l like I am 15 again. 9

years ago. MLAATR has ressurected and it
hauntin g me again. This time, Star is.

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7-12-16 by finalfantasyisfunny@gmail.com

(plugged the Freewrite into the wall, move it over to this
white drawer, trying to sit and write this time. Batterty low.
Charging).

I have to clean out my room again. I have to
move the sceince-fiction boo ks into the
book cubbies. I have to get rid of the
wooden thing right next

to me. I put away both TB-s and the the
TR-8. I don't need them now. Mak ing music
in Reason is more powerful. I bleive it. Also,
might need USB v ocal mic. I want to sing
again.

I have the money. Just, what to SPEND it
on? Spend anyway? Or should I sa ve it? I
need a an account, where I save the money,
and cannot use it for

anything else.

...A savings account? Maybe. I already have one with more than \$100,000 in there. I am living the good life without spending any of it. Only using

it for College. If I got the money, the university wants me. \$\$\$\$. I will try Princeton. Once. And only for a class. Haha.

I finally found Japanese Youtube clips of the real Mineo Maya in the flesh. Interviews and radio talk. Japanese only. If only I LEARNED Japanese. Which I tried. I wasn't born in Japan. Still. I wish. I am not Donald Keene, or Edward Shils, or Jack Seward, or... Jared Taylor.

Jared Taylor. Is that why I am like that today? I don't know.

Listening to Amren radio now. Adrian Davis and Jared Taylor. Too bad I couldn't see Davis in New York. Oh well. One day.

What have I done this summer? Wrote and made music. King Tode and my soon to be Lulu book. Oh well. Summer 2016.

Habits is the key to learning. The key to discipline. And the creating of GOOD art.

L+_Special = Bright screen on/off.
Saves battery? It does. Hold on... Bathroom.

Thoughts about Paper Mario. Koopa in nice hammock house, listening to elec

Thoughts about Paper Mario. Koopa in nice hammock house, listening to electronic Hawaiian music, all day long. Laying there, The good life...

Back. Shit and shaved my (((unibrow))).

All I need is to shave up my hairy body and lift weights. I become more confident in myself. I just don't want to be fat. I need to take care of my body more often.

...the thoughts of Rosemont come back to me. The feeling of dread. The feeling of 10 months before. That in my life. How can I go on? I can. Is the age of 24 crucial to personal psychology? Or do I have to improve my strength? I can't act like a

"young" person anymore. I must be strong. Tough . I can overcome. I just don't know hoe to overcome irrational bad thought s daily. Is this normal? Or is it not? I think it might be natural for an y human being to have these daily thoughts of dread. Dread. How to deal w ith it? Most people cannot and probabley think it's unnatural. They try to

purge it. Call it, a "triger warning." The millinial genreation is very intresting. I think this is apart of growing up. The bourgeois classes don ;t know how to grow up. Writing, this Freewrite, is my cure. My personal growth is writing daily. I want to coninue that.

Hopefully I will be able to go to sleep tonight. Last night, I took a Mil atonin, knocked out at 11, woke back at 3, pissed, and listened to Charles

Krafft until 6:30. Another Rosemont Attack. I am strong. I worry about this upcoming, last semester. I am strong.

Lift more weights. Find girls. Find a job.
 Make an income. Find a place. That sounds
 like a plan. I am getting tired of Alice sadly.
 She's ok. Not

sure If I can live my life with her. No sex!
 Older than me. A Dominatrix . Only child. A
 strange narrative to be with her. Nothing is
 personally i mproving with myself.

Yet, I keep coming back to her. I found her. I
 am proud of that. Maybe it can work out.
 Maybe. Not sure.

I want to protest ot the US. Goverment that
 like Elliot Roger, I have nev er had sex and I
 am 24! Do it with a pick-it sign in front of
 the white house. Don't blame them, blam my
 own actions. Make them feel sympathetic.

And then they will reward me with pretty girls to have sex
 with it. R.I.P. Elliot Rogers.

Diseased people write about diesaed things.
 Sex, Race, cruel hobbies. Vio lence.
 Violence!

What will I do tommorrow? Unsure. Happy
 Birthday dad and Carl Schmiit!

Shady Dog Records, Feeds Alices Fishes,
 Sam Ash Again for econd Midi Contr oller,
 Comic book day. Lift wegihts, write again,
 make music. CLEAN MY RO OM. I have to
 put my mind to these things!

Tried to hang with Joey and Dylan tonight.
 They are too lazy eating shita nd playing
 shitty video games. Grea.t So glad I don't do
 those things. I w ant to bea healthy Aryan.

oh, maybe go to ocean city again this week?
 I yhink Hagey is offering the ride. I have to
 check.

Too hurty to write on write drawer things.
 Need this on table. I will let the battery
 charge for now...

7-13-16

Excited! I signed up for Big Summer Jam 10
 to play the first world priemer King of
 Fighters 14! Officially endorsed by SNK!
 Maybe the SNK staff wil

I be there. I don't know. It's going to be exciting. Maybe I should get a pad or controller before then.

Just got back from a fancy Mexican resturant with brother. It cost \$65.00. I paid for the tip of \$6. I had a coke. Not like me. It was ok. Too much

. I can feel the drug effect now.

And then I bitched about Glenn and his shitty game stroe all the way back in the car while Kevin was driving in Vally Forge park at sunset.

Mad. Turns out Doomtoun is done for. August 2014 - August 2016. A good two years. Makes me want to meditate on that thought. I kind of knew the game would not last long. Maybe Fantasy Flight will ressurect the game oon en

ough. Maybe. I sold my collection for \$40! I need to buy it back for \$150! Arrrrghhhh! I should store it in a safty chamber and never open them again

. Yes. It might be worth it. I get ideas how I would make my own CCG and release it like how Doomtown did it. Awesome. I know it can work out.

Also, this dumb Pokemon Go thing thats going on. I hate it. Never liked Po kemon. I think I want to write out a 2000 word hatred for the game. Sum it up like this: Millinials get froced with Japanese products from the futur

e, believe white idenity is like the Japanese, now have access as adults to drive cars, choose to go places and social outings for a socially akwar d concept. Not social at all. Mentally retarded and an escape from realit y. I can think about it more. But anyway, I always hated pokemon. So what ? Fuck them.

I boguht two records today from Shady Dog. 1. Newcleus - Jam on it, and Ki taro - Asia. Cost me \$11.50. When I was shuffling around for recordes, th e manager brought over cheese and spinach square pizza. He said, "hey! you

want to try a bite? It's really good! you won't regret it!" I came in for a slice and slowly ate the thing while I check the Alphabetical listings. I ask the Jewish guy, "No David Bowie Low?" He said, "I saw it a F.Y.E , it's a reissue!" I then looked over for Depeche Mode. Nothing much. Some

great reward is still there. Tons of erasure. I just won't but it for som

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7-13-16 by finalfantasyisfunny@gmail.com

great reward is still there. Tons of erasure. I just won't but it for some reason. The Robert Fripp records haven't moved either. I tried looking for Talk Talk It's my Life, couldn't find it. Even though the website had it listed. I was going to go for Radiohead's new album on white lp. Too

expensive. \$32. Nope. I remember finding a Nitzer Ebb record too. I didn't want to try it either. And there was The clockwork Oranbge Soundtrack, Switched on Bach 2, and Lord of The Rings jazz band. I would get that record if there were any electronics

on that. My choices were made up and I bought the records.

I thought about going back to Sam Ash and buying another midi controller. Let's see. I have to go feed Alice's fishes, maybe go to board game night

tommorrow at West Chester, clean room... The table seemse to be getting bigger. I really need to clean.

I am getting happy for the first time in a while. I am not focusing on Rosemont or (((Jenkintown))) at all! I just have to go forward and be an animal ready to go out for business war. Enough discipline will turn me into a

crime-breaking corporate CEO. Hell yeah! That's what I want to be!

(wow, first time I check the special button and I reached 600 words again. like I am so natural to hit 600 everytime).

Thinking of bad thoughts now. Let see. I'm in the car with Car. A funny Italo-disco tune

comes on. I try to make the point that Italo is about melody and less about drum machine. Kevin butts in and tries to shoot me down. I

clearly repeat myself and explain the house music, a more underground and

lower class genre of the time, relied on exploitation of the drum machine and was anti-musical. Italo disregarded house and saw the drum machine and anti-music. That's it in a nutshell. We went quite for a bit, picked

the hairs of my belly. Went into the Mexican restaurant.

I shaved my belly and pubic hairs. I feel better. And my dick feels bigger.

I talked to Kesly in a first time in a while. I think I will be meeting him again on August 19 or the 20th. Exciting. Lulu book will be done by then.

I need to make a song in reason where I automate the TB303 with my new MIDI controller and make some drum patterns.

Also have to looking into a US B mic controller. I want to sing again. I hope I get the best out of my 30 day free trial of Reason.

Need... To... clean... room... UGGHHH.

7-15-16

Kevin will buy a PS4 from his friend for about \$215. I will chip in \$100. I hope he plays games on it and takes care of the machine. Hope he dosen

't use it to watch Netflix. A waste of money, that's for sure. Lazy too. I want it to play King of Fighters 14 this August. After I go to Summer J am 10 as well.

I should of check beach dates tonight on Hagey. I don't know why I didn't. I got too bored.

Previously, I had Asian Bistro with mom. I ordered Genreal Tso beef and a California roll. Excellant. I talked to mom about working 60 hours compar

ed to that of 40. How a "house" is NOT a necessity by a frivolously materialistic thing. 60-hour working people need a bed or a dorm. NOT a house! Also, what makes a 60-hour job ethical and what should someone prepare to do it for... It's really all based upon the type of person and will of choice. That's what's great about America.

Later, Mom drove to the farm and we got Ice Cream. I wanted a small vanilla in a cup. Mom got a recess ice cream in cup. She did not eat all of it. She tried to shop around for flowers but ended up with a close sign. We drove back home. I did more research on the iPad about Reason.

Reason.

Should I buy it? Or should I be lucky that I don't have to waste \$600 on it? I think I am lucky. If I did buy it... Yeah, I could save global MIDI mapping. Maybe. Not really worth it. And finally make the Acid House music I want to make.

Yesterday, I made a song called WHITE POWER and today NIGGERS. Haha.

I was deeply looking for that "we will save the white race," chant from that jewish neo-nazi or Geroge Lincoln Rockwell. I remember it in my race and judaism class. Asshole gave me an F. Jew.

I ended up with some classic quotes from Blood in the Face. Tried to impro vise on that.

And today, I thought about that shocking and crudley embrassing chant by A lex Linder. Linder is a jew out to make White Nationalism evil. I know. I found the perfect NIGGER speech!

I need to find more metal riffs. Brett Stevens metal collection on Youtube is fantastic. I have to look for another piece.

Also, need to improve on mixing and mastering. That I really don't know ho w to do. I need someone to do it for me. I guess it cost \$100 for one trac k. Oh well. Maybe. I will learn.

The room is almost done. I need to move out that big corner thing with the cabels and

everything in there. I don't need that mini mixer either. I will keep the USB cables. Sceince-fiction books on the ground need to slowl

y transition back in to the cubby shelves.

...I just thought about Collin's house. And his dad's office. His house is so full of clutter. Nothing but stuff in there. And... books. Useless books everywhere. Worth nothing. It's rather DOCUMENTS to justify a fictional

PROFESSION. A perverted trade. All his has to do is go into one of his s o-called "books" and squack out information that means nothing. Something t hat isn't wanted. I think the same way about my room. Some books I really

do like. But however, have no versatile replay. Books. They are ultimatl ey worthless in the end. After one reads one, they are put back on the sh elft. To be conserved. Hollow text inside. I do feel it packs up the corn er of my room. Books that are kept are the books that have wisdom to

it. Will I pick up the books with wisdom again? Maybe. Books are so postmodern now. Why bothering when books can be bought online or read online? Strange .

Books are documents to attack and exploit the weak.

The perverted profession of a so called "English" major is to rehearse the English language and play with the text. Some one need to know. That's the perverted profession they rely on.

What a joke.

Automatic liberal.

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7-15-16 by finalfantasyisfunny@gmail.com

Automatic liberal.

The only good trade I can think of from this: How to read and write.

It's why I have this type writer in the first place. I can finally write my thoughts on canvas. Finally I am free from laziness and

struggle. I can finally freely express myself and improve.

...Colemak will not help me at the moment. I still need to learn it though.

Pause. Type. Thought. Type. Pause. Type. Type. Thought. Type. Pause. Type .

Pause.

That's really not a stable wordcount. I am somewhere near or below 40 WPC.

I must put use to my so-called professional of ENGLISH AND COMMUNICATIONS after college. Yeah. Stupid nigger girl told me she did all to "communicate ." What a fuck job. College is so worthless.

And she was the one that told me about the magical website called "internships.com."

What another fucking joke. Blacks give me black wisdom.

My existence is my virtue. I win. I don't need to obey no one else's law. I am god in America.

7-16-16

Finally got a PS4. Brother got it this morning from a friend. 500GB and we only paid \$215! Fantastic. Just it doesn't include another controller.

Just bought Doom 4 moments ago. It is downloading right now. It will take forever, I know that. Hopefully an hour? Not so sure. Maybe a couple of hours.

I looked at the whole Ps4 inventory. The only games that interest me is Metal Slug Anthology and King of Fighters 2000. I just really need another controller so I can play them with Kevin. Nooooo. Hopefully he will chip in.

I don't like most of the Ps4 games that are offered really. Bad. More like, pretentious white people games. Games have evolved from NES 8-bit to inauthentic confusion. These game developers don't even know what a "game" is anymore. Idiots.

Cleaned my room. Science-fiction books in the cubby. Have to move the card games in the basement and organize the cables.

Move the guitar amp and t

he power out let. Need some kind of basket. Ookie Ookie. Tv in hear? Not sure. I like the minimal room alot. I don't feel I need to do anything.

I feel I can do things and then move them out when I am finished.

So... waiting for Doom 4 to download and will play it for the first time. The wait is finally over! Next up: King of Fighters 14!

...Should I get a fighting stick again? I need to check up what I wrote on my phone memo. I did write something. I don't know. Thinking about going to the beach next saturday too. By myself. I really need it to be alone.

Less stress.

I should check in once in a while on office 365 and look out for the indent study

email that ms. baker promised. I think. Just hopefully will not forget.

I should buy Reason 9 too to be safe.
Maybe. Will the money go anywhere? \$500 for it? I am really thinking about spending it so.

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\$500 for it? I am really thinking about spending it so.

...I don't want Kevin using it. And he will use it under my name too. No. I wish there was a way around it. Hopefully. He's an idiot when it comes to music. Makes noise and never publishes. Never keeps his songs on records. Idiot.

I will just have to say I didn't buy it and make music as a secret. Yes. That works. MAYbe only tell him I actually do have it when he wants to buy

reason... maybe. Not really. I would rather keep it a secret.

I remember my Magic old school print project. Really I just have to print out 4

packs of limited cards and use them for play. That makes things so much more fair. Kevin's Magic Origins cards are good enough to play the game now. That set is way too balance. I would really want to prefer to play

Magic the way it was originally held. Old School. 93/94. That really is authentic and LCG magic. Fantasy Flight should republish it one day as an LCG. Good thoughts.

When has there not been a day I looked at porn in the morning, looked at counter-currents, radix journal, trad-youth, the right stuff, amren, and fantasy flight every day? It's hard not to look at this stuff daily. I want

to stop the habit. I remember a time when I found new stuff everyday. Now

I think everyone has found everything and everything is relevant. Information overload. No more new discoveries anymore. Annoying. I need to find

new daily habits on the internet., I jsut feel as thought there is someth ing greater to look at online and what I am missing out on.

What is it? Art? Music? Writing? Japanese? Games? Video-Games? News? What is something I should ook towards dailt that isn't any of these things??

Vacation? Adult Friend Finder? Omegle? Maybe I should do things which get me out of the hosue then stay indoors and treat the interent as a tool an d library. My hobbies really come from the amazing power of the computer a

nd the internet.

I remember looking at Freewrite's Twitter everyday in Spring semester 201 6 just so this Freewrite typewriter can come out. It now has! And I am typ ing on it! Thank god!

I think I should be using the interent to find places to hang out. Yes. Th

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I think I should be using the internet to find places to hang out. Yes. That's always exciting. Just like how I signed up for Summer Jam 10. SNK told me this on the internet. I show up. I remember I used to look up concerts

on the internet and I would plan out the dates I would go see a band. I used to be on every social with the computer. I can't keep up with the ever flowing data now. I wish I can control somehow. Comfort has become my habit. I must check the news everyday to feel alive. It's better for me to read everyday than do nothing. I have to go walking the dogs, lift weights,

some kind of "surrogate activity" (to borrow the phrase from the unbomber). I should go back to Netrunner nights or go to Thursday night Wegsmans. Wednesdays?

I am a self-made man. I don't need dependency anymore. I am learning the curve. Most people don't do this anyway. If they are rich and famous, someone else does it for them. I have to do these things on

my own. This is the cold truth outside academia world. Most idiots with degrees in Medieval History at Houston University ends up working for Verizon at a job in Philadelphia. How odd. That was a self-made action.

Everything is the action of one's will. I wish I had my own will back. Ezra Pound once said that a slave wishes someone to set him free. I don't need to be dependent. I need to create my own paths and become my own boss. This even means creating a path to make my own money as well.

Euclid's Elements I should buy as paperback. I don't what it's about. But I do know it's a book about "mental masturbation."

Cicero's On Duties is coming the mail along with Poloroid brief case for Freewrite. Good.

...

--

Sent from my Freewrite

7-17-16

There is a difference between a “Roleplaying Game” and the act of Roleplaying. Roleplaying can be depraved and decadent. Exist on websites like Omegle and RPHaven. A Roleplaying-Game is a hobby name for the act of roleplaying within the hobby market of traditional board and war games. These two hobbies clash with one another and do not relate. Just because someone likes “Roleplaying,” doesn’t meant one will like Roleplaying with dice, paper, figures, and stats. Nor will the D&D player decide to become obsessed only with the escapism and reality changing concept of just the act of Roleplaying. The D&D player wishes the act of roleplaying only in the confines of traditional games with rules and structure.

These two passions really are against each other and do not mix well. Hence, both consumer base and audience are actually confused what they really want out of the two. For D&D, are we interest solely for rules, paper, figures, dice and creative story telling? Or, for the act of just roleplaying, are we interested for escapism, an alternative reality, less-of-a-game, and more as a dialogue.

These two are both needed to be talked about.

RPGs tend to ignore the culture of Roleplaying in favor to emphasis that, “it’s just a game after all!” When does it collide with the passion of roleplaying? How much of this perversion is influential? Certainly, this would be playing the game wrong at this point.

The same applies with MMOGS and roleplaying. Since now, Roleplaying is also associated with online games.

World of Warcraft has helped advocate it. Are they WOW addicts or Role-play addicts? Escapist?

The passion of role-playing is used. It is a physiological effect.

I have never been interest in D&D for role-playing. I have been interested in the game for it's playful creation with the text and which ultimately, with a group of people, interact with fiction. The games is the equivalent to a creative writing workshop but treated as a game instead. That's why I like D&D.

Not as a delusional, escapist, perverted, advocate platform for role-playing. Seek help if doing it for this reason. There is a market for you.

These role-players cannot fit in with board games. Their own perversions are apparent and not as healthy players. They cannot pervious reality and fiction. If these people played Star Wars: Imperial Assault, they would treat the figures like their own personas and treat the game like their own life. Like going out to the bar, but in a materialistic, and perverted way. Most of them are fat and lazy to begin with. Weak people role-play because they are ashamed of their actions.

Weak people come into board games because they are looking for an asset for power. This will make them strong. A healthy person sees that as a weakness as well. Healthy people do things correctly.

Watch out for these people. Write about them. Keep them in check. Analyze their behavior. Define their friends and

audience. The products they follow. The class they come from. The age group and appearance. The things they like.

Are you like any of them? Most likely not. But, to manipulate them is to master a friendship. A source of power.

—

7-17-16second

It take Doom 4 ages to download...

Leave the PS4 on all night. 1GB per hour!
And there is not gaurentee it w ill work in
the day time, because everyone is connected
to Sony's networks ! Just like Comcast!
(that's something I learned from my Verizon
job).

The PS4 is on right now and the internet
upstairs goes slowwww. Why? It us es all
the buffer it can to download that MB. I
assume tommorrow morning, it will hit
30GB if I am lucky. That would be 30/52.
So close, yet so far

away. 15GB per night! Monday night
through Monday morning: 40. And Wedesd
ay afternoon, hopefully completed. And I
thought Colemak would take me ex actly 9
days to achieve. Sorry Colemak. My wrist

and fingers don't hurt wh en I go out this
QWERTY pace. I would like to learn
Colemak again though.

I am like a computer. HAVe delete files in
my head in order to make room to study and
apply colemak.

Anyway...

I can't believe that one autistic idiot working
for Verizon is 24 years o ld, going to get
married, has a "audio enginerring"
"degree" (not bahceor' s or asscioaates) and
was originally from California.

Idiot.

This is your life. And you chose to be a
Verizon guy surfing west Philade lpiha?
Your worse than Will Smith! And I bet this
idiot does it for 57 hou rs too and likes it.

That is your destiny. That is one destiny I
would personally not accept.

I like job shifting. That suits me the best.

I will just have to go find another job that will use me. Number one thing about getting hired is... employment is for those who don't want to do the job! Best kept secret.

Employment never guarantee it would be safe. It's just open is because... NO ONE WANTS TO DO IT. Possibly the position is inhumane or even worse.

Then, why the facade that work promise flowers, unicorns, girls and adventure? I guess that's the attraction and the lie. The only people who love their job is those that suffered these previous positions and "worked" (code for lie-cheat-steal-kill-rape) to the top and become America's 10% elites.

Really? Once you reach that top, making 90 to 100 thousand a year, we end up reverting back to being kids. teenagers. Is that why America is obsessed with youth? Freedom from the responsibilities, the duties, the guilt of w

ork? So idiotic but true. Why can't we like those things?

The lady in the blue dress, I remember, (((Mike Skinner))) told me IS the 5% of

America! Interesting. What does she even do?

Nothing. Being yourself. Elites push their lives on to the unfortunate ones that make their own lives possible. Strange. Why does the working class

suffer so much to make the dainty, innocent elite class so... innocent?

The elites want nothing more but a house, a pool, three kids, a dog and cat, cars and an income, to pay for the perverted hobbies they like to do. By each this summer, vacation for the kid this fall, happy celebration this

christmas on our yacht boat this winter.

Strange life. America helps enables this. I love America... but.

The elite classes eventually become begotious, depraved, and decadent. Worse. Their values spread on to others. They run the game. And the only way to compete

with them is to fight back with money.
America gives us

the chance to be Gods. But their are many
gods, and gods fight each other . In America,
we are above the law of world, and
eventually we are bored .

We are miserable because we are free.

...

Thinking about money I have left now. What
to spend it on... KOF demo comes out in
two days. I need a joystick, maybe.
Hopefully not. I will buy Reason once
Doom is downloaded. Maybe...

.

My daily writing exercise is a lot like talking nonsense
with my brother . When will he ever shut up? He started his
whole complaining. I have to deal with it by pretending to
agree with him, complain with him, or play his dumb game.
It's annoying. He could be writing this down, but because h
e is so retarded, he is just saying nonsense. Nonsense whe
forget in about

4 days. I remember some of the nonsesne
talks and some thoughts coming ou t is
retarded. I remember my own too. I don't

think it really improves public speaking skills or social behavior. It's Kevin's own self-defect. He

said he would bring me out to see a movie tonight oo. But he forgot about that too. Oh well. He doesn't even like the game he bought. Idiot.

...Learned about how Reason is only accepted on one computer online. Great ! No use for Kevin! Haha!

7-17-16third

The structuralist tended to argue that there is NO innate meaning within the text.

There is some wisdom to this.

At my education at Rosemont College, I have realized in these "survey" classes, they ask the students "what did you see in the text?" Total baby shit.

This constant and daily musing made me realize that text: novels, books, newspapers, anything written in physical form, is an

illusion. That, the text, is rather, a rulebook or guideline to a game. A rulebook or guidelines.

The text is not meaningful. It does not take over our lives. We take over it and create meaning from it. In return, we feel it has a sacred power over us.

Books, call it, "third-party bibles" if you will. Wrong way to think about text. The text is a rulebook or guidelines.

If I have really read the text, I would have taken things that meant something for me. And me only. There is no objective reality.

The way I read Dune by Frank Herbert is different the way you have read it .

Novels are rulebooks and guidelines.

Readers "deconstruct" the text and take what they want to justify the perversions that they have. Again, text has no innate meaning.

It is art on a wall. The text is.

People have read the text wrong. My neighbor stepahine and that dumb bitch in school read it wrong. They treat the text as good as the bible. a "third party bible." A facade and a perversion to make sense of their active

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7-17-16*third* by finalfantasyisfunny@gmail.com

ird party bible." A facade and a perversion to make sense of their active

and offensive personality. They are reading themselves. the world and the west, in all honestly, is primal and natural. But, the bourgeois classes and elites are in denial of this behavior and wish to control it or alter it and maybe even add in some religion to it. They say race doesn't exist and sex is great. But really, race is real and sex is not that idyllic. People are primal and the working classes live by this truth. Eventually, the higher up classes are overthrown by the primal class. We are animals. That is our nature.

Accordingly so, this illusion about reality exist over academia and modern life. We

live in a Soma state. We believe our lives are meaning through

"pyscosocial" narratives, careers, and selfishnis. Everything around use m akes our life meaningful, but in return, are not so meaningful. Everything it a sales pitch, a paywall, a trick to decive our interest and culture.

We are a consumer culture.

The text has became second person. It dosent matter. What matters is if th e text matters to YOU. The text, according to academia, is as well rulebo oks and guidelines. Professors surft the text to find sources and quotes a nd again, recite them in thier own written text laangue, to be published in another guidelin/rulebook to be yey again, cited. Professors treat the world of academia like that of a car salesman, a stock-person, a manager,

and anyother job creating and selling products. The text is the commidity which the use and create new text to sell back again. It is the product.

To the student, the text is a rulebook and guideline to prepare them for the as-if job to become a sales manager. It's less about meaning. Often, the student will make the mistake that the text is a third-party bible, or

a sacred piece of text that has something to do with hierarchy meaning of intellect culture and history. In reality, it is just text that is often used in the guidebook/rulebook circle. Again, the text is a guideline and

rulebook to a game people want to play.

Shakespeare? No different from the operation manual of your newly bought video game system.

Plato? A grocery list to the food you need to buy.

Any other Victorian writer: your monthly bill send it to pay for the house

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Any other Victorian writer: your monthly bill send it to pay for the house you got.

Why then, would these names would be sacred anyway? Because people read the text like that of sincerity, objective science, and of a sacred religious bible. Names like Shakespeare and Plato the ancient tradition of Western Civilization. The world is primal. This is why they are defended. However, wisdom and cheerful quotes are nothing more than text without meaning. Guidelines and rulebooks to play the academic professional and to defend oneself in the wild. To play a game.

There is no rules to the game of survival and the primal world. There is however, religious books. But non-religious text, like Shakespeare and Plato

, are rulebooks and guidelines too.

To have any interest in "meaningful" text, is a selfish facade. In the end, we are confirming words on a canvas that relate to our personality, confirm personal beliefs and opinions, and worship false gods that help make our personalities.

False gods, by the way, are like the poltergiest. Ghost. They don't exist . They never existed in our lifetime. Yet, the ghost exist, and the text haunts us. And we want to belive the holy ghost is with us. Tomology tends

to belive the holy ghost is in ALL text. True.

That is, when are we going to belive that Jesus, Shakespere, and Palto ar e not real? They were dreams that existed many years ago that don't exist in our own current space and time. In fact, do we even know if time exis

ted years ago? Do we have time correct? Or is that a dream too?

Literary figures are figments of our imagination. They are not real, even how hard we would like to belive they are real, we never walked by thei

r side.

We should walk and talk with the people in this room. And read the text t hat is being

created now. Not a billion years ago. In the end, we only receive the wisdom from these ancient text. But once again, ancient text we re written by people who existed only 500 years ago. Everything is facade . Translators, editors, a traditionalist are not the original, authentic voice of the ancient old text-writer.

Homework is a guideline and rulebook to greater and more primal nature to survive and be a leader a world run by animals with advanced language and concepts. That is, Us.

The text won't save you, it won't help you, it won't help current political situations, it doesn't exist and is a figment of your imagination.

It's the reason why liberalism, communism, and the new left in general, failed to understand.

Once this is understood, I think we can all be "red-pilled" and break from the matrix.

After all, I am a student in a room with a bunch of spoiled brat girls who are reading

things out of mental masturbation. Just
compare and contrast

this to anyone living in Allgengy,
Philadelphia.

nothing is being learned. We are actors on a
stage. We are trying to play a game we don't
understand. But of course, the text is there to
help us p

lay the game.

...If you are delusional, you are already
ahead of the game. Because you can't read
the text, you can only act out as a game
player and only guess. Letters and words
mean nothing. Only things that make us
happy. Commu

nication helps conform us. Might as well lie
the whole situation and pretend you read
and quote.

--

Sent from my Freewrite

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7-19-16

The internet was broken this whole time and I didn't even knew!

36GB out of 54 and I can now access Snapmap mode and play the third level . Hellknights nad Olivia don't have any texture and look grey. Downloadin g a game is like waiting in the mail for it. Trying to get online now... It's lagging at the moment. I think it shutted down right around 1PM. Does

Comcast service hurts us if we use too much of the bandwith to download D oom? It;s the most heaviest game ever. Sooooo annoying. I hope Comcast did n't cut our data speed for the next few weeks. Amren is coming up right no w... just really, really slow. I wonder if the PS4 killed the bandwith in

our house and we have to wait 12 hours so it goes back on.

I reseted the router again. Waiting. It's been more than 15 minutes. I got out of the shower and in pajamas.

-

Awesome porn I saw today with this beautiful Chinese girl sucking off a nice white dude. She was A-cup, like most Chinese. The video title was something like "she learns to suck white cock." The room was fancy. A bunch of punk posters on the wall and flyers. I saw the band "Doom" which my brother likes. So this guy is somewhat of an edgy and physically fit. How did

he get a nice chinese girl? I don't know. At the end, she spit out this

long white line of sperm from her mouth. A giggle. Extremely cute. Sperm on someones body is like children hugging her skin. A way that, that the white guy's genes and family runs on her body. She allows it. She is one with him. She respects the family. At the same time however, I ponder her existence with him. Does she know his white boyfriend likes Doom and other punk bands? What does she think about it? Is it macho for him? A way for him to really be

a man? Is he responsible? Or is he decadent and depraved?

I am not sure. But other white americans try and emulate like him. -

A thought came to my mind. A poor liberal white trying to be gay and emulating to be a jew. Great. That is someone mental illness right there. What does that make me? I have to be strong and fight this force in the future

What does that make me? I have to be strong and fight this force in the future. -

Also, got this nice polaroid box today for my Freewrite. It fits perfectly. Although, I should really only use it when I travel with the freewrite. It's not a good dust protector. I will find it really annoying once I over and over again put the Freewrite in and out of the box to use it. I should only use the box IF I am bringing the Freewrite somewhere. Which most likely, Am not. I will put it in the closet until I have use for it to bring the Freewrite somewhere to write. Yes.

-

So annoying. I really wanted to play Doom 4 today. But ended up being annoyed it was not loaded and could not fully play it. What a tease. I got to play level three tonight. Still not satisfying. I never knew download

ds would be this harsh with PS4. I pretended to be lazy today so I could wait for Doom 4 to download. I watch some Top5 videos on abandon islands, forbidden places, underwater creatures and sounds, and underwater caves. Cool stuff. I like sea creatures. I love the water the most. Exotic and cool. Cave Fishes are cool.

Tried to learn some Reason today, but mainline pennsylvania Reason employer told me advance editing and mixing techniques instead, not operations. He said use Blocks instead of Redrum and Kong, and if you use Redrum, layer it, put the sounds to different channels, and put some EQ compression on the sounds to make it feel slow attack and "punchy." I really don't get it.

He's manipulating Reason like a card game player messes up a deck in a C CG. Totally too much innovation and less about operation. I just want to learn the thing and know what's what and who's who. Annoying.

Internet still acting slow. I should go downstairs and see if downloads can work while the PS4 is in rest mode.

(I been typing the word "just" too much. Sounds so instant and quick. Trying to ignore, but it comes back).

-

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Donald Trump was on tonight. He came out as a silhouette and surprised everyone. "We are going to win, he said." Kevin says, "Nigger rap, all star game." Almost like, "Nigger games." Which Trump is like. Nigger politics. That suits him well. I missed his speech. Was playing Doom downstairs. I asked Mom if he's on. She says, "I think so." I... Think... so? Think? Mom

has bad language. Also she implanted a giant wall clock in the kitchen. I

took it off the wall and hid it in the garage. Embrassing. The time is on the stove. I don't need to see the clock on the wall. She's only holding it on because it reminds her of Grandma Janic. Even though she hates her

. I forget the reason why. I took down the clock anyway. I will keep that a secret until tomorrow morning.

-

Tried to text joey again but he never wants to hang out anymore. He is becoming more stupider. I think I have to let him be. He is really dying alone. He just complains and worries.

-

Internact is acting really strange. I have a theory Comcast is really trying to cut it off for us.

I wish I could continue to download Doom 4 some more. -

--

7-21-16

Life is really bad when there is no internet connected to the house. Absou ley zero internet starting this Monday and the tech guy is suppose to solv e the problem this Saturday. I am going to the beach by myself. I will su nscreen myself and maybe bring a chair. Will have the backpack on me all day. Hopefully will not get burnt. This will be my last gooday on the bea ch. Mom want's to go to Lancaster for Grandma's 87th birthday. Another ful l day. She's half dead now. And I am not so sure if she is alive. She mad e some wrong choices in her life and will countinue to do so. That is her faith. Nothing and worthless.

Downloaded some more Reason rack extensions (luckly while the internet DID work around noon). Five canaidates: AS-16 Sequncer, Ivoks, ReDominator, G

litch, and Tick-tick. Selling my second TB-3 to get the money, maybe bfor an interface

and a mic if the touch and sample thing
dosen't work. I rea

lly need the internet back on so I can look up
Youtube videos to know how to do it.

And then there is Doom 4, which is finally
donwloaded thanks to Kevin's ho use.
Verizon is better! Work taught me one thing,
and that is Verizon is t he better deal.

I was over Quigly's house tonight with
Kevin. His friend is autistic and lazy. Red
hair, glasses, weed smoker, DJ, music
maker, real name Al. He d id play some
really intresting records... I chose by the
way:

Mr. Fingers - Can you feel it? Instu mix
Frankie Knuckles - Baby wants to ride Neu!
Nina Hagen - Fearless

Kraftwerk - Tour de France

This records I am fimiliar. I forgot how
much I love Nina Hagen. KMFDM er a,
alien like voice, Rebirth hyper industrial
1999. Technology goes by so

fast.

Watch a little bit of the Republican National Convention at his house. Saw this cute Asian walk on stage. Lisa Shin. Korean-American, politician fo

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this cute Asian walk on stage. Lisa Shin. Korean-American, politician fo r New Mexico. "I would date her." I said. TV went off. Black friend came in. Liked what I was watching. Said he is voting Clinton because Sanders

said so.

More Qiugly DJ night.

Two cheeseburgers, fries, chicken and suace, four birthcake cookies (chips ahoy), chip sandwich (cookie chip), black berries... water...

I feel it coming. Clenching my butt so the poop won't fall out of my anus. I like the feeling as my two buttocks clench. It feels

good. Good like Sonic & Knuckles for Sega Genesis. Very early memories. Unver 12 years o

f age. Things are memorized everyday at the age of 14. Ten years ago... wow. That's when life really started. But before 14... everything is a no styalgic blurr. Some memories hear and there. Idk.

Getting upset at Banjo Kazooie. Just remembered. Now I can beat the whole game while listening to Depeche Mode Violator by the beach in three days.

...

The poop was finally released from my anus. It slided into the toilet wat er. Looked at it, whiped my butt with toilet paper, and flushed it. Washe d hands.

90% of people look at their own shit, after they taken a shit. -

Glad I am back ony my typewriter. I am afraid to get back on it if I am g one from it. Strange. When I start typing, all those horros

go away, and
I countinue from where I left off in thought.

--

I want to sell my Game of THrone cards now. I grew out of it. I don't want to see the cards ever again. I am not longer in that state of mind. (I should move those game boxes in the basement too. Tired of looking at them

). How can I remember, now it's almost been a year, since Glen was being

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). How can I remember, now it's almost been a year, since Glen was being a jerk too me? It left that much a mark on me, that card games, in genrea l, is a backwoods are worthless tradition that dosen't need me. I am too s trong and healthy for them I realize. I have moved on. That was the past.

I sold my Doomtown cards. And now, AEG pulled the plug on it. I started m y own

Doomtown club back in 2014 when I was 23. Ended when I was 24. No one came, just one guy. I did my best. Doomtown failed when I stopped playing. Thrones will stop too. Fantasy Flight just got everyone that played first edition thrones onto new edition. New edition was made because of the wild success of Thrones HBO series. It's that worthless. No new players,

no changes. Fantasy Flight doesn't spend money on advertisers and expects

people to make blind buys and perverted devotions. Nerds. That's what they all are. The scene is not growing, it's shrinking. Cards grow, but people stay and find their niche. Fantasy flight is offering too many games with too many niches. It won't do. It's simply a fashion statement. Everything is now like Legend of the five rings. A cult card game with a niche audience, but totally not like Magic. So boring and useless. Weak people.

I think I have reached a sweet spot with cards existing in Netrunner. I think I like... Let me

availability. Most CCGs were made for money. I am making them out of utility and design.

See there? I go talking about board and card games because I love them so much. I don't think the normal world understand my love for card games. The board game scene will never understand. .

...Time to charge this guy.

--

Sent from my Freewrite

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7-22-16

Make sure I check through my email, or online, to download the files I missed in my email box. The internet was down for a week. (Number don't count as words in word count).

Third time in a row I been writing at midnight before bed. Pool party with

Kevin;s friends. He is playing Depeche
 Mode wihtout my will. No. It's t oo much
 and almost embarassing. I better watch what
 I tell Kevin or he is

going to mimick it. I wish he wouldn't do
 that. I feel like I underestim ate my power
 when I am near my brother. I don't want him
 to like everythi ng I like. I jsut tell him about
 the things I like, and then he plays cop y cat.
 I feel bad sometimes, for the wrong actions I
 did, Like spit in hi s face or get mad at him,
 while he will drastically change the next
 time.

I wish he wouldn't do that. I don't get
 attached to things my borth er lik es. But I
 am on to music, that is an influence in my
 family. So I stick w ith it. I don't listen to
 anything my brother plays. I learned funny
 jokes

from my brother. And popular commentary.
 Gangster Popeye and Mamin Baby. Good
 source of information. But I am not a
 replicat of all his moods.

Selling my second Roland TB-3 and A Game of Thrones Cards. I need the money to buy a hybrid microphone/interface to record vocals, sing, in Reason.

Either I get Line 6 Sonic VX or Apogee One Mac. Apogee looks like the better candidate. I have to confirm that it works with Reason or any other DAW to record vocals. After I buy that, I can finally make the music I want to make. I am getting less and less interested in hardware and that is a good thing.

-

In other news, No Colemak typing. Sorry colemak. I have been typing again I have invented my own typing style through QWERTY. I know I should learn touch typing in the future. That would make sense. But so hard to go slow

while typing. I feel this way has a better curve to it (my original, looking at the keys while my hand covers the right side of the keys and the

left types the delicate words. My fingers are like spider legs touching little buttons).

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7-22-16 by finalfantasyisfunny@gmail.com little buttons).

I am going to the beach tommorrow ALONE for the first time. My dad ppreach ed to me about bus stop pedophilia. What out for older pedos. I will be ok . I will not get obducted. This keyboard will keep the infomration in hea r that I DID NOT GET OBUCTED and it was aconicende if I did. Which I don' t want to get kidnnaped or die. The family will find out about my notes s oon enought. Enough dooming pesimissm. I will not die. I will enjoy myself tommorrow on the beach. Now, I have only 5 hours to go to sleep starting at 1. I am typing after midnight.

-

while lifting weights, I thought about the Sammer Jam 10 thing I will be going to too. I hope I do see Kesly there and for that day. And I hope a normal ps4 pad will do. I am not buying a stick. I made up my mind. I don 't even have access to other people who play KOF on a daily basis. In fac t, do I even want to assciate with those kind of people? I have assciate d with Netrunners and board

gamers for some time. It was fun. Not my life though. I should ground myself back to music. I gave 6 years of my life to

games. Maybe even 10, if I started at 15 with Doom the board game. Odd.

Now I am playing Doom4 on ps4. Amazing. And the game is almost like Doom 3 all over again. Maybe I will grow out of Doom too.

I have grown out of Doomtown too. The game ended when I stopped.

(when I always press Special, I end up always at 600 words. 600 is so com mon for me. What I am really trying to aim for everyday is 1000-1200. Tha t is a good amount. Write that everyday for month, 30 days or so, and that 's 30,000 words! enough to fill a novel! Think of a single chapter as be ing 1000 words each. And make it 30-40 chapters. That sounds like a good novel to me. This novel I am writing about is my personal summer. Trainin g too to think about it. Eventually, I will get into the mood and write a

fictional prose or research/academica project. I will be doing papers all over again in the fall. My last semester. So let's make it my Swan Song) .

I need a box to ship out that Thrones binder in. Book cubbies are fine. I

moved down those game boxes finally. I need to move that seagull and picture

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moved down those game boxes finally. I need to move that seagull and picture of the beach. Funny, I am going to the beach tomorrow. So no need for pictures. Also I need a new Chinese cat to get me through the fall semester. Two years ago it was Pink for love. I got Alice. Second it was for E

ducation. This is my last semester. What should my next one be? Money? Business? Fortune? I have to go to the mall and get a new cat.

-

I want my room clean and my brown table empty before school starts August the 22. I thought about clothes. I really don't need it. I am not a fashion person. I wish I can wear a suit and tie instead. I want to show off my

dedicated, and discipline beauty. That sounds right. Something like the Japanese would have a mindframe like that. I can't even recall the gay shit other kids wore. I am not a kid anymore so fuck em.

I hope the roll of the dice will supply me with a good environment this last semester. I always think like that before each semester. And the last two were really fucking shitty. I am going insane. I want these last two to be easy. I am strong. I will make my stand and fight off opponents. This is what is needed in the business world. I think it's funny these institutions make life as if it is this Greek philosophy game or fun social club where everyone is a gentlemen, when in fact it's quite the opposite, and barbarians and putting illusions of this sort against me and other young not-so-innocent kids. They fall

for it. And they will either go in denial or deal with this nature some how. Most people try and exert thier persona lity into a game that's nothing like them. Thinking about my Netrunner gro up at Wegmans actully. A lot of buisness have to do with people psychology , manipulation, and explotiation. Buisness is advacne. It's not a goody-to o shoes game. My grandpa was right. Lie-cheat-steal-kill-rape when you ha ve the chance. I felt some guilt ain my academica career. No matter. I sh ould not feel guilt. Guilt makes me weak. Cheating is a moral thing to do

in this competeive and hostile world. I am doing the right thing. Everyon e who plays the game gets fucked in the ass.

I wrote 1200. Time to tune in to Jared Taylor before bed. Get in my five hours. Hope the interent is back on Saturday night!

--

Sent from my Freewrite

7-24-16 by finalfantasyisfunny@gmail.com

7-24-16

I had such nightmare last night. It was like, everything was bad happenin g in it, but, I got revenge the moment. I had to work Verizon and deal wi th the fake money currency and the idiot people that think the job is rewa rding, but rather wasting their time. And then, there is supposedly Rosemont College, which turns into a baby school out in the middle of the forest . A strange collison between joining the track and feild team, my bad all -women english classes, cucked men, and the securty state and small clich e of worthless, upper class teenagers. Also some racial problems with a ho stile black that didn't like me (I think it was Nadir but he is the least

likely person to confront me). Also again, my tranny friend Natalie (Nat han) want's to ask out that bitch Emili (who the fuck spells their last na me with a fucking "I?" I might as well be "Joi." Trying to edgy and origi nal but still connected to the background.) So this dream conculdes really

nicely while I am suffering from this amount of pain.

I run out of class, the sports couch tries to stop me, I find an exit he c an't get me. I walk into my annoying girl English room. Only to yell all at them back. They ignore me of course. And then walked into my Verizon jo b fun-saturday quiz day. I said "all of you are stupid" and "you are only

fighting for fake money and your lives and this meaningless. Wake up!" I

did a dance everywhere to be my last great who-rah. And then seeing Emil i walking down the hallway, I could not ignore her, so I got my tran frie nd Nate, (Nate, who had a crush on her in my dream. By the way, is a guy cross dressing as a girl and identifies as a lesbian. Makes no sense, I k now.

Degenerate) and pushed him in front of Emili to talk to her. Nate of course was too shy to confront and easily backed off. Emili looking confus ed and snobby dissed him and moved right along like a begger asking for mo ney. I yelled back at her, "your a bitch!" She yelled back, "your a bitch ." I said, "I know." And there was a previous moment where my dumb philosp hy teacher

was with this black kid trying to say I was some kind of insensitive racist. I told him all the reasons why you should not think like that and I won mostly. He had nothing to say but suck on his thumb.

As a reward for all this clamity, there was a board game convention and video-game thing on at 4 till 11. I had to leave early to go to the dentist at 5, but in my dream, I was still determined to find Neo-Geo and games

I never heard of. Then I woke up with a sore headache and still feelings

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I never heard of. Then I woke up with a sore headache and still feelings some sun on my since yesterday.

The beach was fun yesterday. The only problem was, waiting on the bus for a few hours and laying on the beach with nothing to do but napping and thinking about things. My brain was writing without

a Freewrite. If I brough over my Freewrite to the beach or something, I would of been writing for the next 4 hours and getting those thoughts, like a lasso over a wild creature, and putting them down on canvas. I feel a little upset now I can't think about those things since yesterday. Most of the thoughts are long gone. I do remember a few... If I can sum it up in a paragraph.

I was napping on the beach. Getting squashed, I had to stretch my feet in the air and arms. I made a noise of a gurgaling yawn. I overheard a bit later, some guy and his jock friends behind them said "oh wow look at that guy stretch his arms and makes noise, he's probably a perv of some sort or masturbating, laying all by himself." They continued on with other subjects in the same spot.

Interesting. I was alone with myself, and will more likely get bombarded with insults. If I was with my brother or girlfriend, there would be no insults. It's interesting to think the insult will only come if I exist alone in

public. As if, to counter this, I have to be a strong man, like John

Wayne or the Doom4 guy. Most people have to flock together in order to not suffer from single barbarian order. And if I was doing something that was against the norm of society, I would be publicly shunned for it. This is like the man in New York who passes a homeless white person and says, "Get a job you bum!"

Now, this would not happen if the bum was non-white.

I had a friend named Asha, who is both Chinese and Jamaican. Last year, she moved from Rosemont to Drexel. Why she did this. She felt that the all white girls club was ignoring her or only taking in her points that satisfied the interest of the white girls that felt entitled. Meaning that, Rosemont is full of upper-class white girls that are blissfully unaware of their surroundings, therapy, and self-nature. They pretend they are open-minded and liberal, but in action, they ignore things that are non-white or oppose to

white-womendom. Open-mindfulness and liberalism is really just a

characteristic of white people. And white women are not unique creatures op

pose to men, they mimck the behavior of white men as women. So when men b

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pose to men, they mimck the behavior of white men as women. So when men b lame women for all problems, it should be realize is that it was men who are acting out theroy and white women only mimicking as a means of surivi al and relationship. Women are open-vessels and are programmed to be mtohe rs, not warriors. Women can bleive they are warriors if men say they are so. A Japanese woman once saidthat Japanese women are "that of a coruse mi x between a human and a bird in a cage." So much wisdom there.

Asha moved is because white women, like Emili and her autistic, physcosoc ialist

friends, shunned her because they are afraid to answer to non-white, women like themselves. They are afraid to be called racist. Also because they don't understand the non-white perspective and rather defuse everything as being egalitarian (another white person characteristic). All nonwhites of the world realize that white women are cartooned as Cinderella, a

Victorian princess, or some kind of mannerism English god. This is the characteristics of white women.

That's why the New York man is afraid to call out a non-white bum. He will be called a racist! He will lose his job!

--

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Sent from my Freewrite

7-25-16 by finalfantasyisfunny@gmail.com

7-25-16

Ok, Internet works again. There are two networks: Dog 2.5 and Dog. Password: pluto606.

Cleo is having a purr attack on my lap.
Can't... get... her off.

Sonic Mania is 2017 remake of sonic 3 or 2
or idk even more. Is it even J apanese? No.

Sold Ga,e of Thrones cards and second
TB-3. \$200. I got mono m-audio speak er.
Works well.

Got back from Hooters with Kevin and Sam.
Had wings. I prefer boneless. Bought \$350
new glasses and new yellow luck prosperity
cat from mall.

Went to vet with mom and leroy. Leroy has
atmoplasmosis. Worms. Not tapewo rms. He
got them from tiks.

The ps4 controller that puppy ate is working
again. Kevin magically put i t back together
again. It's fine. No \$60 waste. Happy.

I should check my rosemont email to see if
Ms. Baker sent an indenpendt st udy with
me.

Hold on...

Nope, nothing stil.

DNC convention on tonight, should watch.

Alice got me gifts from Europe. I will see her tommorrow.

Lights went out in Hooters. Pretty funny.
Waitress was a dumb, big glasses dark lipstick "tumblr" girl. Zeitgeist not of.

Gonna play Doom 4....

7-26-16

Watching old school Netrunner videos.
Watching Android:Netrunner players p lay
Original Netrunner. They are all somewhat
confused. They are unsure w hat card to play
and what means what. Also, thos small
minor rules that a

differnt (link, agenda points, bad pub).

I think Netrunner is growing smaller. When
ever I think about games, I ha ve to talk
aboput math as well. Math is intresting once
it is used in a c ertain way. I use it for
games. I like to think about space and time.

Right now, there are... let me check...

An average between 700-800 cards (100 more from Mumbad). 700 cards seems to be my sweet spot. When the game reaches the first pack of the 8th cycle, 240 cards, from the first two cycles, gets deleted (banned).

This is called rotation. When An:Net reaches 1000 something cards, and the 8th pack is released, 240 is subtracted, and it is down back to an average of 750 cards.

Interesting. FFG says "Rotation only happens when games reach maturity." Netrunner has found its maturity. The sweet spot is at least 800 cards. 800 cards means maturity, 1050 cards means excess. FFG only has to go now is get consumers into the game when the game is already mature. That is a hard thing to do. Is it possible? Will a game "grow" with its audience overtime if the card base always remains 800 but no greater than 1000?

This is strange. FFG can introduce formats to make use of old cards. Maybe. Cards don't even have resale value. Doomtown, Conquest, Thrones, impossible to sell

collections online. Make little money as possible. Maybe Net runner will have worth. Not sure. It's like paper with colored pictures on

it from China. Now, Original Netrunner had a card pool of about 600 cards . Good. That is another sweetspot number. Some games, like Magic, can real ly only have a card pool about 300 cards. I like that too. So, somewhere between 300, 600, and 800 is the sweetspot of any CCG. Recently, Doomtown Reloaded has been canceled. DTR had a card pool of about 600 cards. That's

good too. 19 products ins existence with Doomtown labels (12 smaller ones , 5 expansions, 1 big box). 18, almost 20. It makes me think about my own

product I would make as a CCG.

For example, an expansion with 160 cards, 4 copies of 40 original cards. No need to buy extra cards. Three expansions a year every 3 and a half mo

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No need to buy extra cards. Three expansions a year every 3 and a half months. 120 cards a year? Do this for about 4 years and thats a CCG life ti me. 12 expansions and core set, 13 products. 480 + Core set cards of maybe 120... 600 cards! That's a sweet spot. Oddly enough, Doomtown has only be en existence for two years. August 2014 to October 2016. That is such a sm all time. I remembered every second of the game. -

7-28-16

Asian Fetish in White Nayionalism. Is it real?

Jared Taylor, John Derbershire, Robert Weissberg, Buckley guy that denies 9/11, maybe even Andrew Anglin.

Then, there are these terms: White Nationalist, White Advocate, Alt-righe r, and Identetarian. WN being the most crudest and Identarian being a pseu do-academic kind.

The Hapa reddit is interesting. The blog Stuff Eurasian People like. This must be looked more into. White Male and Asian Female, WMAF, is no good accordingly.

I don't have my glasses on and I am typing this in bed with bending over. Taking a short break... Fingers hurt when I type on the edges of the key

s and not get the center. Must learn to touch type... ---

7-29-16

I thought about how I can think. How ideas come to me right away and how I have the Freewrite and Reason (music) to write it down. It seems like the center of creativity is capturing thoughts that second and getting it on

to campus. Art, Writing, and Music work this way. Even if it is "improvisation," the final result transform pass the mediocre style of a draft or demo. Once it's down, there is no reason to put it down again. Creativity is

a result of taking down the infinite thoughts in the mind. Whatever is these thoughts are good or bad. The first technique to do this well is Virginia Woolf's "Stream-of-consciousness" style. Every occurring thought in the mind must be written down. She stood while she wrote. Making writing as if it was an energize and improvise art. A writer cannot "wordsmith" that is, edit and write, while writing. This lacks in everything. Wordsmiths are scientist and forget about the natural flow how art is written. There is not special, unique, or even talent, that comes when getting art down. There is different styles for everyone. Some advice and wisdom is good. No

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There is different styles for everyone. Some advice and wisdom is good. Not all of it. Picasso once said, "Bad artist imitate, great artist steal!"

I believe that reading works the same way as creating art as well. Recently at Impact thirft, I bought a few books for \$4.95. The

Bell Curve, Dolphin Diaries, Shadowrun pulp, and The Wonderful Flight To The Mushroom Planet. These genres and audiences clash with each other. An adult cannot switch between reading the Bell Curve to Dolphin Diaries. But... I can. I see

the text as inspiration. Strange. I think most people might see this way in an age of illiteracy. Some text can work with me, and some I love to consume. Consume! That is what reading is, right? Consuming? How can an artist create if he only consumes? Consumes other people's art? Some intellectuals spend their life consuming rather than of creating. Copying and pasting selecting passages and arguing against others through language... through consuming (disguise as reading). Can I really learn through text that can make me consume? I am not so sure. I don't think so. A consumer just becomes more of an exploited object and less of a human. Therefore, it's hard to really to learn wisdom, advice, and words from certain text. It's why the internet remains much more of a liberation than physical

books will have. Books are only loved now by the Baby boomers and Gen-Xers. I collect books to read about the past and make esoteric arguments about those which is not

understood. Books have an underground appeal. Some exist without purpose and need to be "read." Not consumed. There is wisdom, advice, words, and concepts in the most underground pulp. If the text cannot be read however, just throw it away. Most of academics is equivalent to Car Salesman anyway. Lowlife chumps.

If enough pulp text is read, I can create art with it. Like bullets in a gun that can shoot. Words and the text create ideas and thoughts in the head. Like butterflies, they need to be caught.

The discipline of capturing thoughts is the most hardest and requires discipline, not talent. The same goes for lifting weights. One does not grow muscles without discipline of lifting weights. This task is hard and painful. Even to call it, evil. It's why

most people ignore the weights, the typewrite, the white canvas, the empty DAW program, the covered in the dust instrument that has lost it's purpose. Creating art turns to consumption, I like that of reading.

Reading and creation has become consumption. An artist

does not consume. Bobbybuilders do not eat McDonalds everyday. The artist

must aesthetically and improve oneself in power. A human being has an opportunity

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must aesthetically and improve oneself in power. A human being has an opportunity to do so. Most humans are born into a class system and live off that life. This is a tragedy. An existential crisis. Tiffney Trump and Chel

sea Clint are living the greatest life ever lived. did they earned that life? no. They were born into it. (T.T and C.C.. funny) I cannot compare and contrast myself with TT

and CC because I have not lived their lives. They have cheated. Cheaters are always winners. In the primal world, to succeed, one must life-cheat-kill-steal-rape. This is unorthodox to Christian religion. But the ethics of

LIECHEATSTELAKILLRAPE)LCSKR are the tactics. I live in the bourgeois world. Outside of it, is the Primal world. The world of animals, jungles, and instinct. The natural way of living human beings have denied through the ages of progression and technology and advanced language. We are caught up everyday in the jail system that is the bourgeois world. I could have so much greater potential, but I am trapped in a

mind trap. A society without purpose. I feel I am playing Morrowind, and

I am ultimately RESTING in a hut and refuse to go out and kill monsters, because I only have one life before it's game over. No more. I have lost the urge to become powerful, to go on an adventure. Like a mouse in a Skinner box, I have learned to press a red button everyday and eat free

cheese . I feel people have better Skinner boxes too.

...took a dump. Writing on the Freeewrite is like sitting down and playin g Doom 4 for towo hours. Writing it self is like a video game.

Instead of consuming and buying unessisarty things to IMPROVE my creation , I need to work on the disclplene of isntantly cpautring my thoughts na ge tting down on canvas IN LESS THAN 10 MUNITES.

Afterwords, I coutnie the ar tistic process once it is written down. I feel right now I have got the th ough that I have saw in my head and now I have no aniexity or confusion t hat I got the thought down on canvas. The freewrite is a device that will encode every possible voice in my mind. This is the center and creation

of art. When I had that vocal line in my head "Vacume Claner... 1 2 3 Van cume Cleanrer... 4 5 6..." I knew I want to also sing it in a Biutspeak p rogram of Phonetetic Prgoram. I must record that in reason once I

get a chance. It haunts my mind like a melody I can't get rid of... a song that doesn't exist... but will come into existence once I write it down. Also, I

have thoughts about bandcamp and reuploading all the songs I wrote when I

was 15-18. That would be nice. It's on that old laptop in my closet. I must use a usb stick and transfer the files on to my macbook. Already, those thoughts are going a mile a minute and if I forget, they will not be done.

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Those thoughts are going a mile a minute and if I forget, they will not be done. It's on my "to-do" list. Also going to try and find that song I wrote on the Future Retro Revolution on the laptop too... if it's there. I remember I brought that thing into school, haha. I was 19. Now that thought of getting the files off the laptop becomes my duty of today. Summer days, is

uncertain every day after. I don't have a plan. I wish to be uncertain all the time. I find this enjoyable. However, the things I really want to do, like find a girlfriend and get the files off the computer, I am scared. I am scared to experience a new feeling from this. I need guidance and help. Unfortunately, I am not CC and TT.

Well, I am getting hungry. I didn't have breakfast yet. Walked Lucy around the farm for a bit. Got back and wrote this. My instinct guides me. I need food.

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7-29-16

There are three types of American teenagers that attend college.

First, there is this type that believes that he or she has no control over the situation and environment they are in. They pretend that college is an experience and feel they have no control attending the school or working their major. Often the parents will send them out of the house and give them

money to support to live out 4 years of thier lifes, only to get a degree in the arts or something else useless. These people are often big tit blondes, worthless jocks, and lower-class barbarians.

Second, there is the weak type that bleives college is a "transcendetal" and life-changing experince. They see the insitution as a means to live out first time experince and truely act like a so-called "adult." They cherish experinces that are idyllic and often have peer pressure from other social groups. Nerds, feminist, philosphers, agitators, and upper-class snobs will fall in this catergory.

And thirdly, there is this type that understands college as a hollow money-making insitutions. Therefor, it is best to get out as quick as possible and get a degree in something worthwhile. These teenagers have demanding parents and have no control the situation. Unlike the first catergory, they are determined to get the best grades, the best scholarships, and any method they will get to be the best in what they earn. They will avoid making friends and focus on work, as if they are working wihtout getting the pay. These are the Chinese, forgien-exchange students, working-class regreters, anti-social types, and the "work culture" individual.

Now, imagine all three groups in one big stupid insituion all at once. This will result in total failure. The campus with 20,000 students is indeed chaotic. How is the insitution suppose to look out for everyone of these types? Easy.

Insitualize certain catergories. There is a Bell Curve and there is a socio-economical classes. Money pats the culture and the culture is exploited. There is no true authentic experince in America.

The greatest awakening any student can see after the ages of 18-22, four to five years spent in an lying insitutional, is that col,lege itself was a scam. This scam made the consumer blind in order to take out money from the innoncent pokets. the first harm of innoncence comes from the money spent to lvie out the greatest moment in someones idyllic youth of 18-22. The system promotes a crash-and-burn idology. Most students come out of 4 years learning absolultey no trades, only ideology. Don't blame the insituion. The insitution was only there to make money and to exploit the foolish. Buisness 101. I am lucky to type these out on a Freewrite and have the enternal ablility to finally write my thoughts down. This is real education and liberation. It was right in front of me this whole time. I only needed the discipline and time to commit to typing on keys. And now, I can write what ever thought I want wihtout the need of professor looking over me and correcting WHAT I SHOULD SAY to a politcally-correct mass that will not understand me. Worthless wisdom and a waste of my time.

Who should we trust? The 25 year old with a BA in English that graduating from a private school and is now working for Verizon full time and is luckiy hanging on to a new found girlfriend to be evnetually wed and buy a house in Pennsylvania?

Or what about the 25 year old that got out of military, fucked 7 girls since, maybe shot someone, knows how to work a gun, get up in the morning, and is jacked and has both beauty and health?

The weakling just wants to take the military kid and take him down to the inferior, bourgeois, weak nature of the suburban kid. There is not equality. The military kid has better wisdom, advice, experience, and has gained more knowledge through the military than a cold money making institution has. Think about it. Staying in McDonald for 4-5 years of one's life, or going outside and working the world to one's advantage?

This dichotomy is important. However, the strong man is as well exploited by the elite. The strong man ends up as a worthless jock. Why can't the strong man synergize the talents learned in college and put them into practice? This is a rare find indeed.

I think about my own life. I feel as though I am worthless myself. I am cold, bitter, and cruel than I was when I was 18. When I was 18, I felt I had power. And all of a sudden, I lost that power. 6 years ago. It takes 6 years to hurt, can it get 6 years to take the power back? I feel like I am in jail. I feel I have no will.

Those who have will are the winners. The parents must allow it, the institution must allow it, the money must pay for

it. It in return creates a cocky, selfish, arrogant being. Is it worth it? Yes. That life is worth it.

It's why equality won't work. When I meet a stranger, the stranger must condemn those who are weak. Only the cocky, the selfish, and the arrogant survive. The weak wants to take these vaules down to his level. Unfroutnaley, everyone knobs the head and says bullies will be stopped. Only then, the primal world reappears again in all forms of social life.

The cliché one hears: "We are only humans." "Are humans naturally good?" "Humanity is flawed." "The law is only guidelines and people are people." "All flaws happen because we are human."

Pathetic.

It's a whole culture condemning BEING human. When the reality is that humans are the opposite of what we say. We really don't understand ourselves. Its why we need religion. Ahtesit, maybe even satanist, try and take in the aspect of humanity. Only then to condemn it and say it's evil. A sad, silly event of religious vaules.

Nationalism, White Nationalism, Ehtnonationalism, is the most closet religion that comes towards a society where

humanity is right. All actions jsutified without liberal nonsense. No more dishonesty and indoors jokes. Nationalism is unapologetically honest. The honet religion.

Has college teach me this? No. I had to learn this for myself. The insituion has no power over me. I am only an animal that has learned an advanced langauge. I don;t know my own biological surroudnings or inner nature. I am not sure of my own breathing. I only improve through my own spirtual growth. I want to become that writer and musician, thatartist too. I will have a name for it as well.

The USA release of Yokai Watch TCG is coming out August 1st at Walmart. I am afraid it looks totally differnt from the Mayalasian version. I hope it is not that differnt or stupid. I see only numbers written on the cards. I also bought a rare, hologrpahic Jibanyan card for \$9.99 on ebay too. Maybe that will grow in money too.

I spent \$10.50 on the worse Cheese steak I ever had. This will out the Pheonixville fiar. Mom dragged me out to go see my brother. i felt worthless, like always. Next time I should not go. Good thing it was mom's money and not mine.

(if i turn it to wifi and save the file thorough dropbox, i can get the word file insteand of the PDF. I will see).

7-31-16

(for now on, DO NOT press the SEND button! Rather, turn the switch onto ON, and wait a minture, until the TXT file is in Dropbox on mac computer. Drag and drop the file into the Word summer file).

Ok, so, this happend yesterday actully. I did some things today... Got in naked in fron of Alice and jerked off... finally. Went to Saladworks, walked to Wawa. got ticks on me. But onto yesterday...

I was in the car with Kevin to go and pick up stuff from his house and transfer it back to family house. It was his last day to move out and back into the house. Kevin obnoxusly put on "Recondite - Acid" album. Hipster post-modern and ironic "Acid house," TB-303 and everything. Now, I wish for one moment I would just sit in the front of the car, and everything is nice and dedicated. But what happens with Kevin, when he is stressed, he lingers onto topics he wants to talk about... by speaking his mind of course. And he speaks about music equipment, and how he's going to make it, and things he never really does and says. So... to make things more intrtesting, I decided vto say, "I think the bassliner he is using in this track is a Roland TB-3 actully." "NO IT'S NOT... HOW? I DISAGREE. YOUR WRONG. END THE CONVERSATION." Why is he so hostile like this? I want to only say the thought I say... not his. Why he is so hostile? When he speaks that tone, I have to discipline him like a middle-school teacher to a student. "And hears whyy..." Very quickly and nonc harsh. Unapolgetically. But everything he takes in his an offense to his own nature. He's a big baby. Everyone I know speaks in a nice tone and acknowledges every thought. Not Kevin. He's no differnt than a social justice warrior. A problem with today's society. But anyway, that runined my day. I could not think

about anything else but that one little incident that ruined my day. "What if he is right and it is an actual TB-303? What if I am wrong? I know I am right. Why can't he acknowledge my wisdom?" I could not move around things, as Kevin was yelling at me more. "This is the only way I can speak to you if your actually going to do something and do the job!" Pathetic he is. (He's making stranger John Carpenter music in the other room right now). Yesterdazy was also raining, and the mood was dooming. I tried to seperate, but he wanted to be near me. He kind of said he was sorry, but not really. He's not that bright. (Virginia Woolf said if a women wants to be a writer, she will need two things: a room of her own, money to spend, and a type writer). At the end of the day, I decided to look up if this claim was true that he has a real TB-303. Well, it's implied he might have a real TB-303, but, he uses more often Abelson and Acid Bassline by Audiorealism than anything else. Hence, me and Kevin were both wrong. Digital yes. I was close to being right. Kevin on the other hand, wrong. The incident offened me because Kevin became the suppose expert on Bassliners and I was left to dust about my own knoweldge. He dosen't even have experince on bassliners goddamit. I was the one with a Future Retro Revoultuion and Rebirth RB0338. He only cares about making gay, obnnxious, white hipster music more than anything else. He dosen't even know music theroy! He knows how to press buttons and makes "sounds." so pretentious and immature. Like a baby that needs his paciifer. Sometimes, I wish this infulenced would not my harm in interest in music. In some respect, Kevin taught me how to like music, but still, I DONT want to like music. I feel that that learning music is forced upon me as a brother or family thing and really, I don't like it at all. I use to make it, because I am force to. This is good, since music becomes work rather than leisure. I love that. I can make profit off music than love it. However, I still want my

privacy when it comes to listening and creating music. It should come natural like all musician have experinced in the past. I however, I have no control over the situation and must be at someone else will (Kevin, Mom, Dad) . This creates a wrothless and sucidial life (that has mostly been the answers in situations like these). The answer is to moe out of the house.... when i get my degree and get an income. School and family has nothing more been a dsitraction from becoming who I really am. I am a worthless slave.

Today, I woke up at 9, drove to Alice's house. I didn't bring a frisbess. So no frisbee time. We decided to go to Saladworks for lunch. Amazing. Best salaf I ever had. Sugarery and Salty and fastfood like. Too bad it's not like Subway. The headquaters is in Conshocken. Maybe I should work or them. We waled around a bit. and headed back home. Alice played Sims game and I watched her make a house. I told her I was horny. I finally got to show her my penis! She wacked it a couple of times, punched it. It hurted a bit.. I said I need to masturbate. I got naked in fron of her I jerked my dick of while standing in her bathroom. She watched me like a nurse waiting for a sperm sample. I had to do it in the bathtub, not shooting at the wall. I said I can ejaculate in 3 minutes. Than it turned six. I guess I am shy. She left the room. I ejaculated after that. I thanked her to let me do it in front of her a bit... Next time, she has to watch me cum, or cum on her leg. After, we took a walk in the park and up to wawa. She got Peach Sprite and Honeymustard Synber pretzel bits. Walked back to her house. After helping her house, I relaized I had two ticks on me. I flushed them down the toilet. She said "Fuck you." For not cleaning up the ticks. I left 10 minutes later. Had some long kisses, had fun. 6 hours at Alices house. Other intresting dialoug too we talked about. Such like the Hapa reddit and stuff Euraasin people like, The cosomplotian

survey on how interracial, wealthy liberal couples, are racist in bed. Do white people rule the world? When does nationalism occur? Are college degrees worthless? Why get one in English when the esoteric information you learned is only applied to esoteric, enncrtic, upper-classes delusional liberals? How divided is the working-class and elite class? Intresting stuff. I am thinking she will make a good wife one day... maybe.

I have to buy either a joystick for KOF 14 or more Reason rack extensions soon. I should maybe sell the Roland TR-8 as well. Buy Yokai Watch TCG tomorrow at Wal-mart. Go to dentsit at 4:30.

Am I self confirming my thoughts and philosophy when I hear aa noise I want it be?

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How to write a "distraction-free" gamebook draft.

Table of Contents:

INTRODUCTION

- What is this?
- Why I wrote this book.
- What you can get out of this

PART 1: WHAT IS A GAMEBOOK?

Definitions

- What is a gamebook?
- A history and background
- How you should approach reading gamebooks.

Why write gamebooks?

- The second person genre
- Like an avant-garde genre
- Not enough second-person books
- Playing with the text is reading
- Gamebooks are part of literature

What is “distraction-free?”

- What it means to be distraction-free.
- What you need to write before hand (the Freewrite)
- Avoid using the computer. Writers are not game designers.

PART 2: WRITING A DISTRACTION-FREE GAMEBOOK.

Writing a “distraction-free” gamebook.

- The phases
- Writing phase (stream of consciousness advice)
(adding numbers before and number paths)
(before you go into edit, assume the writer is done his book)
- Editing phase (edit the whole document through)
- Sequencing phase (what is it, why it's important)
- Formatting phase (how to make a fancy pdf document. easy for the reader to read)

PART 3: AFTER WRITING YOUR GAMEBOOK

Looking ahead

- Publish it on lulu or give it as a free pdf (get your audience right)
- Conculsion (ready to write another gamebook? Recap why the “distraction-free” method is the best way to write a gamebook).

APPENDIX:

Hellfire Temple draft after the writing phase, what your finished document should look like. In no way is it the “finished” product.

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Hi.

In this tutorial, I’m going to show you how I write a Gamebook without being distracted.

If you don’t know what a gamebook is, a “gamebook.” is a type of second-person narrative that relies on the reader to make choices and has some kind of game system, such as stats, built into the novel. The defining gamebook franchise are Fighting Fantasy, Lone wolf, and Quest!. They are different from the chose-your-own-adventure book because they expand upon the choices being made and the reader’s character could die at any moment depending where his stats are at. Think of the gamebook as a variant or expansion of the chose-your-own adventure book. Instead of just choosing paths, the readers is also interacting by using the game system learned prior before reading.

Gamebooks have been quite successful in Europe. While in America, the chose-your-own-adventure book dominates. This is one reason why the gamebook has not reached

international fame. Along with the popularity of dungeons and dragons, the role-playing market came out of America. Role-playing games like D&D, always stressed there should be one "Dungeon Master" and at least one other player. For the gamebook, the text is the dungeon master and the reader is the player. Some gamebooks in the past have created two-player and even four-player book, such as Steve Jackson's X and Y. But the popularity remains it being a single-player, or solitary role-playing experience. One of the very first gamebooks, *The Warlock on Firetop Mountain*, was directly influenced by roleplaying games like *Dungeons and Dragons*. Gamebooks are like single-player roleplaying games. (mention tunnels and trolls along with quest). The reader is interacting with the text through a built-in game system. This is a very similar experience to text-based-adventure games like *Zork*. Except that the book is analog and is not a computer. Today, computers and video-games rule the second person narrative. Gamebooks, along with role-playing games, is a dying art. Only those appreciate such entertainment will gravitate towards them. There is still so much to be done with second person writing than just choosing paths.

Most gamebook euthanists come right from reading *Fighting Fantasy*. I read *The Warlock on Firetop Mountain* when I was 17 and since started collecting gamebooks. FF has certainly defined how gamebooks should work. However, the FF combat system, Skill Stamina and Luck, is unfortunately trademarked, and cannot be used for any commercial reasons without written consent by the creators. So only non-commercial, fan-made, public-domain, *Fighting Fantasy* PDF adventures have been appearing online since. To really publish an original gamebook, means to also create a game system with it.

Game systems can vastly differ. But the system should be easy enough for a reader to learn and apply it to the text.

Fighting Fantasy also popularize the “turn-to” mechanic. Most choose-your-own adventure books will often give readers a choice to turn to “page 5 or 6.” Fighting Fantasy re-invented the path system by introduction numbered “sections.” In most FF books, 400 is the average length of a FF gamebook. Section 1 is the introduction of the narrative, and then branches off into other sections, such “to turn to 54, 86, or 13.” The reader turns physical pages and finds the section in sequential order. Eventually, a random section, like 274, will lead to the ending of the narrative, section 400. Anytime the reader could “die” because of his status, make the wrong choice, and then the novel ends. The goal is to get to achieve an ending through any way of play. This could be bad or good. It is really up to the author.

This system is fascinating because the potential endings increase within the book. A reader could say, “I tried to get the golden token, but then I died missing the ledge and falling down in a pit of snakes,” or “I had to choose three wives to marry, but I chose Sarah because she has a passive-aggressive personality.” However, these endings and choices should satisfy the reader. Endings like “falling into a pit of snakes” should not be negative, but encouraging enough for the reader to rewind back and read again.

Choose-your-own-adventure books often fail to make great choices because they are often like religious tracts. The Choose-your-own-adventure book was targeted for young kids, and often would they be in a situation where they had to make an ethical choice. Such a cliché example would be “do drugs and you get the bad ending, say no and you get the good ending.” This means the reader is at the will of

ethics and is not free and confident to make his own choices. It's such second-person narratives, like "Depression Quest" leaves a bad-stain on the second-person narrative. Section introduced by Fighting Fantasy, is truly random and not forward. The reader is using his books by constantly bookmarking random pages and flipping towards the next. The sequence of events is unexpected. Gamebooks should give freedom (freewill), power, and enjoyment to the reader (or player) than force the reader to be at the will of the selfish author. Whenever we read any text, technically we are at the will of the writer. But with the second-person narrative and the gamebook genre, the reader is truly free from the writer, since the text is his.

Gamebooks have been hard to write because of this paradigm and because of creating a unique "game-system" and random sequence of sections. This has hurt the writer and has rewarded more of the computer programmer of game designer. Often, gamebooks are associated with games and not literature. That is true. But because they are also books, they can be as well treated as literature. All avant-garde genres of the past 50 years, like Oulip, Deconstruction, Cut-up, foundism, and "language poetry," are considered forms of literature. These strange genres have rewarded the artist more than the articulate and logical English writer. These genres are about "messing with the text" and in some way, are considered to be "post-modern" that is, anyone could write something and art has no innate meaning. Which is interesting about the genres that I just mention, is that they let the reader become free from the will of the writer. That is, the writer is just as free as the reader. It is a pleasure to read "cut-up words from a newspaper to create poetry," or to "interpreted European philosophy to really mean that they are arguing for

Communism.” This method is a lot like Ernst’s Hemingway’s Iceberg. What we perceived to be written language on the canvas is assumed to be language. However, a artist truly creates art when a writer, just like the artist, picks certain words and creates meanings that reward a sense of an appreciation for aesthetics than meaning. In other words, the written word can be just like painted pictures in a museum. A reader, just like a viewer of an art piece, can aesthetically enjoy written language just like a Jackson Pollock painting.

This is where the genres of Science Fiction and Fantasy come in. Both genres have their origin in pulps written for children and adults. The purpose was for sheer entertainment, not high intellectualism like the works of J.R.R Tolkien or Kurt Vonnegut. It’s why gamebooks have latched on to such playful genres. But gamebooks can incorporate any genre it wants to, so as long as it gives the reader freedom and enjoyment (and readers vastly differ from one another). There has yet to be a gamebook written about Shakespeare or a simple adventure in Vaporwave Japan. The second-person, like the gamebook, is avant garde just like the influential literature genres in the past century. Already meaning is implied in the text. Gamebooks can be post-modern, artistic, and playful. In a nutshell, gamebooks are both literature and games in one. Someone can be a literature aficionado and enjoy a gamebook just like reading Stephen King, and someone who has never read a book but has played hours of online games can find enjoyment in the “game” aspect of the gamebook. The second-person narrative is a future genre.

But, how can a writer write a new genre of writing that is almost unknown and has a complex discipline? Simply, by

writing! There is no prerequisite to write a gamebook, only wisdom and experience. You do not need a computer program to write a gamebook, only a word processor and time to write it down. It's why I have made this video to teach you how to write a "distraction-free" gamebook.

Then, oppose to that, why is writing a gamebook full of distractions? One, because games today, mostly video-games, take place on the computer. A video-programmer has to sit in front of a computer all day a type a long list of C++ commands until each model is correct and working.

Writing a gamebook is not computer-programming! If you are a writer, you might have realized that writing on a computer also leads to surfing the internet, checking mail, and playing with the desktop. How is a writer supposed to write a 40,000 word novel if he or she cannot commit the time or pay attention to write it? This is especially hard that if writing takes place on the computer, you will start to associate writing with the computer! And for gamebooks, aren't new games based around the computer too? And the readers who will be reading your books also consume the computer too? That is all true, but this has damaged the method of writing and the association of writing a gamebook. Writing a gamebook is like writing anything else. There only needs to be some wisdom learned and some experience gained. Writing a gamebook is pretty much writing a style that you have read and wish to interpret, or mimic.

In this information age, what should you do?

First, you should buy a distraction-free typewriter. That can be a \$100 computer or a small machine that cannot go online. I am writing this right now on my Astrohaus

Freewrite. The Freewrite is a “digital” or “smart” typewriter for the year 2016 and beyond. It can switch between 3 active folders, store up to 10,000 plus typed documents, and constantly save your written work online through online (wifi) cloud. It has a battery of over 3 weeks! The only interface is an “on” button and the QWERTY keyboard in front of you. Once everything is written, just press the “send” button and a PDF/TXT file is sent to your email.

The Freewrite has definitely changed my life! I can write anytime I want! The thing is small, portable, and reliable. I can wake up at 4AM and write what's on my mind and be back in bed 30 mins later (bright up screen too!). Also it has a handy word-count measure and stopwatch. I just press the “special” button and check my progress. All writers know that word count is the center of any written work. Knowing this is important to consider how much time you have spent typing and how long the reader will read your text.

Furthermore, the Freewrite is NOT a word processor! It does not have arrow keys and no wordcheck! That is up to you to send the file through their computer and edit it in your own word processor. The Freewrite does one thing and does it so well.

Writing.

All you have to do is just write. Get everything on paper and edit later. No wordsmithing! Writing that novel is a process.

1. Writing 2. Editing 3. Formatting.

Once everything has been written, take the time to edit the giant document. Hire an editor or do it yourself. Once that's done, go ahead and format it to your desire. Most writers nowadays depend on self-publishing, since that is where the reader market is at (everything else is shameless self-promotion). And once that is done, you're ready to sell your book! Don't expect anyone to buy your book immediately, what matters is your written word is available for the public, either free or on sale.

The Freewrite has changed the way I write. I suggest you should go ahead and buy yourself a Freewrite. It is the only existing method to writing a distraction-free gamebook. Associating writing with the computer creates a distracted, hyper, autistic reality. As a writer, you want to associate your gamebook with every reader. Do not associate writing with a computer. This will hurt your freedom to write whatever comes to mind and you are at the will of programs and windows.

Once you have found and created a writing environment (just like all writers do), you can start writing a gamebook. But once again, how do you even write one? Or even where to begin?

Already, you have either never read a gamebook in your life or have read tons of gamebooks and is watching this to look for advice. First, I suggest anyone who hasn't read a gamebook, go buy and read *The Warlock on Firetop Mountain*. If you found this video for the first time and still never read a gamebook, keep watching. Because you will learn how a gamebook is written and will apply the knowledge learned once you read your first gamebook (and

hopefully you will too start writing a gamebook). As for everyone else who read a gamebook, keep watching.

All gamebooks have some kind of game system. This game system usually involves printed paper with an eraser and pencil and some dice. This is almost protocol for every gamebook. Though there has been gamebooks in the past that do not rely on random generation dice and have extended amount of choices or stats gained and lost. This once again bothers a line as an advance choose-your-own-adventure book. Dice, Paper and pencil have been crucial to the gamebook genre. It is the use of outside components that have made a “game” within a gamebook in the first place. However, it is at the same time that these outside components scare off new readers into gamebooks. All books are physical and do not need anything else to be read (maybe glasses). Gamebooks tried in the past to create random generation through page flipping and obtains stats or “keys” to open certain section paths. This is nice method and I most like rolling dice. Dice should never be the pinnacle of the whole gamebook genre. Gamebooks should have diverse and unique systems for each book (or series that is). Also, gamebooks should not be defined by path taken, as that would lead to the gimmick of choose-your-own-adventure books. Gamebooks are more than just “paths” and are advance versions of the choose-your-own-adventure book.

With technology today, a gamebook system can be emulated on a phone. Random dice can be generated and stats recorded. Game systems are becoming more minimal and more of an ease to get into. There will always be complex or difficult gamebooks, such as the classic Quest! series. These books are also rewarding as they give

the reader more freedom and is a bigger game than just a novel. However, all gamebook writers should start writing simple and easy gamebooks before they start writing more complex and advance gamebooks in mind. It is also true that a majority of people would prefer to read *The Warlock on Firetop Mountain* over *Quest!* And ultimately why choose-you-own-adventure books sold better in America than gamebooks. The level of difficulty can scare away any potential reader. The reader must engage the text naturally like reading any other book. Therefore, the introduction “how-to-play” text must be as short as possible. Rules to a game is only the guidelines, not the game (or novel) itself.

The most popular game system is none other than *Fighting Fantasy*s. It requires two dice, pencil and the adventure sheet in front of the book. The name is written down, all three stats are rolled for, and in some situation, the beginning inventory is selected and recorded on the adventure sheets. Obviously if anything is used, stats go down or items are erased. What makes this system fun is because the reader feels engaged with the text and has the freedom to interact. It is said the motion of rolling dice itself is fun, and brings to mind that of gambling. Even though, random numbers can be generated either way, and if a number is randomly generated through flipping pages, well, the reader wishes he or she could just pick a different and higher number anyway. The aspect of random numbers must be fun too. Whatever this situation might arise of sneaking across the room or fighting with a monster. The reader must feel engaged the system. The game system is the submarine costume in order to go deep below the sea and swim with fishes. The game system should not take over the novel itself. The reader is the center of the text, not the system or the writer (a gamebook

writer of course, may be just be good at what he or she writes, so the recognized name is a definitely choice).

The hard truth is that gamebook writers must create (or borrow for the easy path) a game system before writing a gamebook.

Now, the big question is, what do you want to use? Do you just want to use Fighting Fantasy's system, or do you want to create a variant of the system?

I suggest creating a variant of the system you like to use (for that matter, Fighting Fantasy). Instead of using two dice, why not use one dice? And for stats? Well, for one thing, life is important and attack. why not add a starting stat for both LIFE and ATTACK at 10? And if a monster appears, give him a "X" ATTACK where X is the difficulty. Both roll a dice, and damage is absorbed. Character that reaches to 0 is dead! This is just one of many ideas you could integrate in your game system. You want to write a game system that is easy to learn and to use. Give extra perks to make the system more fun, like gain experience points when a monster is dead, or be aligned with a certain character class that gives you benefits and new paths to follow. Adding these things will make your system interesting and original. I believe you should write you feel is a system that associated as a form of play. Like fighting monsters all the time? Just add one monster after another? Like money? Add shops and things to buy? Like equipment? Add bonuses to stats. Your created game system should come naturally to you. Pretend, as if, you are really just writing a choose-your-own-adventure book. But add in stats to interact with the path, random number challenges, fighting of monsters, and buying things. The

reader will feel more invested into the text when given this freedom. Try to make the text like a role-playing game. Give the reader freedom over his character and allow rules to help him break the rules! You could not do this in a choose-your-own adventure book. Make your gamebook have it's best potential as a game and not just choosing parts. If you still don't know how to create a proper system, just borrow one. The ultimate purpose is learning how to write gamebooks in the first place, and creating a game system prior before writing should not deter you. If you plan on writing a game system before writing, write the game system first! If not, but you still are looking for your game system, just start writing and add game elements in the text to help you make sense what will become your future system. Most gamebook writers love fighting Fantasy and will often mimic Fighting Fantasy, though they cannot use FF's game system. Mimic what you would want to read. Just remember, the game system should not be the center of your gamebook.

Every writer knows that there are 3 processes for the published written work.

1. Writing 2. Editing 3. Formatting.

As I just wrote, writing should be a "distraction-free" process and every stream of consciousness should land onto the canvas. Later, let's say after all 400 gamebook entries have been written, the process of editing comes about. Technically, your gamebook is finished, but is poorly written. Editing goes back and checks every mistake and incorrect grammar error. After the editing process comes Formatting. There is no misspelled word or wrong sentence before formatting. Anyone can read. However, the perfectly

good written word needs to be applied on to a document that has paragraph indentations, page indentations, page numbering, and everything that would be digitally saved as an actual book. Open up any book. It was formatted before it was published. After the editing phase, your work would look like a jumbled mess of words colliding together. Formatting cleans the spaces. After formatting is done, the document is published into the book and it is ready to sell (or be created as a private book).

Now, this sequence pretty much applies to all written novels. Writing a gamebook is no different than writing a novel. However, one extra phase is added in between editing and formatting.

Sequencing.

Remember about the random sections I told you about? Your written sections need to be both random and re-organized into sections 1-400. The first room could be at 72 and the second to last room could be at 14. This process of Sequencing is the longest phase of editing/formatting (or both) the gamebook. The good news is that every single word is edited and there is no need to correct anything. And after sequencing comes formatting, which should be very short compared to sequencing. Think of sequencing as formatting itself. Sequencing is just an exclusive phase of “formatting” for the gamebook genre. You are basically generating a random number sequence, copying and pasting each number to your written sections, and then finally copying and pasting each written section through a correct number sequence number 1-400. It’s a lot of inane copying and pasting, scrolling up and down, and making sure numbers 1-400 are in correct order. In fact, what’s so

annoying is you have to do it 400 times while staring at a computer screen. Your eyes should hurt for a bit. But you should know everything is done at this point. The labor of sequencing is just the most crucial part of the entire gamebook.

Sequencing has three parts

1. Generating a random number sequence (1-400 in this case).
2. Copying and pasting the random number sequence, top to bottom, to your written sections, written as XX or the number up top.
3. Creating a new document, copying past sections 1-400 and reorganizing the sequence back to normal.

Already, this seems like a lot of hard work. Why do it if you can get a program for it? Truth is, there isn't any program for this. The written word is free and is up to the writer to make sense of it. Just like an actual language. The language of the gamebook requires this crucial sequencing. In the end, it's worth it. It's not worth spending the money to do it for you.

The first part of sequencing is creating a random number generated line. Suppose you are to write a gamebook that has 400 sections. Section 1 is the introduction and section 400 is the best ending possible. Sections 2-399 will be random. Each correct order of sequence will be scrambled to a different number. Such as going to 54 from 344 and 295 to 66. 1 and 400 are not scrambled. This is both the start and finish of the gamebook. To create a sequence of random generator line of numbers, I suggest going online, type in a search for "random number list generator." The site I go to

is random.org. Find the “Random Sequence Generator. The smallest vaule is “2” and the highest vaule “399.” Type it in, click “Get Sequence” and the list should be genrator for you. It should look something like this:

69

137

345

162

218

280

203

114

etc.

This is what I got from the random generator. What you want to do next is copy everything, top to bottom, and paste it into a new text file. This sequence will be very important.

Now, you should have probabley wrote your gamebook by now. The next section that follows 1, should connect the paths with “69,”137,” or “345.” The original paths of 2, 3 and 4, should be replace with the correlated number. Delete the three numbers that follow. For every path you wrote, right the disginated numbers until the whole chart you wrote is deleted. See where you going from hear? You just gave each of your sections a number to follow. They no longer are called “sections 1 2 or 3.” They have meaningful number to go with it.

What is next after this? The last and longest part of the process.

Re-organize all sections into the correct order!

That's right. The new section 2, should follow 1, and then 3-4-5-6-7-8, until you get to 400. The differences this time? Everything is in random order. There is no correct order after section 1. It's rather an event that happens later on in the narrative. So now the reader must flip pages until he gets to the designated section. If turn to 72, the reader must now follow section order until he gets to 72.

No program was used to make this. Only a number sequencer found online and your own time re-organize everything. This is how Steve Jackson and Ian Livingstone wrote all their old books. No frills. Sequencing is a discipline just like formatting. It is in between the art of editing and formatting. Getting this right means you have created a perfect gamebook. Most will give up on this process and rely on someone else to do it for them. The problem is, this is your text. You should edit the text how you see appropriate and how others will read it. The sequencing process has nothing to do with game design or computer programming. It just is. It is not a writing process either. You are simply editing the book to be read as a game, or form of play. Get it right and you are one step closer from finishing your gamebook.

The most important of a gamebook, is how to even write one? It's like poetry really. There are different methods writing poetry. All poetry is similar in some sort of way. All gamebooks are similar in some sort of way. What do gamebooks have?

- Gamebooks have a personal game system.
- Gamebooks use out components, like dice and pencil, maybe even a smart phone.
- Gamebooks have sections. Depending how long the gamebook is, sections can range from 200 to 400. 400 being the average.
- Gamebooks have paths to choose from. A gamebook could have up to tow, three, four or even more paths to chose from.
- Gamebooks have combat or “fights.” The reader’s charactyher encounters an oppoent usiong dice, satistics, or choice.
- Gamebooks have “keys” or “items.” Some objects obtain will further advance a new path the reader can take or advange in a fight.
- And Gamebook sections are short and descriptive. They rely on the second-person narrative and describe the enviorment in a great amount, but short detail. “You are in a wet, dark cave. You can hear waterdrops falling from the stagalites ahead. It is so dark, you can not see ahead.”

These 7 factors make up the elements of the gamebook. For the factors of a simple choose-your-own-adventure book, they only have 2 factors. 1, to chose a new path everytime, and 2, if a recorded item system is ever introduce. The reader of choose-your-own-adventure book will often forgot the so-called objects they collected anmd cheat by flipping back and choosing the “right” path. This would mean the choose-your-own-adventure book really only has 1 factor, that is, jsut choosing paths.

This is what makes the gamebook truly unique. The writer must be aware of all 7 factors added into his book. Now, none of these factors are definite. They are only innate characteristics of the gamebook genre. Any of these factors can be altered anyway. However, the writer must acknowledge that these factors are the structure of the genre. Not the science. The game system is the writer's gamebook should not supercede the narrative itself. Outside components should not be cumbersome to the reader and should be natural for the reader. Sections should be short to read and not long to read (at least 150 words). Fights with opponent characters should not be too difficult or inane. Objects and keys come natural to the reader's senses. And the reader should always remain as the objective reader and not the critic against the poor writer. The gamebook allows to be free within the second-person narrative. This freedom should not supercede the writer's art. The reader then might as well drop the book and go play an online video game. The reader is neither at the will of the writer. The reader is enjoying and engaging the text just like a science-fiction or fantasy pulp.

It is hard to think about these things all at once. This is not game design, it is writing after all. The best way to incorporate these factors is to write spontaneously. The writer is creating the text not for himself, but for the reader that might enjoy his world. Poets write poetry that might give a certain feeling to poet lovers. The gamebook writer must persuade his feelings too.

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So, you want to write a gamebook?

Do you have an interest in gamebooks or know what one is?

Have you written a gamebook before and is interested in advice in “distraction-free” writing?

Or you don’t know anything about writing gamebooks and is seeking advice.

It’s why I wrote this.

I love gamebooks. But I don’t know how to compose one. I use to think I was a “bad writer.” No. Not at all. That is a deafist attitude. You can check my attached copy of Hellfire Temple at the end of this document.

I use to think that I was just not “writing” right. Nonsense. Anyone can write. You can too. The problem is composing the gamebook. It’s about putting it together and making sense of your writing. After all, you want to write a second-person narrative. That is what gamebooks are. “You,” talking to the read. Any writer knows this. There should be no problem addressing your reader.

I want to share with you two things I learned about writing a gamebook. First, how I (I) write one, and second, what you should avoid when writing a gamebook. I am only sharing the wisdom I know about writing a gamebook.

it is best to write a gamebook when your, as a writer, is free from distractions.

That is, away from the internet, the TV, video-games, anything that could deter your commitment and mediation towards writing and enabling of ther media. These distraction won’t help you.

This is what I see with the problem of gamebook writers. I see them indulged in technology, such as computer programming, and they based writing their gamebooks like programming a video game.

Are you one of these people? I have bad news for you. Writing is not programming.

Writing is writing.

There is no innate science, only the written word of the English language. Therefore, gamebooks are just like any other written form like the novel and poetry.

The problem is, normal people do not appreciate the art because they don't understand how the gamebook works. Normal people find gamebooks too complex or nerdy to be appreciated. Maybe too much of a niche audience.

You're obviously writing a gamebook without distractions. Yes. This is the best way to write. Gamebooks in the past have acquired the activity of computers and paper graphs.

You won't be needing those to write your gamebook. Just a typewriter and self-discipline is all you need. Just like any other piece of written work of art.

How can this be if the gamebook is a "

game." Wouldn't that be game design? And that would mean the writer is a game designer.

Yes and no.

The gamebook is both a “game” and book together. That is, if you define a “game” as being a form of play. The reader is playing with the text, yes?

But reader’s also enjoy reading Asimov and getting into his own worlds. There is an enjoyment in “knowing” about the fictional world of robots and their laws.

The reading is playing with the text that offers him zero influence. He or she is rather spending time talking to other friends about the worlds Asimov has wrote about. And that is entertainment? Yes.

Game of Thrones on HBO has reached some level with normal people. Now everyone wants to talk about George Martin’s pulp fantasy novels. They don’t offer any higher significance. Just cheesy pulp stuff for normal people. It’s enjoying talking about such simple things.

Now, if only normal people could interact with such text they could be free from Martin’s will. This is the beauty of writing a gamebook.

Writing a gamebook is writing a whole new genre of literature. the second person narrative. It is about the reader and less about the writer. The reader “plays” with the text though developed innovations, like choosing paths, built in statistics, and fighting monsters by rolling dice. Still, gamebooks are experimenting with ideas how to increase freedom for the reader. Some ideas have become instituted, like rolling dice, stats for life and attack, and writing down things being carried. The reader is really enjoying himself through this new narrative based around “you.”

You can thank roleplaying games like Dungeons and Dragons and Tunnels and Trolls for such influence. That gave players total control of the environment.

Notice “players” can be exchanged with “readers.”

Is a reader a player? Shakespeare once argued that we are all “players” to one grand theater show. The reader “reads” the text. But also interacts with it. What does it mean to them? Is it interesting? How much does it relate to their personality? What wisdom can be learned from the text? The reader is constantly asking these questions.

It’s getting boring, first person and third person narrative, because readers only observed what is being written. It is up to the reader to make up the rest. Why engage in the text if it is nothing but meaningless.

Why not just stop reading now and go play a video game online with internet friends?

This text written must mean something.

The power of reading is important. Less people are reading because of technology. Sooner or later, social media will become dominant. People will “read” through flashing images, like videos and games. It will be less about the first and third person narrative.

“You” are the most important person existing. It might sound solipsistic, but it’s true.

The gamebook is defining a genre about “you.” You are the character on an adventure around detail and choice. Your imagination is reaching a new level of higher consciousness. It is no different from reading any other text.

It is why I would like to argue that the gamebook is for everyone. Not just for computer nerds and acifandos.

This may be your start to writing the next big genre of fiction.

It doesn't require a computer and it doesn't require any other external forces.

It's up to you to write it, edit it, "sequence" it, and format the text properly, just like any written novel.

Writing a gamebook is writing a novel. No prerequisites needed.

I will share with you how I wrote my own draft of Hellfire Temple and how you can apply it to your own writing. I wrote everything without distractions. I wrote all the paths straight through without random connections. I later "sequence" the story manually by myself without the need of any program.

Writing a gamebook can be just like writing from a stream-of-consciousness. The rest is just making the structure.

First, I will explain the history of the gamebook and give a background on it. I will also talk about making the game system and share some information on the writing process. And the most important part, the manual labor of "sequencing."

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Before I can talk about sequencing, a major important factor in writing the gamebook depends on "forking." Forking precedes sequencing in a unique way. Imagine reading a novel start to finish. The narrative starts on the first page and ends on the last page. In a gamebook, the narrative can

be skewed, or "forked" to a different path. If the reader choose to go the left path or the right path, the reader ends the novel with the path taken. That way, the reader could read the novel again, this time, taking the other path to read a new experience. This would mean that there is a fork of two paths. Gamebooks are known to have many different forks. Choices can be from two to four. Either way, the path is taken by flipping to the new page section accordingly. Once all forks have been written, it is in sequencing can happen.

There are different approaches are theories about the fork. For example, a gamebook could have five different endings. Three deaths, a good and bad ending. This means that all forks eventually lead to these five conclusions. This is like writing a novel five times again. The multiple choices create a maze eventually lead to these conclusions. A choice made as well be fighting a monster, or a good choice finding a health position, and end up on the same yellow brick road again. Forks create choices, conclusions end the gamebook's narrative.

Think of this like a game Plinko. The show, *The Price Is Right*, had a game where contestants would use a chip, and let it slide down a maze of pegs and bumpers, until it falls into one of the five holes. This is exactly how a gamebook is written. Gamebook writers are rather both a mix of architects and creative writers. Two subjects that clash and usually don't get along. A creative writer must learn the discipline of the gamebook system, before he starts writing like William Burroughs. The architect, without the spirit of

being human or lack of interest in the arts, is just a plain old scientist, that offers no creativity to the written word. The cliché is that creative writers are read by creative writers and scientist read by scientist. Gamebook writers synergize these passions and stay focus on creative writing and not be too focuses on the science aspect. The science aspect does ruin everything really...

Gamebook writers will often consult drawing a graph of using a gamebook program to "draw" out the Plinko board and create forks and end with conclusions. This is often a mistake for any writer. This ends up being an aspect of "game designing" than writing like Hemmingway. Game designers play games and game players play game designer's games. But, writers write books, readers read books, and reader's become writers and writer's are readers. Two subjects of game design and literature clash. The gamebook is both a game and literature. However, it cannot be reserved exclusively for gaming. Because the gamebook is both literature and a game. Game culture cannot usurp the written word. Therefore, programs and graphs just distract the writer from actually writing his gamebook. Gamebooks of the future should be achieved through a stream-of-consciousness method. New gamebooks should be written on a typewriter, without stop. The problem is, there is no discipline for this... yet.

It is easy to write forking in a gamebook. For example, the gamebook will begin with an adventurer at the entrance of a temple. He may either enter the temple, go around it, or walk into the jungle. Three choices, one fork. If I decide to

go into the temple, I will write as I entered the temple. As I write, I may feel the need to add another fork when possible. This time, I am in a dark, undercave. Should I take the creek bridge or go around it? I wrote that on the spot without any consequence. Suppose my mind wanders off and wants to write about taking the step on the creek bridge. I write about the experience obviously. Maybe I might also add in a dice system that determines if the bridge breaks or not. Totally improvised on spot! Eventually, the creation of forks, choices, opponenets to fight, dice to roll, items to pick up, item if used, are created through one, stream-of-consciousness writing session. I will get to the end, wheter it may be good or bad. Once that has been written, It would nice to as well write it all over again by writing about how I decide to take the path around the temple! I might right about encountering an outside relic, or meeting a wizard, or find a choice that leads to a fork inside the temple before. This is up to me to decide. Once that's done, I will write it all again by this time, going aorund the temple. Choices made, forks created. Three possible conculsions are amde at this point.

At this point, it would be best to save all three documents, cut and paste them into one single docuemnt, and combine documents 2 and 3 into 1. Connect the paths together/ Most im portantly, for the paths not written, starting with document 1, write them. For the path spotting the monkey hosue to go into, write about, If I fall off the creek bridge, write about it. Do this with documents 2 and 3 as well. At thise point, this is a mix between and writing and ediiting phase, but still, I would consider this a "writing" phase, because you are looking at the paths not written and adding

on them. Editing comes by connecting paths. Really simple stuff.

Forking is an important issues in any gamebook. It is the backbone to choice with the reader. Some choose-your-own adventure gamebooks actually have multiple forks and choices, but in the end all lead to one conclusion. The fun part was choosing paths that made the reading experience different. In the gamebook, however, multiple endings will occur. This can be three to thirty! Choices not determine about preference, but as well having certain items in inventory, a roll of the dice, a challenge determined, or having enough stats to get in. It is up to the writer to decide how forks will play out.

Which forks bring into the concept of sequencing...

— —

Hellfire Temple Draft.

1

You are in front of the Legendary Temple. It is a big, Aztec-like, building. Triangular in shape. The entrance you see in front of you is dark. You light on your torch. As you enter the temple, the jungle ambience becomes silent. All you can hear is the sound of your footsteps.

You light your torch in front of the wall. An ancient drawing shows that of stick figures throwing spears at a large square pig.

There is an intersection between the wall.

Should you go left? - 2

Or should you go right? - 3

2

The left path leads you in front of an indoor lake. A lake inside a temple! There is dripping sounds coming from the ceiling. The water is brown. It doesn't look like anything is living in it, or is even healthy. There is a sidewalk path next to wall. You sidestep across as you balance your torch. The lake's essence is mesmerizing. It feels like you could fall into the lake and drown. It is a scary thought.

Ahead, you can see a glaring yellow light at the end. It must be an exit.

However, there is also a pebble besides you. You have thoughts to throw it in.

Should you throw the pebble into the lake? - 4

Or ignore it, and continue towards the light? - 5

3

Nothing written.

4

You throw the pebble into the brown water.

The pebble dives into the water with a large "blup" sound. The lake is indeed deep. It echos across. The lake must stretch a long distant ahead. The dripping of water continues. Nothing appears to be living in the lake. Only you exist hear with your torch. Your torch could possibly fall into the water.

You quickly sidestep and reach for the yellow light ahead.

Turn to - 5

5

Slowly balancing the torch and side-stepping against the wall, you reach the end. The glowing light is quite large. Observing it, the light is coming from a relic shaped as a bug. The shiny glow is emitting from its back. Its six legs cling to the wall. The thing is not alive. Right beside the bug, a hollow corridor stretches. Pitch black. Good thing you have a lit torch lit. The bug's light looks pretty handy.

Should you further examine the bug? - 6

Or should you walk down the long, dark corridor ahead of you? - 7

6

You put down your torch and try to take the bug. It comes of the wall. The bug is quite light in size. You notice that at it's mouth, a red glare emits. It is a very strange relic. It could be worth money. But it's not that important. You may put the bug in your bag or leave it where it is.

Countinue down the dark corridor. - 7

7

The dark corridor your walking down is far in distance. It is a straight path forward away from the lake. The sound of your footsteps echo.

You see a wall up ahead. Lighting the torch up against the wall, another temple drawing is apparent. Stick figures with squares. A foreign langauge reads across. It's neither Egyptain or any familar langauge of South America. You feel the wall. Dust covers your hand.

There is another intersection.

Should you go left? - 8

Or should you go right? - 9

8

As you walk towards the left, pebbles fall from above. You look up. A loud shifting noise can be heard. Something large is in this temple. You sense some kind of danger up ahead. You walk faster than before.

A sharp turn continues to the left. You light the torch along the wall. More esoteric language and squares appear. Nothing makes sense.

As you reach the end, the corridor turns to the right. How long will this endless hall go on for?

At a distance, you can see outside light. You rush towards it.

Vines and leaves block the way. You tangle your way through the debris.

Try and cut some of the vines? - 10

Use the torch to set the vines on fire? - 12

Or push your way through? - 11

9

As you walk towards the right, pebbles fall from above. You look up. A loud shifting noise can be heard. Something large is in this temple. You sense some kind of danger up ahead. You walk faster than before.

A sharp turn continues to the right. Ahead, you can see some kind of statue. You walk towards it.

It looks like some kind of golem creature. In the center, is a shining diamond. Behind the golem, is another path. You have curiosity for this thing.

Should you examine the diamond? - 29

Or ignore and continue? - 30

10

Reaching out for your hatchet, you cut through the vines. You want to use your torch, but you decide to wave it violently, and put out fire against the wall. There is sufficient light ahead to see where your going.

The vines are thick. "Whish" movements with your hands cuts them. A little force is needed.

Pulling the dead plants aside, you can see some kind of monument ahead. It is outside. The sun's light is shining.

Continue towards the monument. - 13

11

You use your might and force to grapple the vines and push them aside. Some have thorns, others just fragile. The vines hurt your hands. LOSE 3 LIFE.

Your hard work pays off. Scarped and dirty, you finally reach outside. The sun is bright. From the distance, some kind of outside monument stands alone.

Head towards the monument. - 13

12

Waving the torch, you use the fire against the vines. They start to burn. You use much fire as you could. The fire gets increasingly bigger. You push your way through, but get burnt from the fire. You have made the situation a little more difficult. LOSE 3 LIFE.

You use some of your canteen water to put the fire out. The fire is not effective enough to start blazing. A right amount did the job to kill the useless plant life.

Ahead, you can see some kind of large, outside monument.

Push towards the monument. - 13

13

You are outside. Abandon buildings hover around you. In front of you is a large, diety figure, sitting alone. It looks like Buddah, but nothing like Vishun. Niether Christian or Islamic. The figure is praying above. Wings attached to it's back. Eyes on it's stomach. Could it be an ancient God admired by the old temple people?

Looking around, behind the diety, you see some stone hedges. A howler monkey can be heard. Life exist over hear. There is another building in front of you. And to the right, some kind of house.

Head towards the stone hedges? - 14

Go to the building behind the stone diety? - 15

Or head over towards the house? - 16

14

You walk towards the stone hedges. Chirping of cicadas can be heard.

The hedges circle around you. Four big hedges with strange language written on each on. A stone path countinues

towards inside of the temple again. The aura around you is suspicious.

Should you examine the first hedge? - 17

The second hedge? - 18

The third hedge? - 19

The fourth hedge? - 20

Follow the path, and head inside the temple again? - 21

Or go back to the stone diety? - 13

15

You head for the building behind the stone deity. The building is a large. It an eroding, phallic building reaching for the sky. There is a door in front of the building. Maybe there is something living hear.

You walk towards the door.

Knock on the door? - 28

Or go around the building towards the stone hedges? - 14

16

You head towards the house.

The house is the shape a monkey's head. The opening is the mouth. Light is inside the house. You decide to walk in.

Walking in the room, exotic pots are on display both to the left and right. You look at the pots. One pot has curvey lines, another zig-zags. The other two pot has spots on it, and one with stripes going up.

Crumbles of stone fall from the ceiling. Something is moving.

Then, the door outside shuts down from above! You are in a trap!

You are now stuck inside the monkey house. You go up to the door and try to push it. The barrier is too heavy.

However, there is a new path in front of you. It looks like your trapped inside.

Head towards new path. - 22

17

You examine the first hedge stone.

Written on it shows a sheep-like creature. It is red. Three lines are etched under.

You step back. - 14

18

You examine the second hedge stone.

Written on it shows a dog-like creature. It is blue. One line is etched under.

You step back. - 14

19

You examine the third hedge stone.

Written on it shows a dragon-like creature. It is green. Four lines are etched under.

You step back. - 14

20

You examine the forth hedge stone.

Written on it shows a ape-like creature. It is yellow. Three lines are etched under.

You step back. - 14

21

You pass the stone hedges and head for the path that leads inside the temple. You can see light at the end. There is no need to use the torch (you may put it out if you have one lit).

As you walk down, the outside ambience dies out. You are inside the silent temple again.

You reach a large room with glaring sunlight from an open patch from the ceiling. The sun provides light in the dark temple.

In the center of the room, you see four pillars. You walk up against a pillar and feel one. The pillar goes down. Surprised, you touch it again. The pillar goes up.

There is another path to the right.

You continue along. - 23

22

You leave the pot room. The long corridor stretches to a new room. You are anxious. Hopefully, the falling barrier was just a coincidence. Right? You see light coming from the end.

Keep following the path. - 30

23

The path in front of you is pitch black. You have second thoughts to touch the pillars. Should you mess around with any of the pillars before you go?

You may write a note. Describe which of the four pillars you want to press. Either 1, 2, 3, 4, 1 and 2, 3 and 4, All, or any combination, etc. Keep this note for later.

You light your torch, and head down the dark path. - 24

24

The path is dark and silent. You hear a flutter noise. Possibly bats are somewhere. You light your torch above. Nothing. You walk further down constantly inspecting with the torch.

There is an intersection.

Go left? - 25

Or go right? - 26

25

You head left.

In front of you, the flame of your torch light up a dead end.
Above, a group of bats are sleeping.

One is awake! He sees you and flys down. Fight the bat!

BAT

ATTACK: 2

BLOCK: 1

LIFE: 14

If victory, - 27

26

You head down the dark corridor. Hopefully, you will not wake any bats.

You come across a door. This door has a face on it. Two eyes, a nose, a mouth, and a red diamond in the center of it's head. You push to door open.

27

You killed the bat. Scared, you quickly head the other way.

Head towards the right. - 26

28

You knock on the door. It is quiet. No one answers. You decide to open the door.

Inside, there is a staircase the leads upstairs, and a viable kitchen. Things look old and abandon.

Walk upstairs? - 34

Or head for the kitchen? - 35

29

You decide to take the diamond and look at it. It is shiny, probaly a precious medal. You carest admire the diamond.

All of a sudden, the golem shifts it's head! It is staring at you. I's left arm slowly is moving towards you. You back off. The golem's legs break out of it's sleep. The golem shakes itself. It is walking towards you! It's arms want the diamond back. You are scared.

Give the golem the diamond? - 31

Or fight the golem? - 32

30

You are in a giant red room. It is big like an audotorium. The thought of such of room is puzzling. Who uses this room? The floor and ceiling are made of ruby.

Thing in the center.

Check thing?

There is two paths. Which way?

31

You quickly pass the diamond into the golem's hand. It grabs it tightly. However, the golem lifts its arms up, and shakes them violently. He is still reaching for you!

Nervous, there is one thing to do. - 32

32

You draw out your machete. You start a fight!

GOLEM

ATTACK: 3

BLOCK: 0

LIFE: 17

If victory, - 33

33

The golem falls to the ground. It's head tilts to the side. No life is through his body anymore. You swat the body a couple of times to make sure it is dead. You grab the diamond out of his head. Looking at it, you decide to keep

the diamond in your bag. It's worth the fight. Shook up, you wipe of your body. You run out of the room into the next.

Head for the path. - 30

34

You walk up the long, curving stairs.

You have reached a room with a carpet and lantern. Someone must be living hear. Overhead, you can see an open door. It look's like someone is in there.

Roll a die.

3-6, Tiptoe near the door and spy. - 36

1-2, Make noise as your walking. - 37

35

You are inside the kitchen. Everything is made of stone. The brown table in front you has scattered papers. The langauge is unknow. The charachters look like a bunch of scribbles.

There is a metal sheild in front of you. It is somewhat big. Looking at it, from the botton and top, it looks like it can be

used for something. It might be worth money. You may take the shield. If you do, add +2 block to your skill.

Nothing much is in the kitchen. Ahead from the window, you can see the stone hedges. At the moment, they look more interesting than this abandoned building.

Head outside towards the stone hedges. - 14

36

You fall onto the floor with a loud bump. "Who was that?", a voice from the other room cries?

Someone is in that room. You hear footsteps coming your way.

Should you stay where you are? - 38

Or charge at the person? - 39

37

You quietly walk over to the other room. You see a green-skinned wizard brewing a potion in

his cauldron. Should you make noise? Or attack?

38

The person walks towards you. It is a green reptile wearing a wizard's coat. "Who are you?"

He says. You explain your story to him . The creature turns out to be friendly. "I am Gardu,

keeper of this building. I have no idea what is inside Hellfire Temple. I am only doing

research for my own experiments. If you plan on going on through the temple. Please, take

this arm or with you. It does not fit me. Hopefully you can put good use to it" You obtain the

armor. Add +1 to all of your stats. You wish Gardu farewell, you exit his tower and head

towards the stone ruins.

stone hedge - 14

39

You charge directly at the voice. You push him onto the ground. "Alakazam !" The creature

screams! You get burnt by a fire spell. Lose 4 life points. The green looking creature goes

back into his lab, steals some special armor thing, and cast onto his spell. He disappears

without a trace. Getting up, you walk into his laboratory. Obviously, this is some kind of

wizard's keep. Nothing special is useful. You almost had him too. Outside the window, you see

the stone hedges. You take out your machete and prepare for anything worse to come. You walk

down the stairs safely and get outside the building. Head towards the stone hedges.

stone hedge - 14

7-3-16

You're now chatting with a random stranger. Say hi!

You both like Sex Roleplay.

You: F

Stranger: Hi, M19.

You: Awesome!

You: How are you? :)

Stranger: I'm fine and horny :) how about you? ^^

You: Great!

You: What are you doing up at this late hour?

You: Huh?

Stranger: Well, wanted to do some roleplay after a long time, mainly because I just couldn't sleep and didn't know what else to do:D how about you?

You: Aww yeah!

You: What's your name sweetie?

Stranger: Chris, how about yours?

You: Ying, but I prefer Zoe :)

Stranger: Damn I'm repeating myself so much?:D

Stranger: Great name btw!

You: haha thank!

You: So what do you do late this hour?

You: Chromecast and cuddle?

You: lol

Stranger: I think cuddle lol

You: What? No Netflix? haha

You: I fucking love spongebob. Wearing pink spongebob pajamas now

Stranger: Wow, that actually sounds hot

You: Haha, i know you you would say that! :)

You: I think you would be more into my black hair

Stranger: Aw yea? How would you like if I just grabbed it and pulled your head to mine so I could longly kiss you? :*

You: hahaha. your are the romantic?

You: :)

Stranger: Dunno about that

You: or you just saying that?

Stranger: Just saying

You: cool jazz

You: what else would you do? ;)

Stranger: Definitely would take your clothes off :P

You: haha! your so eager!

You: it's so hot in hear!

You: idk if it's the city outside or if the room is too small

Stranger: Hehe.. I just got a hard on from you:P definitely would love to put my cockhead on your pussy and just play there a little bit..

You: haha, yeah, i got no panties on!

You: i haven't seen it before,

You: you kiss and say stuff, but let me really see it!

You: are white dude's cocks really that big ;)

Stranger: Depends :P I have about 7 inches btw :*

You: get out. :p

You: Why are you after me then?

Stranger: Its already out baby

You: whhhaaaaattt

You: LOL

You: ahhhhhhh

You: it's so pink XD

You: it's a stick! hahahaha

Stranger: Well.. thats a reaction, lol

Stranger: Wanna touch it? :P

You: omg lol hahaha

You: get it aways XD

You: wow

You: what are you doing! get in bed!

You: Your just standing there

Stranger: Mmm.. as you wish baby:P

You: hahah

You: it's like an animal dick

You: aha!

You: trying to put it on my leg?

Stranger: Ahh.. you talking about my cock like this makes me sooo horny to be honest..

Stranger: Here you go :*

You: haha

You: it tickles when you brush it o me

Stranger: It tickles my cockhead too lol

You: guys always say that about their cock

You: hahalol

Stranger: Ah

Stranger: You mean it like this XD

You: yeah, no shit, my pussy is hard too!

You: hahaha :)

You: omg shhhhhhhh

Stranger: Mmmm.. lemme touch it with my fingers :P

You: my roommate is in the other room!

You: i don't want to hear her fucking my boyfriend at this hour haha

Stranger: Awh okay haha

You: shhh

You: haha

You: ok

You: lights out

You: kiss me :)

You: under the sheets

Stranger: Mmm :*

You: :>

You: :)

You: you like when i touch it?

You: <3

Stranger: Yea, baby.. feels soo good..

Stranger: :3

You: i bet you never had a girl on your cock before! haha!

You: cutie!

You: kiss

You: and your balls!

Stranger: :**

You: haha

You: like when i tat them like this?

You: haha

Stranger: Awww god hell yea hah

You: ha balls are so strange

You: or like

You: what if i slap them

You: you will get hurt! XD

Stranger: Ohh cmon

You: haha :)

You: ok

Stranger: You cant even realise how much it hurts :D

You: yeah

You: im turning red from this excitement

You: ok

Stranger: Aww sweet!

You: turn me over

You: just let me face the wall

You: to the right

Stranger: Mmm, yea..

You: ok so

You: just pull down my pants

You: and you know

You: just like

You: put your stick around it ;)

You: do it soft

Stranger: Sure baby :P

You: can't do rough tonight!

Stranger: Anything you say :*

You: haha

Stranger: I mean everything hah

You: your hand is so sticky!

You: and warm

You: on my butt

Stranger: Mmm.. what happens if I slap it a little? :P

You: haha

You: ouch

Stranger: Mmm..

You: omg

You: your strong!

Stranger: Wasnt everything I got baby :P how about this...
mmm..

You: I know you love chinese ass!

You: OH

You: ahhhh XD

Stranger: I love this ass of yours baby:P

You: put your arms around mine

You: yeah

Stranger: alright

You: haha my long hair is touching your cock

You: i can feel it. so strange

Stranger: awhh

You: yeah

You: chris

You: yes

You: keep goin

Stranger: mmm, yess,...

You: baby

You: i feel it

You: so good

You: yes

You: baby

Stranger: I love that baby:*

You: i love you

You: yess

You: :)

You: haha

You: im getting wet

Stranger: mm.. my cock is rock hard all the time :3

You: yeah

You: haha

You: feels like im outside

You: feels like a monster on me

Stranger: can I play with your tits a little, baby?:* come here..

Stranger: mmm..

You: what? haha

You: You like flat chest?

You: ahhhh

You: i love you so much

Stranger: yeaa.. the nipples..

You: your crazy!

Stranger: let me just suck on them a little..

Stranger: mmm... :33

You: ahhhh

You: now your being pervery

You: oooo

You: such a cute beast you are

You: <3

You: kiss

Stranger: mmm, yea :**

You: kiss me

Stranger: :** mm

You: long kiss

You: taste me

You: wrap your hand around my head

You: :)

Stranger: yes, baby :* lemme put my tongue into your mouth..

You: your kisses

Stranger: sp I can play with yours..

Stranger: mmm :*

You: are so sloppy :p

You: kiss

You: i love you

You: your such a nice guy

Stranger: i love you too, baby:*

You: :))

You: cum on my leg

Stranger: awwww

You: jerk t

You: it

Stranger: you're this perverted? <3

You: its so powerful!

You: quick

You: your not wearing a condom!

Stranger: mmmm.. gonna cum really soon.. ahhh..

You: your an animal!

You: honey

Stranger: here.. on your leg... ahhh!

You: OO

Stranger: im cumming...

You: AHHH

You: haha

You: lol

You: wow

You: hahaa

You: it's like your peeing

You: with white goop

You: lol

Stranger: awhh.. yeahh

You: omg

You: let me kiss it!

You: <3

Stranger: ahhh, yes baby.. I'm loving these kind of kisses :
33

You: nice man

You: this is mine <3

You: your gonna look out for me

Stranger: all yours :*

You: take a pic of my leg

You: don't show it to anyone!

You: hold on

Stranger: yes, baby, I promise

You: another pic

You: like me get one with your cock

Stranger: mmm..

Stranger: here..

You: cock selfie!

You: omg lol

Stranger: awhh haha

You: kiss

You: suck

You: awww :)

Stranger: you cant actually imagine how much im enjoying this.. :**

You: i love your white cock <3

You: so glad i met you

You: foreplay me

You: come hear

You: kiss me more :)

You: i love you baby

Stranger: mmm... :** kiss

You: mmm

You: i love you

Stranger: i love you too :3 mm.. my cock is all rock hard again from you.. mm

You: your so soft <3

You: yeah

You: sweating

You: :)

You: oh it's so hot out

Stranger: yea..

You: what time is it?

Stranger: don't even know anymore baby

You: haha

You: bend over

Stranger: mm, yea?

You: what is it

Stranger: i dont know baby.. really..

You: yeah fuck it

You: :)

You: mmm

You: let me lay on your chest

You: close the window, city too noisy

Stranger: alright.. come on my chest baby :*

You: :)

You: kiss

You: yeah

Stranger: awhh your tits.. mmm

You: hehehehehe

You: you can cum twice?

You: ;)

Stranger: for you? of course baby :**

You: hehe

You: i feel so safe

Stranger: mmm.. as you should when you are this close to me :*

You: :)

You: i love you whisper

You: :)

Stranger: mmm.. how about whispering into your ear how much i love you ? <3

You: :)

You: haha

You: i feel so slow now

You: and tired

You: your such a great guy

Stranger: ahh, thanks baby :3

You: :3 you too

You: :)

You: what's happening tommorrow?

You: my left leg is so stick ha

You: sticky

Stranger: haha, put it here so i can make it even stickier with my cockhead with precum :**

Stranger: ahh..

You: haha

You: get it away! :)

Stranger: mmkay baby

You: mom is coming over tommorrow

You: you got to look good!

Stranger: ohh alright

You: no jock shit like you like to do :P

You: or any of that "bro" stuff

Stranger: ahh cmon haha

You: i just you to leave a good impression on her

You: i want to be with you :)

Stranger: so do i baby

Stranger: alright

Stranger: will do

Stranger: for you :*

You: :)

You: Your so sweet

You: You know...

You: we are totally gonna have 4 kids! lol

Stranger: ahh you want 4

Stranger: wow

You: haha

You: we can do it!

Stranger: sure thing:*

You: two sons, two daughters?

You: or all sons or girls?

Stranger: dunno, i think two and two sounds the best

Stranger: what do you think?

You: hopefully so :)

You: Zoe, Chris Jr.... I love "Alice" great name

Stranger: mmm, sounds great baby!

You: Baozhai!

You: moms name

You: just call her "betty" haha

You: :)

Stranger: mm, okay baby :)

You: well, there's tommorrow!

You: let me lay on you

Stranger: yup

You: go to sleep dear ;)

Stranger: mmm... wanted to cum for you for the second time but okay baby ^^ whatever you want :3

You: ahhhhhhaahah

You: cut it out

You: !

You: :)

You: let me kiss it goodnight

You: kiss

You: already too soft

Stranger: mm yea

You: ill suck it like ramen noodles lol

You: your a fucking stud

Stranger: awwww baby

Stranger: cmon you know how this turns me on

You: guy's dicks are so strange

Stranger: why do you think so baby?

You: little red tip and everything

You: i laugh when i see yours!

Stranger: well the tip is the most sensitive part.. ahhh cmon!

Stranger: haha

You: :)

You: aha

You: goo to sleep dear

You: Goodnight Chris <3

Stranger: Goodnight Zoe <3

You: ;) <3

Stranger: btw wanna do the morning or you are leaving?

You: wut?

Stranger: well

Stranger: we just went to sleep in the roleplay right?

You: go to bed dear haha

You: 爱

You: or kik me

Stranger: I already am in the bed :D okay but i prefer skype if you have it

Stranger: whats your kik?

You: HANK HILL MONSTER COCK 9000 LEBRON JAMES STYLE. YOU JUST GOT WRECK BY MILO YIANNAPOLIS. YOUR A GAY FAGGOT BOY 9000. HEIL HITLER JEWS DID 911 JEWS DID 911 JEWS DID 9111 FUCK YOU

You have disconnected.

You're now chatting with a random stranger. Say hi!

You both like Sex Roleplay.

You: F

Stranger: Hi, M19.

You: Awesome!

You: How are you? :)

Stranger: I'm fine and horny :) how about you? ^^

You: Great!

You: What are you doing up at this late hour?

You: Huh?

Stranger: Well, wanted to do some roleplay after a long time, mainly because I just couldn't sleep and didn't know what else to do:D how about you?

You: Aww yeah!

You: What's your name sweetie?

Stranger: Chris, how about yours?

You: Ying, but I prefer Zoe :)

Stranger: Damn I'm repeating myself so much?:D

Stranger: Great name btw!

You: haha thank!

You: So what do you do late this hour?

You: Chromecast and cuddle?

You: lol

Stranger: I think cuddle lol

You: What? No Netflix? haha

You: I fucking love spongebob. Wearing pink spongebob pajamas now

Stranger: Wow, that actually sounds hot

You: Haha, i know you you would say that! :)

You: I think you would be more into my black hair

Stranger: Aw yea? How would you like if I just grabbed it and pulled your head to mine so I could longly kiss you? :*

You: hahaha. your are the romantic?

You: :)

Stranger: Dunno about that

You: or you just saying that?

Stranger: Just saying

You: cool jazz

You: what else would you do? ;)

Stranger: Definitely would take your clothes off :P

You: haha! your so eager!

You: it's so hot in hear!

You: idk if it's the city outside or if the room is too small

Stranger: Hehe.. I just got a hard on from you:P definitely would love to put my cockhead on your pussy and just play there a little bit..

You: haha, yeah, i got no panties on!

You: i haven't seen it before,

You: you kiss and say stuff, but let me really see it!

You: are white dude's cocks really that big ;)

Stranger: Depends :P I have about 7 inches btw :*

You: get out. :p

You: Why are you after me then?

Stranger: Its already out baby

You: whhhaaaaattt

You: LOL

You: ahhhhhhh

You: it's so pink XD

You: it's a stick! hahahaha

Stranger: Well.. thats a reaction, lol

Stranger: Wanna touch it? :P

You: omg lol hahaha

You: get it aways XD

You: wow

You: what are you doing! get in bed!

You: Your just standing there

Stranger: Mmm.. as you wish baby:P

You: hahah

You: it's like an animal dick

You: aha!

You: trying to put it on my leg?

Stranger: Ahh.. you talking about my cock like this makes me sooo horny to be honest..

Stranger: Here you go :*

You: haha

You: it tickles when you brush it o me

Stranger: It tickles my cockhead too lol

You: guys always say that about their cock

You: hahalol

Stranger: Ah

Stranger: You mean it like this XD

You: yeah, no shit, my pussy is hard too!

You: hahaha :)

You: omg shhhhhhhh

Stranger: Mmmm.. lemme touch it with my fingers :P

You: my roommate is in the other room!

You: i don't want to hear her fucking my boyfriend at this hour haha

Stranger: Awh okay haha

You: shhh

You: haha

You: ok

You: lights out

You: kiss me :)

You: under the sheets

Stranger: Mmm :*

You: :>

You: :)

You: you like when i touch it?

You: <3

Stranger: Yea, baby.. feels soo good..

Stranger: :3

You: i bet you never had a girl on your cock before! haha!

You: cutie!

You: kiss

You: and your balls!

Stranger: :**

You: haha

You: like when i tat them like this?

You: haha

Stranger: Awww god hell yea hah

You: ha balls are so strange

You: or like

You: what if i slap them

You: you will get hurt! XD

Stranger: Ohh cmon

You: haha :)

You: ok

Stranger: You cant even realise how much it hurts :D

You: yeah

You: im turing red from this excitment

You: ok

Stranger: Aww sweet!

You: turn me over

You: just let me face the wall

You: to the right

Stranger: Mmm, yea..

You: ok so

You: just pull down my pants

You: and you know

You: just like

You: put your stick around it ;)

You: do it soft

Stranger: Sure baby :P

You: can't do rough tonight!

Stranger: Anything you say :*

You: haha

Stranger: I mean everything hah

You: your hand is so sticky!

You: and warm

You: on my butt

Stranger: Mmm.. what happens if I slap it a little? :P

You: haha

You: ouch

Stranger: Mmm..

You: omg

You: your strong!

Stranger: Wasnt everything I got baby :P how about this...
mmm..

You: I know you love chinese ass!

You: OH

You: ahhhh XD

Stranger: I love this ass of yours baby:P

You: put your arms around mine

You: yeah

Stranger: alright

You: haha my long hair is touching your cock

You: i can feel it. so strange

Stranger: ahhh

You: yeah

You: chris

You: yes

You: keep goin

Stranger: mmm, yess,...

You: baby

You: i feel it

You: so good

You: yes

You: baby

Stranger: I love that baby:*

You: i love you

You: yess

You: :)

You: haha

You: im getting wet

Stranger: mm.. my cock is rock hard all the time :3

You: yeah

You: haha

You: feels like im outside

You: feels like a monster on me

Stranger: can I play with your tits a little, baby?:* come here..

Stranger: mmm..

You: what? haha

You: You like flat chest?

You: ahhhh

You: i love you so much

Stranger: yaaa.. the nipples..

You: your crazy!

Stranger: let me just suck on them a little..

Stranger: mmm... :33

You: ahhhh

You: now your being pervery

You: oooo

You: such a cute beast you are

You: <3

You: kiss

Stranger: mmm, yea :**

You: kiss me

Stranger: :** mm

You: long kiss

You: taste me

You: wrap your hand around my head

You: :)

Stranger: yes, baby :* lemme put my tongue into your mouth..

You: your kisses

Stranger: sp I can play with yours..

Stranger: mmm :*

You: are so sloppy :p

You: kiss

You: i love you

You: your such a nice guy

Stranger: i love you too, baby:*

You: :))

You: cum on my leg

Stranger: awwwww

You: jerk t

You: it

Stranger: you're this perverted? <3

You: its so powerful!

You: quick

You: your not wearing a condom!

Stranger: mmmm.. gonna cum really soon.. ahhh..

You: your an animal!

You: honey

Stranger: here.. on your leg... ahhh!

You: OO

Stranger: im cumming...

You: AHHH

You: haha

You: lol

You: wow

You: hahaa

You: it's like your peeing

You: with white goop

You: lol

Stranger: ahhh.. yeahh

You: omg

You: let me kiss it!

You: <3

Stranger: ahhh, yes baby.. I'm loving these kind of kisses :
33

You: nice man

You: this is mine <3

You: your gonna look out for me

Stranger: all yours :*

You: take a pic of my leg

You: don't show it to anyone!

You: hold on

Stranger: yes, baby, I promise

You: another pic

You: like me get one with your cock

Stranger: mmm..

Stranger: here..

You: cock selfie!

You: omg lol

Stranger: awhh haha

You: kiss

You: suck

You: awww :)

Stranger: you cant actually imagine how much im enjoying this.. ::**

You: i love your white cock <3

You: so glad i met you

You: foreplay me

You: come hear

You: kiss me more :)

You: i love you baby

Stranger: mmm... ::** kiss

You: mmm

You: i love you

Stranger: i love you too :3 mm.. my cock is all rock hard again from you.. mm

You: your so soft <3

You: yeah

You: sweating

You: :)

You: oh it's so hot out

Stranger: yea..

You: what time is it?

Stranger: don't even know anymore baby

You: haha

You: bend over

Stranger: mm, yea?

You: what is it

Stranger: i dont know baby.. really..

You: yeah fuck it

You: :)

You: mmm

You: let me lay on your chest

You: close the window, city too noisy

Stranger: alright.. come on my chest baby :*

You: :)

You: kiss

You: yeah

Stranger: ahhh your tits.. mmm

You: hehehehehe

You: you can cum twice?

You: ;)

Stranger: for you? of course baby :**

You: hehe

You: i feel so safe

Stranger: mmm.. as you should when you are this close to me :*

You: :)

You: i love you whisper

You: :)

Stranger: mmm.. how about whispering into your ear how much i love you ? <3

You: :)

You: haha

You: i feel so slow now

You: and tired

You: your such a great guy

Stranger: ahh, thanks baby :3

You: :3 you too

You: :)

You: what's happening tommorrow?

You: my left leg is so stick ha

You: sticky

Stranger: haha, put it here so i can make it even stickier with my cockhead with precum :**

Stranger: ahh..

You: haha

You: get it away! :)

Stranger: mmkay baby

You: mom is coming over tommorrow

You: you got to look good!

Stranger: ohh alright

You: no jock shit like you like to do :P

You: or any of that "bro" stuff

Stranger: ahh cmon haha

You: i just you to leave a good impression on her

You: i want to be with you :)

Stranger: so do i baby

Stranger: alright

Stranger: will do

Stranger: for you :*

You: :)

You: Your so sweet

You: You know...

You: we are totally gonna have 4 kids! lol

Stranger: ahh you want 4

Stranger: wow

You: haha

You: we can do it!

Stranger: sure thing:*

You: two sons, two daughters?

You: or all sons or girls?

Stranger: dunno, i think two and two sounds the best

Stranger: what do you think?

You: hopefully so :)

You: Zoe, Chris Jr.... I love "Alice" great name

Stranger: mmm, sounds great baby!

You: Baozhai!

You: moms name

You: just call her "betty" haha

You: :)

Stranger: mm, okay baby :)

You: well, there's tommorrow!

You: let me lay on you

Stranger: yup

You: go to sleep dear ;)

Stranger: mmm... wanted to cum for you for the second time but okay baby ^^ whatever you want :3

You: ahhhhhhaahah

You: cut it out

You: !

You: :)

You: let me kiss it goodnight

You: kiss

You: already too soft

Stranger: mm yea

You: ill suck it like ramen noodles lol

You: your a fucking stud

Stranger: awwww baby

Stranger: cmon you know how this turns me on

You: guy's dicks are so strange

Stranger: why do you think so baby?

You: little red tip and everything

You: i laugh when i see yours!

Stranger: well the tip is the most sensitive part.. ahhh
cmon!

Stranger: haha

You: :)

You: aha

You: goo to sleep dear

You: Goodnight Chris <3

Stranger: Goodnight Zoe <3

You: ;) <3

Stranger: btw wanna do the morning or you are leaving?

You: wut?

Stranger: well

Stranger: we just went to sleep in the roleplay right?

You: go to bed dear haha

You: 爱

You: or kik me

Stranger: I already am in the bed :D okay but i prefer skype if you have it

Stranger: whats your kik?

You: HANK HILL MONSTER COCK 9000 LEBRON JAMES STYLE. YOU JUST GOT WRECK BY MILO YIANNAPOLIS. YOUR A GAY FAGGOT BOY 9000. HEIL HITLER JEWS DID 911 JEWS DID 911 JEWS DID 9111 FUCK YOU

You have disconnected.

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